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MISSOURI

THE CENTER STATE
1821-1915

By WALTER B. STEVENS

"Every day I become prouder of being a Missourian. Every day I am gladder that my wife and children are natives of this imperial commonwealth. Every day I more and more magnify the presence, patriotism and courage of Thomas Jefferson for adding to the American Republic, without the shedding of one drop of blood, a domain the richest under heaven."—*Champ Clark.*

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VOLUME II

CHICAGO—ST. LOUIS
THE S. J. CLARKE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1915

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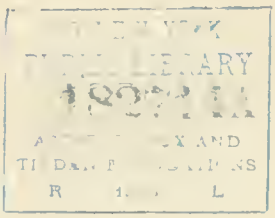

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JEFFERSON ON THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

"The territory acquired, as it includes all the waters of the Missouri and Mississippi, has more than doubled the area of the United States, and the new part is not inferior to the old in soil, climate, productions and important communications."—*Jefferson to General Gates, July 11th, 1803.*

"On this important acquisition, so favorable to the immediate interests of our Western citizens, so auspicious to the peace and security of the nation in general, which adds to our country territories so extensive and fertile, and to our citizens new brethren to partake of the blessings of freedom and self-government, I offer to Congress and our country my sincere congratulations."—*Jefferson to Congress, January 16th, 1804.*

"Whilst the property and sovereignty of the Mississippi and its waters secure an independent outlet for the produce of the Western States, and an uncontrolled navigation through their whole course, free from collision with other Powers, and the dangers to our peace from that source, the fertility of the country, its climate and extent, promise, in due season, important aids to our Treasury, an ample provision for our posterity, and a wide spread for the blessings of freedom and equal laws."—*Jefferson to Congress, October 17th, 1803.*

"I know that the acquisition of Louisiana has been disapproved by some, from a candid apprehension that the enlargement of our territory would endanger our Union. But can you limit the extent to which the federative principle may operate effectively? The larger our association, the less will it be shaken by local passions; and in any view, is it not better that the opposite bank of the Mississippi should be settled by our own brethren and children than by strangers of another family? With which shall we be most likely to live in harmony and friendly intercourse?"—*Jefferson's Second Inaugural Address, 1805.*

"The treaty which has so happily sealed the friendship of our two countries has been received here with general acclamation. Some inflexible federalists have still ventured to brave the public opinion. It will fix their character with the world and with posterity, who, not descending to the other points of difference between us, will judge them by this fact, so palpable as to speak for itself in all times and places. For myself and my country, I thank you for the aids you have given in it; and I congratulate you on having lived to give those aids in a transaction replete with blessings to unborn millions of men, and which will mark the face of a portion on the globe so extensive as that which now composes the United States of America."—*Jefferson to M. Dupont De Nemours, French Minister, November 1st, 1803.*

"I confess I look to this duplication of area for the extending a government so free and economical as ours, as a great achievement to the mass of happiness which is to ensue. Whether we remain in one confederacy, or form into Atlantic and Mississippi confederacies, I believe not very important to the happiness of either part. Those of the western confederacy will be as much our children and descendants as those of the eastern, and I feel myself as much identified with that country, in future time, as with this; and did I now foresee a separation at some future day, yet I should feel the duty and the desire to promote the western interests as zealously as the eastern, doing all the good for both portions of our future family which should fall within my power."—*Jefferson to Dr. Priestley, January 29th, 1804.*

JEFFERSON'S LETTER OF CREDIT TO MERIWETHER LEWIS

Washington, U. S. of America, July 4, 1803.

Dear Sir

In the journey which you are about to undertake for the discovery of the course and source of the Missouri, and of the most convenient water communication from thence to the Pacific Ocean, your party being small, it is to be expected that you will encounter considerable dangers from the Indian inhabitants. Should you escape those dangers and reach the Pacific Ocean, you may find it imprudent to hazard a return the same way, and be forced to seek a passage round by sea, in such vessels as you may find on the Western coast. But you will be without money, without clothes and other necessaries; as a sufficient supply cannot be carried with you from hence. Your resource in that case can only be in the credit of the U. S., for which purpose I hereby authorize you to draw on the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War and of the Navy of the U. S., according as you may find your draughts most negotiable, for the purpose of obtaining money or necessaries for yourself and your men. And I solemnly pledge the faith of the United States that these draughts shall be paid punctually at the date they are made payable. I also ask of the consuls, agents, merchants and citizens of any nation with which we have intercourse or amity to furnish you with those supplies which your necessities may call for, assuring them of honorable and prompt retribution. And our own Consuls in foreign parts where you may happen to be, are hereby instructed and required to be aiding and assisting to you in whatsoever may be necessary for procuring your return back to the United States. And to give more entire satisfaction and confidence to those who may be disposed to aid you, I, Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States of America, have written this letter of general credit for you with my own hand, and signed it with my name.

Th. Jefferson.

To Capt. Meriwether Lewis.

SEE IMPERIAL MISSOURI FIRST

On the Fair Grounds at Columbia, August 10, 1897, Champ Clark delivered an address on the State and the people. He stamped permanent coinage on "Imperial Missouri." He made what, in the opinion of those who heard him, was his greatest speech. Among other things he said:

"What is the sense of going to California to see the mammoth redwoods when by going to Stoddard County, in Southeast Missouri, you can see a gigantic oak that measures twenty-five feet in diameter and pierces the clouds with its lofty crown?

"Why travel thousands of miles to gaze upon the 'deep blue sea' which Byron loved to apostrophize, when down in Crawford County, only a short day's journey, you can see the Blue Spring, which discounts the sky cerulean hue and whose depth no plummet has ever fathomed?

"Why sigh for the distant beauties of the Alps when the beauties of the Ozarks are almost in sight, and yet unfamiliar to your eyes?

"Why wander abroad like Don Quixote in quest of adventures when you can behold the largest nurseries in the world and the largest dynamite mill on earth by going down to Pike County?

"Why rave about the horses of Arabia when Audrain County produces the finest saddlers in all creation and sells equines in Kentucky—a performance which twenty years ago would have been considered as preposterous as sending coals to New Castle?

"Why hanker after a view of the Hudson when the Meramec and the Osage are just as picturesque and almost in the range of vision from your own windows?

"Why go a thousand miles to see the far-famed wheat fields of North Dakota when you have never seen the largest orchard on the face of the earth, which is in Howell County?

"Why spend time and money in visiting the battlefields of Chickamauga, Vicksburg or the Wilderness before you have seen the fields of action at Wilson's Creek and Lexington, where the Blue and the Gray contended with each other for the mastery and enriched the land with their blood?

"Why go into raptures over the royal mummies of Egypt, when, by stepping into the museum in Columbia, you can behold the most perfect mastodon's head now in existence —a curiosity worth a king's ransom, which every scientific society on earth yearns to possess?

"Why roll as a sweet morsel under your tongues the phrase, 'There were giants in those days,' when by going to Scotland County you can gaze upon a Missouri woman nearly nine feet in altitude and still a-growing?

"In the short and beautiful One Hundred and Thirty-third Psalm, King David embalmed Aaron's beard in immortal verse—as every preacher and every Free and Accepted Mason knows; but if the sweet singer of Israel had lived down in Pike County, he would have written a poem as long as Paradise Lost or Don Juan about the beards of two of her citizens living in one township—one of whom has a beard nine feet two inches long, and the other seven and one-half feet long. Senator Peffer of Kansas is not in it with my bewhiskered constituents.

"Why risk your life in searching for gold in Alaska, when you can grow tobacco in Lincoln County and get $1.25 a pound for it?

"There is a little Klondyke in every quarter-section in Missouri if you will only dig for it.

"Why send your children to Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Ann Arbor, Johns Hopkins or Virginia University, when, at your very doors, is the University of Missouri, where a boy or a girl can be thoroughly educated and at the same time form thousands of acquaintances and friends who shall be serviceable to them as long as they shall tabernacle in the flesh?

"Why go five hundred miles to get lost in the Mammoth Cave, when you can perform that unpleasant caper in the great Hannibal Cave—the scene of the remarkable exploits of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn?"

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CHAPTER XX.

MISSOURI CAMPAIGNS.

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You jolly brave boys of Missouri,
And all ye old Jackson men, too,
Come out from among the foul party,
And vote for old Tippecanoe,
And vote for old Tippecanoe.

—*From a Missouri Campaign Song of 1840.*

Thomas Shackelford, in an address before the Missouri Historical Society in 1901, told the story of Bingham's historical painting, the County Election.

"The Sappington family were Democrats, and the sharp contest between Darwin Sappington as Democrat and George C. Bingham as Whig, ended by the election of Bingham by one vote. Sappington contested and he was given the place by the dominant party. Bingham was an artist, and immortalized this election by a painting called the 'County Election.' Elections were then held viva voce, and any man from any other township in the county could vote, but he had to swear that he had not and would not vote in any other precinct during the present election. The man administering this oath in the picture is the likeness of Col. M. M. Marmaduke, brother-in-law of Darwin Sappington, who stands to the left and has his hat off bowing to the voter who is casting his vote for him. The man with the stoop shoulders is O. B. Pearson, trying to get the voter to vote for his friend Sappington. The man with his head tied up was a well-known character of whom alcohol had gotten the better. The others are well-known characters of that day. Young America is playing 'mumble the peg.' In these early contests men of different parties went around and alternately addressed the crowd.

"A ludicrous event happened in one of these contests. Thomas Reynolds, afterwards governor, had addressed the people at Old Chariton. His competitor had taken a little too much stimulant, and when he attempted to mount the goods box from which Reynolds spoke, failed to get up. But he was equal to the occasion; he turned around and said, 'I disdain to stand above my constituents,' and so made a telling speech from the ground.

"During the time when we voted viva voce, an amusing occurrence happened in a contest, in Howard County, for the office of justice of the peace. The Whig, John Harvey, at the close of the polls had voted for his opponent and made a tie. His opponent, Snyder, went up to vote and discovered that if he voted for his opponent it would elect him. He stood for several moments contemplating the situation, then his covetousness got the better of his judgment, and he slowly said, 'I believe I will give Snyder a pop,' and thus he elected himself. It is needless to say that this was the last time he was ever elected."

Lincoln and the St. Louis Whigs.

In 1840 the St. Louis Whigs had an experience with Abraham Lincoln in striking contrast with the esteem in which he was afterwards held. There was assembled a mass meeting of the party at Belleville in April of that year. The arrangements were in the hands of Colonel Edward Parker. The attendance was described as "immense." Lincoln came down from Springfield by invitation to be one of the speakers.

The Presidential campaign was opening with coonskins, log cabins and hard cider as the party emblems of the supporters of "Old Tippecanoe." Lincoln was introduced as the first orator. He began his speech with frequent references to "coonskins," "log cabins" and "hard cider." He was in hearty sympathy with the homeliness of the campaign. By way of showing how much he felt at home in such a campaign, he described himself as having been "raised over thar on Irish potatoes and buttermilk and mauling rails." The crowd laughed and cheered uproariously.

Speakers had been invited to represent the Whigs of St. Louis. They were John F. Darby and Wilson Primm. John F. Darby was the mayor of St. Louis. Primm was considered one of the most polished speakers of the city. The two visitors from the city agreed that Lincoln was carrying the funmaking too far. They consulted and decided that a different turn must be given to the spirit of the day. Mayor Darby went to Colonel Baker and said: "We are making this thing ridiculous enough, anyhow, with our 'coonskins' and 'hard cider' emblems and representations; but when Lincoln goes to weaving in his buttermilk, Irish potatoes and rail mauling, it would seem as if we are verging too much onto the ridiculous."

The protest was effective, it appears, for Mr. Darby, in his account of what followed, wrote: "We succeeded in getting Lincoln down from the stand, and got up another speaker who seemed to have more judgment in managing the canvass."

"The enthusiasm was great," Mr. Darby added.

When Providence Intervened.

In 1846 Leonard H. Sims of Greene County was elected to Congress through an act of Providence. The contest was between the Hards and the Softs. Sims

was a Soft candidate—that is, he favored the issue of paper money of small denominations. The Hards were for coin or large bills redeemable in coin. They carried the State. But shortly before election day one of the Congressional candidates, D. C. M. Parsons of Pike County, died. The state committee put on John G. Jameson. At that time the Congressmen were elected at large. News of the change in nominees traveled slowly by boat and by stage. Enough of the Hards voted for the dead man to let Sims in on a plurality.

The Jackson Resolutions.

In January, 1849, Senator Claiborne F. Jackson reported to the state senate the resolutions which caused the Benton split and which became historic as "the Jackson resolutions." These resolutions denied any right "on the part of Congress to legislate on the subject so as to affect the institution of slavery in the States, in the District of Columbia or in the Territories." They asserted "the right to prohibit slavery in any territory belongs exclusively to the people thereof and can only be exercised by them in forming their constitution for a state government or in their sovereign capacity as an independent state."

These Jackson resolutions declared "that in the event of the passage of any act of Congress conflicting with the principles herein expressed, Missouri will be found in hearty cooperation with the slaveholding states in such measures as may be found necessary for our mutual protection against the encroachments of northern fanaticism."

The resolutions "instructed" Senators in Congress and "requested" Representatives "to act in conformity to the foregoing."

Senator Atchison presented the Jackson resolutions in the United States Senate and they were read on the 3rd of January, 1850. Senator Benton repudiated the instructions in a vigorous speech. Among other things he said: "This is the proper time for me to say what I believe to be the fact, that these resolutions do not express the sentiments of the people of Missouri. They are a law-abiding and Union-loving people, and have no idea of entering into combinations to resist or to intimidate the legislation of Congress. The general assembly has mistaken the sentiment of the State in adopting these resolutions, and many members who voted for them, and the governor who signed them, have since disavowed and repudiated them."

Senator Atchison immediately replied to Senator Benton, but in very few words: "I have but one word to say, and that is merely to express an opinion that the people of the State of Missouri, when the time arrives, will prove to all mankind that every sentiment contained in these resolutions, from first to last, will be sustained by them."

The binding force of instructions by the legislature on the United States Senators was a live issue in Missouri politics for many years. Benton's position in appealing from such instructions in 1849 prompted John Scott to write a letter to a committee which had invited him to address a meeting at Perryville:

"Having long since, and frequently, declined being a candidate for public life or office, I feel at liberty the more freely to say what I think and know in relation to the course and principles of the Senator on whose conduct you are about to pass. He was not admitted to a seat in the Senate in 1820, though then from Missouri, but he was as loud and clamorous then against the same principles for which he now contends as any southern man at Wash-

ington, and he was one of the very first, in connection with Duff Green, to put afloat an impression upon the people of Missouri of the falsehood and the enormity of my offense in having refused, as they stated, and failed to obey the instructions of the legislature in regard to casting the vote of Missouri in the Presidential election, when in truth and in fact no instructions were given me, as the journal of 1824-5 will, on examination, show.

"I merely mention these facts to show the consistency when office is wanted. If there was any defect in the framers of the constitution, and perhaps the Missouri compromise, it was in not making the compromise and principles of that instrument and law prospective in regard to future acquisitions of territory. (Signed) JOHN SCOTT."

How Sterling Price Became Governor.

In his Memoir, preserved in manuscript by the Missouri Historical Society, Thomas C. Reynolds traced the course of political events from 1852 to 1857. Reynolds was bitterly hostile to Price at the time he wrote, which was at the close of the war.

"After the Mexican war, General Price's prominent reappearance in politics was his nomination for the governorship in the spring of 1852. The history of his nomination was given me by Hon. John M. Krum at St. Louis in February, 1861. The Benton and anti-Benton Democrats had agreed upon a fusion in that convention of 1852, on the basis that the former being a majority of the party, the candidate for governor should be a Benton man; that for lieutenant governor, an anti-Benton, and so on alternately to the end of the ticket. But the fused convention as a whole was to select the candidates, and not each wing of the party select its share of the ticket. The anti-Benton minority at once took measures to secure the fruits of this advantage. General Thomas L. Price was the choice of the great body of the Benton men, but especially distasteful to the anti-Benton men. Accordingly in a caucus of some leaders of the latter, Judge Krum was selected to have an interview with General Sterling Price, a Benton delegate to the convention, and conspicuous for the ardent support he had given Colonel Benton not only before but since the division in 1849 in the Missouri Democracy on the subject of that Senator. Judge Krum's report of the interview, concerning the policy which General Sterling Price, if elected governor, would pursue in regard to both the men and the measures of the anti-Benton Democracy, being entirely satisfactory to the caucus, it was resolved to support him in the convention. The solid vote of the anti-Benton minority, added to a small portion of the Benton majority, secured him the nomination over General Thomas L. Price. Dr. Brown, a zealous anti-Benton man, was nominated for lieutenant governor.

"Colonel Benton promptly denounced the ticket as a fraud, a bargain and sale, and 'spit upon the platform'—all publicly in his speeches. But the fusion was maintained. General Price acted with consummate discretion, keeping very quiet and making no general canvass. The entire fusion ticket was elected. Thenceforward, as governor in 1853-7, Price vigorously opposed Colonel Benton and sustained the anti-Benton Democracy. The election of 1856 completely demolished the Benton party in Missouri. Of its remnants some returned to the reunited national Democracy; the others joined the newly established Republican party.

"In January, 1857, the Missouri legislature met with an overwhelming Democratic majority in each branch. Two senators were to be elected, one for the short term ending March 3, 1861, and the other for six years commencing March 4, 1857. For the short term, General Price, whose gubernatorial term had just expired, Hon. James L. Green, elected member of Congress, and Hon. Willard P. Hall were candidates for the nomination before the Democratic caucus. The two latter had been anti-Benton Democrats since the division in the party in 1849, Mr. Hall, however, being considered the least decided of the two in his states' rights principles. In the caucus Mr. Hall received the largest vote, but not a majority; Mr. Green came next, and Governor Price last, with a vote so small as to render his chance hopeless. He promptly withdrew and his late supporters joined those of Mr. Green, who received the nomination over Mr. Hall and was elected by the legislature. For the long term Governor Trusten Polk was elected Senator over Mr. Phelps, the latter being urged, as was Governor Price, for the admittedly immense service in abandoning Colonel Benton some months after Governor Price."

How Rollins Beat Henderson on Pronunciation.

Three good stories which illustrate aptly the entertaining character of Missouri campaigns have been resurrected by Walter Williams, Dean of the College of Journalism of the University of Missouri. One of them relates to the hotly contested race for Congress by James S. Rollins and John B. Henderson in 1860. Henderson's mispronunciation of a German name and Rollins' quick turn of a critical situation decided the election. This is the story as Dean Williams has printed it:

"Each candidate charged the other with being unsound on the slavery question, with having freesoil if not abolition sympathies and therefore unworthy of support. The district in which the campaign was conducted was largely proslavery, except in two counties—St. Charles and Warren, where there was a larger German, or Freesoil, element, Republican in sentiment, whose support was essential to the success of one or the other of the candidates. Therefore, the effort of both candidates seemed to be to conciliate and receive this independent or Freesoil vote, residing mainly in Warren and St. Charles counties. The effort was extremely dangerous, however, as both of them well knew, for either of them to go too far in the work of conciliation, lest they might be seriously prejudiced in the minds of the voters in other parts of the district.

"Maj. Rollins and Gen. Henderson had appointments to speak in the village of Marthasville. Henderson was too ill to be present. Maj. Rollins spoke with his accustomed eloquence. Among the audience was Frederick Muench, the leader of the German Freesoilers. At the close of Maj. Rollins' address Mr. Muench dined with Maj. Rollins and the two discussed the political situation. Mr. Muench frankly complimented Maj. Rollins on his speech, telling him he thought the Germans could safely trust him as their Congressman. This was the first meeting between the two and exactly what passed is not known. Both are now dead. A few days after the meeting Mr. Muench, without Rollins knowing anything of his intentions to do so, wrote a letter to a German Freesoil paper at Hannibal, in which he expressed a preference for Rollins over Henderson, saying he believed the Germans might safely support him and that he had met him and found him a very interesting and persuasive gentleman.

"The letter to the Hannibal paper was translated into English, and for Henderson's benefit republished in a St. Louis paper which advocated his election, and on the morning of their joint discussion at Sturgeon reached there a short time before the hour of speaking. Rollins did not know it had appeared in print, but Henderson got hold of a paper containing it, and in his opening address made a terrific onslaught on Rollins for having bargained with the German Freesoilers of Warren and St. Charles counties to vote for him on the ground of the Freesoil principles. Rollins promptly jumped to his feet and defiantly denied it. Henderson responded: 'I will prove it on him; I charge that one Mr. Minch, a German, has written a letter urging the Germans to vote for him, and after he had an interview with Minch.' Rollins denied he knew any such man as Minch. Thereupon Henderson read the letter, somewhat to Rollins' embarrassment. Portions of the crowd hurrahed for Henderson, but Rollins rose with much equanimity, real or assumed, and said defiantly, 'Read the name of the author.' Henderson did it, 'Frederick Minch.' 'Spell it,' said Rollins, and Henderson spelled it,

'M-u-e-n-c-h.' Rollins: 'The name is Muench; not Minch; you can't play such tricks on me with impunity; you have changed his name!'

"About this time Henderson's hour expired, when Rollins took the stand and said: 'Fellow-citizens: You see the advantage Henderson is taking of you and of me; I denied I had ever heard of such a man as Minch, and he changed his name to Minch to entrap me into that denial. It was Muench, not Minch; I know him. He is a gentleman and a patriot and a man of sense, which I fear Henderson is not.'

"All the Whigs were satisfied and shouted for Rollins, and Mr. James Palmer, since deceased, one of the largest men in the county, and an ardent Henry Clay Whig, mounted the stand and shouted: 'Rollins is vindicated triumphantly. Henderson changed the name of the writer of the letter, and thus attempted to mislead our gallant leader, Rollins. No man who will do such a thing is entitled to the votes of Whigs or Democrats, and I now move that we all vote for Rollins.' And he put the vote and there arose in response a thundering aye, and Palmer, without putting the other side, declared it carried unanimously. Maj. Rollins was elected by 254 majority, and Gen. Henderson afterward became United States Senator from Missouri."

Eugene Field's Introduction of Carl Schurz.

The second of Dean Williams' stories is of the embarrassment of Carl Schurz in one of his Missouri campaigns. Schurz was accompanied by Eugene Field as the correspondent of a St. Louis newspaper: "One night they came to a small town where Mr. Schurz was to speak. The hall was packed with an expectant crowd, but the presiding officer who was to have introduced Mr. Schurz did not appear. Finally Mr. Schurz suggested quietly to Field that he should fill in the part and introduce him to the audience. Mr. Field acquiesced readily enough. Advancing to the front of the platform, his hand pressed to his throat, he said, with a splendid German dialect: 'Ladies and Gentlemen: I haf contracted such a very severe cold that it is impossible for me to speak to-night, but I haf to introduce the great journalist, Eugene Field, to take my place. I am sure that you will be bleased and benefited by the change.'

"Mr. Schurz nearly had a stroke of apoplexy and it took him some time to explain the situation."

"Bully" Pitt, American Orator.

Of a once well known character, who promoted the gaiety of politics in Northwest Missouri, Dean Williams told this:

"When Judge Elijah H. Norton of the Supreme Court was nominated from the Platte County District for Congress on the Democratic ticket, Col. John E. Pitt, otherwise called 'Bully' Pitt, announced himself as an independent candidate against him. Judge Norton published a list of his speaking appointments in Platte, Buchanan, Andrew, Holt, Atchison, Nodaway and Gentry. Pitt walked over the district and managed to be at every one of Norton's meetings, and he harangued the crowd either before or after Judge Norton's speaking. Pitt carried over his shoulder in a sack a half bushel of what he called onion seed. He told the people it was not necessary to wait until he got to Congress for their onion seed, as he carried a supply with him, which he doled out in small hand-

fuls to the farmers. By some mysterious providence every farmer who planted the seed found himself in possession of a fine patch of jimsons.

"Col. Pitt was a notorious Whig. Yet, when there was not a single Whig in Platte County except himself, the Democrats elected him to the legislature twice. On one occasion he made a speech, such as it was, that was such an oratorical curiosity that it was published in all the newspapers from Maine to California. In that speech he spoke of the fact that as a Whig he had about as much show in the House, where all were Democrats, as 'a bob-tail bull in fly time.' In the same speech he indulged in poetry after this fashion:

"I love to see the green grass grow
Among the red May roses;
I love to see an old gray horse,
For when he goes, he goeses."

"Extracts from Col. Pitt's famous speech were copied in an article in Blackwood's Magazine as a specimen of American eloquence."

Rise and Decline of the Know-Nothings.

Know-Nothings were numerous in Missouri about 1854-6. They had many lodges. Wherever men most congregated, bits of white paper cut in triangular form were scattered frequently. They bore not a word in print, not a mark of any kind. The Missourian leaving home for business in the morning saw these pieces of paper lying about, seemingly without purpose. If he was a Know-Nothing he knew at once that a meeting of the order was called for that evening. Recognizing a fellow member of the order and wishing to learn what was going on, he asked:

"Have you seen Sam today?"

That paved the way to the most confidential communications among members of the order. If the inquirer was a new member and not certain about the status of the one addressed, he asked in a casual tone, "What time?"

If the other looked at the sun or consulted his watch and made the answer, which the question seemed to invite, the interview ended. But the answer might be, "Time to work."

Then the first Missourian dropping his voice so that he might not be overheard, asked, "Are you?"

"We are," was the proper and assuring reply. After that the conversation proceeded on safe ground.

Sometimes the triangular pieces of paper were not white, but red. That meant danger. It prompted, on the part of those who had not been informed, more than ordinary curiosity about "Sam." When Missourians went to lodge on red notices they carried stout canes or some other form of weapon for emergency. One instruction given to new members directed them, when asked by outsiders about the principles and purposes of the order, to say, "I know nothing." From that came the name commonly applied to the movement and to the membership.

The Know-Nothings were native Americans. Their political watchword was: "Put none but Americans on guard." The American party became strong enough in St. Louis to carry, two or three times, the municipal elections. The turbulent

among them started anti-foreign and anti-Catholic riots. For several years the lodges and the party organization devoted most attention to local politics.

The movement gained strength in all parts of the United States. Several state elections were carried by the native Americans. In 1855 a national organization was effected. In 1856 eight of the thirty-two States had native American governments. But when the Know-Nothings attempted to make a nomination for President, a division among them on the slavery question occurred. The Southern Know-Nothings nominated Fillmore. Many of the Northern Know-Nothings seceded and indorsed Fremont. After that national campaign, Know-Nothingism dwindled.

In 1855, the order attained its greatest strength in Missouri. Thousands joined, taking the first degree of "Sam." The candidate was first sworn to secrecy and then examined. To be eligible he must show that he was 21 years old; that he was born in the United States; that he believed in God; that neither of his parents was Roman Catholic; that he was reared a Protestant; that neither his wife nor he was a Roman Catholic. Having shown that he was eligible, the candidate was taken into another room and sworn into the order. He placed his right hand on the Bible and raised his left. He swore he would vote only for Protestants, native Americans and those who stood on the platform of America ruled by Americans. Then the password, the sign of recognition and the grip were given. General Grant, then a farmer in St. Louis County joined but attended only one or two meetings.

There was a second degree, into which the candidate was initiated when he had proven that he was loyal and deeply interested. This was conferred with much ceremony. At the conclusion the presiding officer declared solemnly: "Brother, you are a member in full fellowship of the supreme order of the Star-Spangled Banner."

A third degree was added after the success in the state elections of 1854. It was called the order of the American Union. It pledged the membership to stand against any division of the States. It aimed to suppress the agitation of the slavery question by either the North or the South. In six months 1,500,000 candidates had taken the third degree. The organization disintegrated more rapidly than it had grown.

Election Riots.

At the Fifth Ward polls in St. Louis, August, 1854, an Irishman stabbed a boy and ran into the Mechanics' boarding house. A Know-Nothing mob followed, smashed the windows and broke the furniture. Shots were fired. Other boarding houses in the neighborhod were attacked. The mob, increased to a thousand or more, marched to Cherry stret and continued the wrecking of boarding houses. It headed for the levee and met a body of Irishmen. In the fight two men were killed. The mob stormed and stoned buildings known as "Battle Row," on the levee. Doors were broken in and furniture destroyed. Thence the mob proceeded uptown, wrecking Irish boarding houses on Morgan, Cherry and Green streets. At Drayman's Hall, on Eighth street and Franklin avenue, the mob divided into squads and gutted several saloons, continuing this until the militia arrived.

Rioting was resumed the next day. The Continentals, while marching along Green street on guard duty, were fired on. Two of the militia, Spore and Holli-

day, were wounded. Near Seventh and Biddle streets E. R. Violet, a well known and popular citizen, attempted to disarm a man who was flourishing a pistol, and was killed. At Broadway and Ashley there was a battle in which a saloon keeper named Snyder was killed. Three men were wounded. The rioting went on in various parts of the city until late that night. The third day citizens responded to a mass meeting called by the mayor. From the merchants' exchange they adjourned to the court house. A law and order movement was organized by popular expression and Norman J. Eaton was made the head of it. Before the day passed an armed force of seven hundred citizens had been formed under command of Major Meriwether Lewis Clark. The force was divided into thirty-three companies, each under a captain. It was composed of the best elements in the community. These companies went on patrol duty, covering the whole city. The regular police were withdrawn from the streets. Rioting ceased.

In 1855, Henry Boernstein was the most conspicuous of the "acht-und-vierzigers" in St. Louis. That was the name bestowed locally on the forty-eighters—the participants in the revolution of '48. Boernstein came to St. Louis with a great variety of experiences. And he proceeded to enlarge upon them rapidly by his career in this country. He had received a university education in Germany, had served five years in the Austrian army, had written plays which were produced in European capitals, had managed grand opera in Paris, had been a newspaper correspondent. When the uprising occurred in Germany, Boernstein joined the revolutionists. He was forced to flee to America and after a short time became editor of the St. Louis Anzeiger. Almost immediately he introduced sensational methods. Again and again mobs formed to "clean out" the Anzeiger. Boernstein was daring. He carried on a theater, a hotel and brewery. He wrote a book which he called "The Mysteries of St. Louis."

In the organization of the German militia during the winter of 1860-1, months before President Lincoln was inaugurated, Boernstein was so aggressive that he was made colonel of one of the regiments. He marched with Lyon to the capture of Camp Jackson. Soon tiring of war, Boernstein obtained a consulship and went to Europe. He remained abroad and for many years was European correspondent for American papers.

Polk, Rollins and Stewart.

William Hyde wrote, thirty-five years afterwards, the impressions Trusten Polk, Robert M. Stewart and James S. Rollins made upon him as a newspaper reporter in the state campaigns of 1856 and 1857:

"Governor Polk was a college-bred man, having been graduated at Yale. He was 24 years old when he reached Missouri from his native State of Delaware, and was at that time a smart young lawyer. As a speaker he was polished and often eloquent, and at the bar he was a successful practitioner; but as a Senator the pages of history shed no great luster on his name.

"James S. Rollins, of Boone, was an old-time Whig in the days of that party, had been its candidate for governor at the time Austin King was elected in 1848, and before that a delegate to the convention which nominated Henry Clay for President. He was the Whig candidate for United States Senator in '48-49, and was a member of the legislature at the preceding session, and was well-equipped in every respect for a great campaign on the stump. Perhaps no more effective public speaker has ever raised his voice in Missouri than Rollins. Of magnificent intellectual attainments, splendid physique, superb address, imper-

turbable good nature, fluent in speech and graceful in gesture, he was a born orator. Polish and suavity seemed to be inhaled from the air he breathed. He was, in fact, too polite for impressing strangers altogether with ideas of his sincerity, for, whilst he was always plausible, he frequently left just the least particle of a notion that he was somewhat superficial. With Henry Clay as his political ideal he was early imbued with Clay's sentiments on the subject of emancipation and colonization, and these remained with him, but he seemed always apprehensive that those around him would not distinguish between this attitude and that of abolitionism. He was not as bold a man as Blair, whom he greatly admired, but his surroundings were different; as what might do for Blair in the freer atmosphere of St. Louis would have been hazardous to the ambition of one living in the country, where any phase of anti-slavery feeling was associated in some degree with negro equality and the underground railroad. Thus Rollins felt himself handicapped, as it were, and often forced to do skillful piloting. Moreover, he was wrapped up in the welfare of Boone County and the promotion of the interests of the State University at Columbia, to which he devoted all his energies.

"Stewart was a native of Cortland County, N. Y., and was a stanch Northern Democrat, without any qualms on the sentimental side of the slavery question. He thought the Southern people had a right to take their slaves into Kansas (whilst it was a Territory at any rate), upheld the Crittenden compromise measures, supported the Cincinnati (Buchanan) platform, and ridiculed nullification, secession, disunion and all radical Southern fire-eating propositions, or suggestions of that sort. He dwelt largely on the material interests of the State, and particularly railway development. This was looked for, as he had been an attorney of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, and had had occasion to study the question more thoroughly than any politician in the State.

"There can be no question as to Stewart's having been a brainy man. When his intellect was not clouded by artificial excitement, he was a close reasoner and a good debater. Except in his cause, he was, however, no match on the hustings for an adroit, captivating speaker like Rollins. Altogether, the people being pretty nearly tired out by the haranguing of the previous year, the campaign was a rather dull one. It was supposed Stewart would be elected by a tremendous majority. There was an unusual delay in bringing in the returns, which from day to day see-sawed between Stewart and Rollins, as they appeared in the newspapers; but at last, with many heated charges on both sides of 'manipulating' or 'cooking' the result in the back counties, the secretary of state summed up an official majority of less than 300 votes for Stewart."

The Longest Missouri Campaign.

Missouri's longest political campaign was in 1860. It began formally on the 8th of January, "Jackson Day," the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, when Claiborne F. Jackson made a speech in Washington Hall, St. Louis, announcing his candidacy for governor. Up to that time Jackson had not been very successful in his political ambitions. He had served in the legislature. He had been beaten for Congress in the Howard district when he ran against Thomas P. Akers, to fill the unexpired term of J. G. Collier, but he had been a delegate at several state conventions. He was chairman of the Democratic state committee when he announced himself as a candidate for governor. Few public men in Missouri had more influential family connections than Claib Jackson.

The campaign of 1860 was Jackson's opportunity. As has occurred often in Missouri politics, previous disappointments seemed to pave the way to success in this case. The National Democratic Convention was to be held in Charleston on the 23d of April. The state committee of Missouri decided that it would be economical and good politics to nominate the state ticket and the delegates to the national convention at the same time. The state convention was accordingly called to meet in Jefferson City on the 9th of April. The double purpose brought

together a very strong representation of the leading Democrats. Among them were Sterling Price, Judge Ryland, Gen. Abram Hunter, R. E. Acock, James M. Hughes, J. C. Carter, Hancock Jackson, John Dougherty, James Young, John H. Miller, Warwick Hough, William A. Grayson, John B. Henderson, Nat C. Claiborne, J. N. Burnes, James Craig and William Douglas.

The secretaries of the convention included James H. R. Cundiff of the St. Joseph Gazette and James L. Fawcett of the St. Louis Herald. Only three ballots were required for governor. Claiborne F. Jackson was nominated. The delegates voted as their counties had cast Democratic ballots for Buchanan in 1856. The first ballot resulted about as follows: Jackson, 17,000; Waldo P. Johnson, 13,000; Kennett, 7,000; Atchison, 2,500; Isaac H. Sturgeon, 5,000. Sturgeon represented the Federal office holders. He was the candidate of a group of young politicians who one year later took the lead in the secession movement of Missouri. One of the group was Thomas L. Snead, afterwards Claib Jackson's secretary and the author of "The Fight for Missouri." Another was Colton Green, a member of the wholesale grocery firm of Hoyt and Green. A third was Basil Duke and the fourth was Eugene Longuemare. Snead was editor of the St. Louis Bulletin, which was controlled by the Longuemare family.

With Claiborne F. Jackson were nominated: For lieutenant governor, Thomas Caute Reynolds of St. Louis; and for secretary of state, B. F. Massey. Jackson entered almost immediately upon his campaign for governor, going first into the Ozarks.

After the split of the Democrats at Charleston the issue of supreme interest in Missouri was the course to be taken by Jackson and the other state nominees. Douglas Democrats demanded that Jackson come out for their candidate. The St. Louis Republican was especially insistent upon this. The Federal office-holders and those Democrats who sympathized most strongly with the South urged that the state ticket support Breckinridge.

William Hyde's Graphic Narrative.

William Hyde, afterwards for many years editor of the Republican, was in 1860 the trusted staff correspondent of that paper. He was given an extraordinary commission by Nathaniel Paschall, editor of the Republican. He was sent out to meet Jackson and to bring about a decision of the state nominees to support Douglas. In 1892, from the suggestion and encouragement of Joseph B. McCullagh, editor of the Globe-Democrat, William Hyde wrote this narrative of what he saw and heard and of the part he took in the campaign:

"Claib Jackson finally emerged from the hickory-nut country, but was loth to come out of his own shell. A man named Sample Orr, of whom nobody had ever heard before, had, immediately after the Baltimore split, saddled a horse somewhere down in the Southwest, put some light clothes into a pair of saddle-bags, announced himself a Constitutional-Union candidate for governor, and started out on the flank of the Democratic candidate. Of course, everybody laughed at his temerity, and when they saw him they laughed all the more. Nobody knew of any backers he had—of any antecedents, any record. He was nobody's nominee; just plain Sample Orr, farmer. Very plain he was. He was a freckled strawberry blonde, and there never was anything redder than his hair. A man medium in height, slight build, weight about 145; keen blue eyes, white eye-lashes, nervous, short step, sloping shoulders, long neck—another Ichabod Crane. Where he concealed his voice was a wonder, for he could be heard a good distance, and his speech was charming. Mischief

lurked in those keen, blue eyes, and when with the muscles of the left one he pinched the white lashes almost together, the trick was very taking with a crowd. He wanted to get Jackson into a joint debate, but Claib treated the proposition as ridiculous. Still the little man kept on his track, detaining the crowd when the Major had closed, and, it must be said, dividing the honors with the tall and dignified Democratic nominee.

"It was about the 1st of July when the candidate for lieutenant governor started out. He was to overtake Jackson in Moniteau or in Cooper County, and in response to Paschall's repeated demands that the regular state nominees should support the regular national nominees, a promise had been made by Reynolds, who was spokesman for the Major as well as himself, that as soon as they had an opportunity to consult together there would be no further hesitating. Reynolds had expressed a willingness, indeed a desire, to have a correspondent accompany him, and to the undersigned that task was allotted. 'Watch those gentlemen,' said Mr. Paschall; 'do not let them get away from us. If they don't come out publicly for Douglas within three days after they meet—say at Boonville—telegraph immediately, and come home.' To Mr. Reynolds he said, in substance: 'Jackson's course has been unendurable. He should instantly, upon hearing of Douglas' nomination, have proclaimed his adhesion to the usages of his party and announced his purpose to do everything in his power to carry the Douglas ticket. He hates Douglas, I know. His personal likings in this matter, whether they relate to Douglas or to Douglas' friends, is a thing of indifference. He must support the regular nominee, or, if he does not, the example of his failure shall not be lost in the case of his own appeals for support on the ground of the regularity of his nomination.' The plain meaning of this was that the regular Democracy was not to be without a state ticket.

"The meeting between Jackson and Reynolds was expected to be at California, in Moniteau, where they were both billed to speak. Reynolds was on hand and so was Sample Orr, but Jackson sent word that he would lay up at a point a few miles north of Tipton, and wait for Reynolds, thence proceeding to Boonville. The writer, anxious for an interview with the head of the ticket, did not wait for the finish of the California meeting, but, procuring a conveyance and driver, pressed on. He was met with cordiality by Jackson, and invited to share his room for the night. Jackson had many questions to ask about the condition of political sentiment in St. Louis, the attitude of different persons in the all-absorbing differences in the Democratic party, etc., but could not be pumped as to the stand he would take. He was just out of the woods and hills, he said, hadn't seen a newspaper, except some old copies of the Weekly Republican, and would have to read up before he could form an opinion of his own. 'And now,' he said, 'as I'm tired, I'll take this bed and you that.'

"It was in 'the dead waste and middle of the night' when a rap at our door, which was on the ground floor of a two-story commodious country residence, aroused the Major. The moon and stars were shining, and it was a lovely summer night. A 'solitary horseman' had arrived, having traveled from the railroad at Tipton, and he was bearer of an important message from a number of the Major's friends at St. Louis. The messenger was James Loughborough. What he brought, as it afterward transpired, was a document signed by Isaac H. Sturgeon, Thomas L. Snead, Daniel H. Donovan, Colton Green and others. This document was a peremptory demand upon Jackson to forthwith announce his support of the Democratic ticket bearing the names of Breckinridge and Lane. In the event of refusal or omission to do this the party in the State favoring Breckinridge would, they said, immediately proceed to put another Democratic state ticket in the field, as they were about to do in the case of electors.

"The conference between Jackson and Loughborough in the moonlight outside the house was long, and evidently exciting, to judge by the expletives now and then used by the former. There was no doubt about it, Jackson was very angry, and it was impossible to tell at which party he was the more indignant—the Douglas or the Breckinridge men. A plague on both their houses was the burden of his emphatic anathemas; and when he came in, toward morning, he paced the floor uneasily, muttering strange oaths.

"On the next day Reynolds joined the Major, and together they traveled to Boonville, the chronicler taking a separate vehicle. It was not difficult to perceive the perturbed condition of Jackson's mind, but it was evident that Reynolds had determined what was the

William Hyde

Joseph B. McCullagh

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best course. Jackson expected John B. Clark to meet him at Boonville, and was manifestly worried that he hadn't come. He would not say what he proposed to do until he had consulted with Clark, and so the writer was asked to telegraph to St. Louis his desire that another day be allowed in order to communicate with Clark at Fayette. Whether Jackson expected Clark to withdraw his support from Douglas, in the expectation that Phelps and others would follow suit, and by a revolution turn the State over to Breckinridge, or what was Jackson's real reason in postponing his committal on the Presidency until he could see the first-named Congressman, will never be known. The secret, whatever it was, was well kept. At any rate Clark had no change to make as to his own course, and his advice to Jackson was the same as that he had given to all Democrats.

"There was an immense array at Fayette to hear the speaking. It seemed as though the whole of Howard County, Claib's old home, had turned out. A county seat on a Saturday, if the weather is fine and the roads are good, presents a lively scene, even without an unusual incentive; but on this occasion old Howard came forth in force, and with its best clothes on. While the women folks were flocking the stores to do their trading the men were gathering in knots about the court house square, discussing politics or neighborhood gossip—generally politics. Fayette was the very inner sanctuary of political doctrine. What Boston is to New England culture, what Charleston was to Southern civilization, was Fayette to the philosophy of Missouri politics in the early days. Boonville was a rival, but paled its ineffectual fires before the more brilliant though no more intelligent circle of Howard's haughty host. And a bright galaxy of professionals the two presented. The names of Peyton R. Hayden, Washington Adams, John G. Miller, George G. Vest, James Winston, John C. Richardson, Benjamin N. Tompkins, Abiel Leonard, W. K. Wall, John A. McClung, John D. Leland, John W. Henry, John J. Lindley, Dr. John J. Lowry, William A. Hall, Owen Rawlins, Col. Jo Daviess, Dr. J. P. Vaughan, Clark H. Green, A. J. Herndon, Robert T. Prewitt, Thomas Shackelford, Col. T. E. Williams, John P. Sebree, with a number of others, are enrolled on that scroll of honor, and conspicuous among them was Gen. John B. Clark.

"Clark was a man of large physical proportions and great strength of character. He made no boast of learning, and, indeed, seemed to have cultivated or affected a contempt for grammatical forms, or any of the 'Macaulay's flowers of speech.' Singleness of verbs with plurality of nouns appeared as natural to him as his eccentric pronunciation. 'Toe' for 'to,' 'whar' and 'thar' tumbled off his tongue utterly careless of euphony or exactitude. But though uncouth in language there was a charm in his rough politeness that was almost winning. The people liked him, for though a Congressman and a person whom all classes consulted, he put on no airs of superiority, but was a plain, blunt man, who loved his friends, was obliging, considerate and kind.

"Jackson and Reynolds arrived at Fayette before noon, and at the hotel were met by General Clark, introduced to the bevy of politicians who were lolling about the porch, and soon shown to a private room for the momentous consultation. The newspaper man, with an eye to business, and knowing positively that before the sun went down the people would be advised to vote for Douglas, or that the Democratic candidates would undertake to go through the canvass without committing themselves on the Presidential question, began to look around to see how the news was to be sent home. The nearest telegraph office was at Boonville, fourteen miles distant, and the office closed at dark. It had been agreed to permit Sample Orr to open the speaking, so that it was desirable to get the information before the meeting began, and Mr. Reynolds consented to pass the word out of the council room immediately on the conclusion being reached. This was a few minutes before 2 o'clock, and at 5 the Republican's bulletin board at St. Louis announced that Jackson and Reynolds, in their speeches at Fayette, had come out for Douglas and Johnson. A trusty boy bore the message on horseback to Boonville, whence it was 'rushed' to the other end of the line. The authority of the news was at once questioned by the Breckinridge men and ridiculed till Monday, when it was found by the doubters to be, alas! too true.

"It was funny to hear Orr nag 'the wily fox Jackson' on his reticence relative to the national candidates. 'He "dassent" come out for either Breckinridge or Douglas,' said Orr. 'Ask him, you Democrats, which one he is for and he will tell you he is concerning himself with a state and not a national canvass. Is he? Then is he for state aid to the railroads

or against it? Is he in favor of finishing the roads to which the State has loaned her credit or with leaving each of them with a turn-table for a terminus?' But what was his consternation when, it being Jackson's turn to speak, that gentleman, after talking about an hour, declared he was not surprised that Mr. Orr did not know what by that time was common property as far east as St. Louis—that Democracy's state nominees stood by Democracy's national nominees, namely, Douglas and Johnson. Here the crowd broke out in the wildest enthusiasm, and cheer upon cheer went up to the very echo. Reynolds followed, emphasizing in liquid and well-rounded periods the determination that, he said, had been reached at the earliest possible moment after Major Jackson had, from the lips of their distinguished representative, General Clark, obtained an authentic report of the proceedings at Baltimore.

"And so that business was over. It remained to be seen what effect the course chosen by the candidates for governor and lieutenant governor would have upon the supporters of Breckinridge, whose headquarters were in St. Louis about the Federal offices, and whose organ was the Bulletin, conducted by Snead, Longuemare and Colton Green.

"The field was now full: Claib Jackson, Douglas Democrat; Hancock Jackson, Breckinridge Democrat; Gardenhire, Republican, and Sample Orr, Bell and Everett. A tremendous effort was made to pull Hancock Jackson off the track, without avail. Claib was frightened almost out of his wits. At last Senator Green came to his rescue. In a speech at Chillicothe, and a powerful one it was, he advised the Democracy whilst supporting Breckinridge not to endanger the state ticket, but to vote for the regular nominees. He vouched for their absolute soundness, and claimed that everything would be attained in their election that could be wished from the success of Hancock Jackson. In two or three other places he uttered the same counsel.

"Reynolds, whose words were chronicled for the press by the writer signed, spoke in Columbia, Huntsville, St. Joseph, Plattsburg and several points on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, dividing time, except at St. Joe, with Sample Orr. At Columbia, Orr's reception was something in the nature of an ovation. He was the lion of the town. Rollins, Guitar and Switzler, who were the sun, moon and planetary system of that great seat of dense old line Whig intelligence, took him up in their arms, as it were. The meeting, instead of a debate between Orr and Reynolds only, became a general engagement. Guitar spoke in sticks of silver nitrate, the very lunar caustic of invective, against Jackson and the scheme of secession, of which he charged him with being a knight in thin disguise. Reynolds' silken sentences, glistening with their fine embroidery, Orr imitated with a schoolgirl's lisp, and against them he brought up his batteries of anecdote and ridicule. Reynolds was scholarly, logical, persuasive—Orr was simply *ad hominem, ad captandum.* Large was his bounty of backwoods stories, and in their application he was always happy.

"And so the canvass went. Gardenhire, who had been an emancipation member of the legislature of the Blair school, and who lived in Gasconade, where there was a large settlement of German wine-growers, was scarcely heard of. A big fight was on in St. Louis, and there the Republican speaking talent was mostly concentrated.

"In the legislative contests throughout the State no uniformity was observed by the followers of either Douglas, Breckinridge, Bell or Lincoln. In some counties the Bell men conceded the legislative ticket to the Breckinridge faction in exchange for sheriff or collector. In some the Douglas and Breckinridge men combined for members of the state senate or house. It turned out that the supporters of Breckinridge, though greatly in the minority in the State at large, secured a strong showing in the general assembly, though not a majority of that body. For governor, Gardenhire had 6,137; Hancock Jackson, 11,416; Orr, 66,583; C. F. Jackson, 74,446—Jackson over Orr, 7,863. Green, combined with the less radical of the supporters of Breckinridge, had saved Claiborne F. at last, for they could easily have defeated him, as shown by the presidential election, in which the candidates stood: Lincoln, 17,028; Breckinridge, 31,317; Bell, 58,372; Douglas, 58,801—Douglas over Bell, 429; Breckinridge over Hancock Jackson, 19,901; Douglas over Breckinridge, 27,484.

"To have been beaten by this 'unknown,' Orr, would, indeed, have been an humiliation to Claib Jackson. A thought of that kind, if it had entered his head, would have sent him distracted, for he had formed the supremest contempt for him on account of his

presumption. Jackson had never calculated on less than 25,000 plurality, and to have received less than one-third of it was disappointment enough. As for Orr, he made his exit from politics in Missouri as mysteriously as he entered. Not long after the election he 'went West,' and was last heard from in Montana. Like a meteor, he shot athwart the sky in a gleaming path and disappeared."

Blair's First Speech after the War.

"In the outskirts of Louisiana, Mo.," said Champ Clark, "stand four immense sugar trees, which, if the Druidical religion were in vogue in the Missouri Valley, would be set aside as objects of worship by Democrats. They form the corners of a rectangle about large enough for a speaker's platform. Beneath their grateful shadow, with the Father of Waters behind him, the eternal hills in front of him, the blue sky above his head, in the presence of a great and curious concourse of people, Frank Blair made the first Democratic speech in Missouri after the close of the Civil war. Excitement was intense. Armed men of all shades of opinion abounded on every hand. When Blair arose to speak he unbuckled his pistol belt and coolly laid two navy revolvers on the table. He prefaced his remarks as follows:

"'Fellow citizens, I understand that I am to be killed here today. I have just come out of four years of that sort of business. If there is to be any of it here, it had better be attended to before the speaking begins.'

"That calm but pregnant exordium has perhaps no counterpart in the entire range of oratory.

"'There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.'

"He then proceeded with his speech, but had not been going more than five minutes until a man of gigantic proportions started toward him, shaking his huge fist and shouting, 'He's an arrant rebel! Take him out! Take him out!' Blair stopped, looked the man in the face, crooked his finger at him and said, 'You come and take me out!' which put an end to that episode, for the man who was yelling, 'Take him out!' suddenly realized that Blair's index finger, which was beckoning him on, would soon be pressing the trigger of one of those pistols if he did go on, and he prudently declined Blair's invitation.

"He got through that day without bloodshed; but when he spoke at Warrensburg, a little later, he had not proceeded a quarter of an hour before a prominent citizen sitting on the speaker's stand started toward Blair with a pistol in his hand and with a mighty oath, yelling, 'That statement is a lie!' which instantly precipitated a free fight, in which one man was killed and several severely wounded. Blair went on with his speech amid ceaseless interruptions. I know a venerable, mild-mannered Christian statesman, now in this very Capitol, who, for two mortal hours of that pandemonium stood with his hand upon his revolver ready to shoot down any man that assaulted Blair.

"Afterwards Blair was advertised to speak at Marshall, in Saline County. On the day of his arrival an armed mob was organized to prevent him from speaking, and an armed body of Democrats swore he should. A collision occurred,

resulting in a regular pitched battle, in which several men lost their lives and others were badly injured. But Blair made his speech.

"One night he was speaking in Lucas Market place, in St. Louis, when a man in the crowd, not twenty feet from the stand, pointed a revolver directly at him. Friendly hands interposed to turn the aim skyward. 'Let him shoot, if he dares,' said Blair, gazing coolly at his would-be murderer. 'If I am wrong, I ought to be shot, but this man is not the proper executioner.' The fellow was hustled from the audience.

"Amid such scenes he toured the State from the Des Moines River to the Arkansas line and from the Mississippi to the mouth of the raging Kaw. The man who did that had a lion's heart in his breast."

William F. Switzler accompanied Blair to Mexico in Audrain County during that same campaign. He described what took place during the speaking:

"Although his mission was one of peace and in the interest of a reconstructed Union and the restoration of a free ballot to all those who had been disfranchised by the Drake constitution, there was present a small and boisterous coterie of ex-Union soldiers who threatened to take him from the stand. The crowd of citizens present was very great and filled a large grove of forest trees in which the platform was erected. Attention was profound. Order was perfect, but just at the crisis of Blair's warming to his subject a large, stalwart man in the audience, dressed in the faded blue uniform of a soldier, in the midst of others similarly dressed, cried out: 'He's a rebel! Let us take him down!' and moved toward the stand. The audience was panic-stricken, but Blair was unmoved. More than this—he was unawed. He waved his hand to the audience and said: 'Keep your seats; there's no danger.' At the same moment he laid two big revolvers on the stand in front of him and denounced the leader of the threatened mob as a coward, telling him to come on and take him down, and that he was ready for him. But he didn't come, and that was the end of it, except that Blair spoke for more than two hours amid demonstrations of great applause."

The Liberal Republican Movement.

The Republican split came in the state nominating convention at Jefferson City, August 31, 1870. The issue was enfranchisement of those who had been in the Confederate army or in sympathy with the Confederacy. Two reports were made from the committee on platform. The majority of the committee reported in favor of a very liberal policy. The minority of the committee reported differently, but when the two reports reached the convention the report of the minority was adopted. The supporters of the majority report, numbering about two hundred and fifty delegates, withdrew and nominated a state ticket with B. Gratz Brown as candidate for governor. The other convention nominated McClurg for governor. Each of the factions put out a full state ticket. The following extracts from the two platforms show the differences of opinion which led to the division.

Majority or Liberal Platform. "Fourth. That the time has come when the requirements of public safety, upon which alone the disfranchisement of a large number of citizens could be justified, has clearly ceased to exist, and this convention, therefore, true to the solemn pledges recorded in our National and state platforms, declares itself unequivocally in favor of the adoption of the

constitutional amendments commonly called the suffrage and office holding amendments, believing that under existing circumstances the removal of political disabilities, as well as the extension of equal political rights and privileges to all classes of citizens, without distinction, is demanded by every consideration of good faith, patriotism and sound policy, and essential to the integrity of Republican institutions, to the welfare of the State, and to the honor and preservation of the Republican party."

Minority or Radical Platform. "Third. That we are in favor of re-enfranchising those justly disenfranchised for participation in the late rebellion, as soon as it can be done with safety to the State, and that we concur in the propriety of the legislature having submitted to the whole people of the State the question whether such time has now arrived; upon which question we recognize the right of any member of the party to vote his honest convictions."

The Democrats refrained from making nominations that year, with the result that the Liberal Republican ticket received a majority of over forty thousand.

The Possum Policy.

In a newspaper office was born the passive or "possum policy," as it was called. Democratic co-operation was essential to the success of the Liberal Republican plan. The office was the Missouri Republican. The time was 1870. William Hyde and William H. Swift, with the advice of that astute politician, Henry C. Brockmeyer, and with the approval of George and John Knapp, committed the Democratic organization to the passive policy. Conflict of political opinion in Missouri was over the test oath and the disfranchisement of the Confederates. Republicans were divided. From the Republican office was exercised the influence which prompted Aylett H. Buckner, chairman of the Democratic state central committee, to call a meeting in St. Louis. Swift was the secretary of the committee. Resolutions binding the committee not to call a state convention that year, 1870, were carefully drawn and kept secret until the meeting was held. There were members who opposed the proposition and who favored the making of a straight fight. Before the opposition could organize, General James Shields moved the adoption of the resolutions and the Democratic party of Missouri was bound to make no nominations that year. There was no little protest but the compact with the Liberal Republicans was carried out.

Newspaper enterprise had something to do with the success of the plan. It was essential that the Republican convention, which was to divide, should be handled with care. William H. Swift was sent to Jefferson City for the Missouri Republican. His instructions were to spare no expense. It was of the greatest importance that the Liberal Republican movement and the passive policy should be given a good send-off for the effect upon public sentiment in the State. "Holding the wire" was a newspaper feat made possible in those days by a rule of the telegraph companies. In the time of few wires and few operators, the newspaper which filed matter first had exclusive use of the facilities for transmission until all of its matter had been sent. Telegraph officials exercised no discretion as to character of copy. They broke in on press copy only to send commercial messages. Swift found two wires working from Jefferson City to St. Louis. He pre-empted them. On the hook over one instrument he hung the United States statutes and on the hook over the other table he hung the statutes of Missouri.

Then he went about the collection and preparation of news of the convention. When the operators were ready for press they started on the statutes. When Mr. Swift came in with copy he slipped the sheets into the statutes so that they would go next. When other correspondents attempted to send, they discovered that they were barred so long as the Missouri Republican was willing to pay tolls on the statutes. Thus the anxious St. Louis public, during the hours while the split between the Republican factions at Jefferson City was widening, received information through a channel which gave the passive policy the best of it. In his extremity, Emil Preetorius appealed to George Knapp to let a dispatch go through to the Westliche Post. And the colonel, chivalric as he was, issued the order to Mr. Swift to oblige Mr. Preetorius. Swift refused. Colonel George threatened discharge. Swift was firm. Holding the wire meant a bill of $1,500 to the Republican. When the correspondent got back to St. Louis and went down to the office to turn in his expense account and to receive his discharge, George Knapp handed him an honorarium of $500 and told him to take a vacation for two weeks. "Pay no attention to what I said to you at Jefferson City," Colonel Knapp said with a ghost of a smile.

Following the convention at Jefferson City, the following messages were exchanged.

"St. Louis, Sept. 2, 1870.

"B. Gratz Brown,
"Jefferson City.

"The negroes of this State are free. White men only are now enslaved. The people look to you and your friends to deliver them from this great wrong. Shall they look in vain? J. B. Henderson."

"Jefferson City, Sept. 2, 1870.

"Hon. John B. Henderson,
"St. Louis.

"The confidence of the people of this State shall not be disappointed. I will carry out this canvass to its ultimate consequence so that no freeman not convicted of crime shall henceforth be deprived of an equal voice in our government. B. Gratz Brown."

Frederick N. Judson's Analysis.

Of the Liberal Republican movement and its passing, Frederick N. Judson, who was secretary to Governor B. Gratz Brown, has said: "The completeness of its success was the cause of its disappearance. A party based upon a single issue, called into being to meet a single emergency, could not in the nature of things become permanent. Its policies remained permanently adopted by the State, and though its party life was short, it is entitled to the imperishable glory of having destroyed the last vestiges of the Civil war in Missouri. A nobler record no party could have.

"The members of the Liberal Republican party returned to the Republican or Democratic parties, as their opinions or prejudices inclined them. The greater number, doubtless, returned to the Republican party; this was certainly true as to the German-American voters who had contributed very largely to the Liberal movement.

"The extent of the disfranchisement which was ended by the Liberal Republican success may be estimated by a comparison of the total vote at different

Nathaniel Paschall

Adam Black Chambers

Carl Daenzer

Emil Preetorius

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elections. The total vote in 1860, the last election before the Civil war, was 165,000. In 1864, while the Civil war was raging, it was 103,000. In 1870, the year of the Liberal Republican success, when the colored voters, enfranchised under the fifteenth amendment, voted for the first time, the total was 167,600, showing but a slight increase over 1860, though there had been a very heavy increase in population. In 1872, the first election after the removal of the disabilities, the total vote was 272,900, being an increase of over 100,000 from the two years before."

New Party Movements.

In 1874 various elements opposed to the Democracy organized as the "People's party," or the "Reform party." They nominated a State ticket headed by William Gentry of Pettis for governor, with S. W. Headlee of Greene for lieutenant-governor. "The Tadpole party" was the name bestowed by the regular Democrats upon this new political organization. The explanation was that the movement meant a transition state from which Democrats who joined it would emerge as Republicans.

The Greenback party made its appearance in 1878. In 1880 it was strong enough in Missouri to carry three Congressional districts, electing Burrows, Rice and Haseltine.

In the State campaign of 1888 an organization called the Agricultural Wheel of Missouri had to be reckoned with. It was an anti-monopoly movement. The members called themselves the "Wheelers." The local bodies were known as Wheels. The Wheelers declared independence of party and indorsed candidates understood to be in sympathy with their political creed. The preamble to the constitution of the Agricultural Wheel of Missouri set forth these declarations:

"We believe there is a God, the great creator of all things, and that He created all men free and equal, and endowed them with certain inalienable rights, such as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that these rights are a common inheritance and should be respected by all mankind.

"We further believe that any power or influence that tends to restrict or circumscribe any class of our citizens in the free exercise of these God-given rights and privileges are detrimental to the best interest of a free people.

"While it is an established fact that the laboring classes of mankind are the real producers of wealth, we find that they are gradually becoming oppressed by combinations of capital, and the fruits of their toil absorbed by a class who propose not only to live on the labor of others, but to speedily amass fortunes at their expense.

"We hold to the principle that all monopolies are dangerous to the best interests of our country, tending to enslave a free people and subvert and finally overthrow the great principles purchased by Washington and his glorious compatriots.

"We hold to the principle that the laboring classes have an inherent right to sell and buy when and wherever their interests are best served, and patronize none who dare —by word or action—oppose a just, fair and equitable exchange of the products of our labor."

The Wheelers claimed a membership in Missouri at that time of over 40,000. Another independent movement in Missouri was the Farmers' Alliance. It was organized May, 1887, and before the end of the campaign of 1888 had a membership of between 18,000 and 19,000 voters. The alliance attempted to intro-

duce the principle of co-operation among the farmers. It advocated the establishment of alliance stores upon the Rochdale plan. The theory of the alliance was that "Whatever wealth a man produces, to that he should be entitled." The co-operative store was tried out in Butler County. Members of the alliance subscribed enough money to buy the stock of goods. For these loans they received the legal rate of interest. The store was held by an incorporated company with a board of directors. These directors employed a manager and such clerks as were necessary on salaries. A cash business was done as far as possible. Where credit was allowed it was extended only until Saturday night or until the end of the month. The goods were sold at regular retail prices. Each member of the alliance had a trade card on which the record of his purchases was kept. The plan was to clean up at the end of every six months, reserve enough to pay interest on the loans and divide the remaining profits among members of the alliance according to the amount of trade each one had done. The membership in the alliance was limited to farmers, farm laborers, mechanics, country school teachers, county physicians and ministers of the gospel. Lawyers were not eligible. The alliance was very popular during the political campaign, but the application of the principle to co-operative store keeping was limited.

The Blind Bridle Story and Its Sequel.

Champ Clark once credited David Ball of Pike County with being the best campaign story teller of his generation in Missouri. There has been some question whether Champ Clark or his old law partner Ball held the moral copyright on the blind bridle story. Ball told it on the stump in this way:

"The Republicans are like the old farmer up in Pike County who had a good wife and a bank account and seven children and all the things that are worth living for, but the preachers had praised his goodness so much and had told him so often that when he died he would go straight to heaven that he believed it and at last he became so anxious to get to heaven that he decided to commit suicide as the quickest route. He went to the barn and took an old blind bridle and put the head stall around his neck, climbed on a barrel, tied the reins to a joist and jumped off. Just as he was taking his last kick his son found him and cut him down. When the old man came to, he said to his son:

"'John, what did you do that for? Why didn't you let me die and go to heaven?'

"'Dad, do you really believe you'd have gone to heaven?'

"'I know I would, John. Why, I could hear the angels singing as it was. You ought to have let me die. I would have been in heaven now.'

"'Say, dad, don't you think you'd have cut a caper in heaven with a blind bridle on?'"

Champ Clark's version had a sequel. As Mr. Clark told the story it ran thus:

"An old man out in Missouri tried to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind bridle. His son cut him down just in time. On that foundation I added this: When the son cut him down and brought him to, the old man complained feebly: 'It ain't right, Henry,' the old man said. 'You've kept your old father out of heaven.'

"'You'd cut a figure in heaven looking through a blind bridle, wouldn't you?' retorted the son.

"Now I regard that as my best story. At least it is the most successful. Bob Taylor stole it after I had used it for years, and told it in his lectures, and finally put it in his book. A friend of mine named Jordan put the climax on the story of my story, though. He supposed I had made it all up, and he told it one night before an audience out in our country, an audience that had the old man whose son cut him down, on the front seat. The old man broke down and cried and that rather spoiled the point for Jordan?"

How Dockery Saved a Seat in Congress.

The Dockery motto in politics was "Never leave anything undone." Or he might have put it differently: "Eternal vigilance is the price of election." Strict attention to details was the secret of his success. It saved him from defeat one time when he was downed as campaigns go. The Republicans carried Missouri in 1894. They captured Alexander Monroe Dockery's district. They had it safely on Monday morning. Yet Mr. Dockery was elected when the polls closed Tuesday night. He should have gone down with Bland and Champ Clark and other Missouri Democrats under the tidal wave. That he didn't was due to one of the smartest last minute moves ever made in a Missouri campaign. Mr. Dockery was about as familiar with his constituents as Miles Standish was with his army. He knew every man in his party. That Monday morning Mr. Dockery realized better than any other politician in his district where he stood. Monday afternoon he sent 300 telegrams. The messages were all of the same purport. They urged "the necessity of getting out our votes." Mr. Dockery knew his men. He understood the effect of the reception of a telegram upon a man not accustomed to receiving a political appeal in that form. He staked his chances on the impression of urgency which a telegram would make. It was no error of judgment. The returns gave Mr. Dockery another term in Congress by fewer votes than the number of telegrams sent. Mr. Dockery's principle of campaigning snatched victory from the jaws of defeat.

Party Loyalty in Missouri Illustrated.

Senator Vest occasionally told a story to illustrate the supreme loyalty of the Missouri Democracy. Back in the Ozark country lived Uncle John, a devout member of the church and a Democrat of unswerving fidelity. A Democratic national convention was in session. Uncle John was away from the railroad and the telegraph. He waited impatiently for the news. This was many campaigns ago, at a time when the world had been surfeited with the details of a great scandal. The young fellows rode up to the house. They were just from town, and Uncle John came out to hear what they could tell.

"Have you heard the ticket, Uncle John?" they asked.

"No," said Uncle John. "Hev they nominated?"

"Yep."

"Who?"

"Beecher and Tilton."

"Sho!"

"It's a fact, Uncle John. The Democrats have nominated Beecher for President and Tilton for Vice-President.

The old man looked incredulously at his informants. Their faces gave no sign of deception. He gazed down the road thoughtfully for a few moments. Then, as he turned to go into the house, he said:

"Well, boys, they're very able men."

Champ Clark's Political Philosophy.

"Some men are bound to be Democrats and some men are bound to be Republicans," reasoned Champ Clark in a campaign speech. "I don't know what it is, but there seems to be something in a man's skull that makes it so. It is sort'er like the two forces in philosophy, the centripetal force turns everything into the center. The centrifugal turns everything out from the center. That is what makes a Republican party and a Democrat party." After a slight pause Mr. Clark added, "I don't know what makes a third party."

Mr. Clark's political philosophy was always interesting. He thinks it must be habit that makes a man go on voting his party ticket when he knows the other thing is what he ought to do. "The great Dr. Johnson, father of the English dictionary," Mr. Clark illustrated, "visited a widow every night for twenty years. Somebody said to him, 'Doctor, why don't you marry her?' 'Marry her?' repeated the doctor, 'if I did where would I spend my evenings?' And that is about as good an argument," concluded Mr. Clark, " as some men can make for going on voting their party ticket."

A Pike County Reminiscence.

"I used to think that a man never made the same political speech twice, and I used to wonder how in the world they could make so many speeches," said Champ Clark, in talking of Missouri campaigns. "That was before I heard George Easley, who was about the smartest man I ever met, make the same identical speech three times in one day. After that experience I changed my mind. People who have heard me once in a campaign probably think they are getting something that sounds very familiar the next time they get in front of me." Before long experience enabled him to enlarge his repertoire, Mr. Clark had one string of very good stories when he started on a campaign, and he aimed to make them last him until election day. This habit led to a funny scene some years ago at a speaking in one of the Pike County townships. Matt G. Reynolds was billed for a Republican speech at the same time that Clark was to expound Democratic doctrine. Time was divided and it fell to Reynolds to make the opening speech. Reynolds had been to several of Clark's meetings and he had heard Clark's stock of stories until he knew them by heart. So, after he had made his acknowledgments to the assemblage gathered at the cross roads, Mr. Reynolds started off with, "When Mr. Clark arises to address you tonight he will begin by telling you this story." Mr. Reynolds gave the story with which Mr. Clark usually opened. He made his own application of it and then proceeded to the next story. And he went on until he had told the whole string of stories which constituted Mr. Clark's regulation speech. And Champ Clark sat there for an hour wondering how he was going to get even. When his turn came he had not solved entirely the question. With considerable difficulty he

CAPTAIN DANIEL G. TAYLOR

War mayor of St. Louis

JOHN RICHARD BARRETT

"Missouri Dick," who contested with Francis P. Blair for Congress

JOHN J. ANDERSON

One of the officers in the Southwest Expedition

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went through his impromptu remarks, recalled some new stories and refused to meet Reynolds in debate again.

Stage Fright.

Champ Clark owned up frankly to nervousness on the platform. He said:

"It may interest young speakers who suffer from that most excruciating and exasperating disease or affliction known as 'stage fright' to learn that even veterans are liable to suffer from it. At any rate, I have had it so bad twice in the last eleven years that I could hardly speak at all. In 1888, when I placed David A. Ball in nomination for lieutenant-governor, my tongue was so dry that I thought it would stick to the roof of my mouth in spite of all I could do, and my knees knocked together as though I had ague. Again, in 1893, at Tammany Hall, when I began, I had as severe a case of stage fright as any girl that ever appeared before the footlights for the first time. But, in each instance, there was something in the first sentence that set the audience to laughing and applauding, and the dreadful sensation—for that's what it is—passed off suddenly. So far as I know, there is neither preventive nor cure for this strange disease, if disease it may be called. There is just a little unpleasant nervousness immediately preceding the beginning of any speech of importance that I make. Governor Charles P. Johnson—a rare judge in matters oratorical—once told me that if I ever ceased to feel that way it would be an infallible sign that my powers as a public speaker were on the wane."

The Spittoon Racket.

Under the desk of each member of the Missouri legislature in the old days was a big iron spittoon with a loose top. If a speaker became tiresome or voiced unpopular sentiment, it was the custom to rattle the spittoons. A member could insert the toe of his shoe under the cover and by withdrawing it suddenly make a sharp clicking noise. He could do this secretly so that only those very near him could discover his action. If, as sometimes happened, a considerable number joined in the rebuke the noise would drown an ordinary tone. Spittoon rattling was not infrequently resorted to as a method of disconcerting new members when they took the floor for their maiden efforts. Champ Clark came to the legislature for his first term. He had heard about the spittoon rattling. When he arose to make his first speech he was given close attention. For ten minutes he went on without interruption. Then from a few seats back of him came the "click," "click," "click." Turning squarely about and looking straight in the direction from which the sound came, his face flaming with indignation, Mr. Clark said: "The next man that interrupts me again that way will have a spittoon fired at his head." He never heard another spittoon rattle when he had the floor during his entire legislative service.

Vest's Political Barometer.

Senator Vest was not surprised at the result of the election in 1900. He realized what was coming early in the campaign and on his return to Washington he told how the truth dawned upon him. One day in September he went down to the barber shop at Sweet Springs, where he had a cottage. He was sitting in a chair out of the way of ordinary observation when two typical Mis-

souri farmers came in and began to talk politics. "Bill," the Senator heard one say to the other, "what do you think about the election anyhow?" The Senator was all attention, for he knew how to catch the course of the wind with a mighty small straw. "I dunno, Jim," said Bill. "I dunno hardly what to think. You know I've allers been a Democrat, Jim. Dad was a Democrat before me. Grandpap was a Democrat, too. But I tell you, Jim, I'm getting $32 a head more for mules than I ever did in my life before. Derned if I don't think I'll have to put in one fer old Bill McKinley this time." There was silence for part of a minute and then the reply from the other: "I reckon, Bill, you're right," said Jim, thoughtfully. "I've always voted her straight Democrat up till now. But I'm doin' better on hogs than I ever did. I don't want anything to spoil good times. I don't want ary change." The Senator did not interrupt. He sat awhile longer and then he went slowly back to the cottage and said to Mrs. Vest: "McKinley is going to be elected. Bryan hasn't a chance." He told the barber shop incident and added simply his conviction that when Missouri Democrats talked that way there could be no doubt how the country was going.

CHAPTER XXI.

MISSOURI IN CONGRESS.

The Lower House a Training School—Benton Line and Barton Line—The Nullification Issue—Defense of Jackson—Benton, the Conservationist—Expunging Resolution—The Great Salt Speech—How Clay Was Converted—Webster's Tribute to Benton—A Political Suicide—Galusha Grow's Recollections—Father of Oregon—The Model Senator—Lewis F. Linn—Geyer's Senatorial Career—Last of the Whigs—Atchison's Difficult Position—Blair's First Term—The Barret-Blair Contest—Bland and His Issue—"The Crime of '73"—A Champion of the People—Missouri and the Speakership—Why John S. Phelps Was Put Aside—The Admission of Oregon—Hatch Denied a Solid Delegation—Champ Clark's Distinction—The Patronage Certificate of 1885—A Missouri Boy's First Vote—"Pub. Docs."—When Agricultural Reports Were Appreciated—Champ Clark and the New Member—Vest's Scathing Rebuke of Executive Interference—Martin L. Clardy's Discovery—Advice to Young Men—Drafts on a Congressman—Morgan's Tariff Problem—The Lead and Zinc Issue—Vest on Missouri Industries—The Cockrell Brothers—Vest on the Income Tax Decision—Missouri's Tidal Wave of 1894—Dockery's Monument—Richard Bartholdt's Career—The Torrey Act—Cockrell's Arraignment of Cleveland—Mr. Tarsney and the Lobbyist—The Missourians' Day Off.

From that time his life was in the public eye and the bare enumeration of the measures of which he was the author and the prime mover would be almost a history of Congress legislation. The enumeration is unnecessary here, the long list is known throughout the length and breadth of the land—repeated with the familiarity of household words from the great cities on the seaboard to the lonely cabins on the frontier—and studied by the little boys, who feel an honorable ambition beginning to stir within their bosoms and a laudable desire to learn something of the history of their country.—*Benton in His Autobiographical Notes on His Own Career.*

Speaking of the educational side of public life, Champ Clark in the two years' hiatus of his very successful career, said: "There is no such training school for intellectual development anywhere else on earth as the Lower House of Congress. A man whose mind does not expand there is an incorrigible fool. Before I went to Congress, while there and since I am out, my theory has been and is this: The people of any given district ought to select a man in harmony with their interests and political beliefs, who is possessed of industry, energy, integrity, and at least fair capacity, and who is young enough to grow, send him to Congress and give him to understand that so long as he grows and discharges his duties faithfully they will keep him there. With that sort of a lease on public life any man of even ordinary talents will develop into a dominant factor in Congress. Beginning at the foot of the class, as all new members must, through death, promotion and the vicissitudes of politics, he will in a few years find himself at the head of one of the great committees—which is the first desideratum with every Congressman ambitious for himself or for his people."

The Lines of Missouri Senators.

Missouri has had only twenty-four United States Senators and Missouri is half through the tenth decade of her statehood. Several historical facts dis-

tinguish Missouri in the United States Senate. This was the first State to send a Senator five terms in succession. Benton served thirty years, "six Roman lustrums," he called it. A generation later Francis Marion Cockrell duplicated this extraordinary period. Cockrell was in what Champ Clark called "the Benton Line" of Missouri Senators.

"The Barton Line" began with the single term of David Barton. Then in succession came Alexander Buckner, Lewis F. Linn, David R. Atchison, James S. Green, Waldo P. Johnson, Robert Wilson, B. Gratz Brown, Charles D. Drake, Daniel R. Jewett, Francis P. Blair, Lewis V. Bogy, David H. Armstrong, James Shields, George G. Vest, William J. Stone—16.

In the Benton line only eight Missourians fill the ninety-five years of service —Thomas H. Benton, Henry S. Geyer, Trusten Polk, John B. Henderson, Carl Schurz, Francis Marion Cockrell, William Warner and James A. Reed.

Politically the Missouri Senators divide as sixteen Democrats, one Whig and seven Republicans. The years of Senatorial service have been six for the Whigs, twenty-eight for the Republicans and 154 for the Democrats.

Senator Benton became almost immediately a national figure. He took position on the Oregon question, arguing that the United States should occupy and hold all of the territory in dispute. He was for war if necessary to establish the boundary where the United States claimed it belonged. He offered to take 10,000 Missourians and settle the trouble in sixty days.

Benton was the original conservationist of the West. He wanted the great Indian reservations cut down and the land opened to white settlement. Under the prevailing policy of the government, public lands were sold to the highest bidder and were passing into possession of speculators. To Benton's influence was due largely the change in policy which provided that the land be sold at $1.25 an acre to actual settlers.

Missouri was deeply interested in trade over the Santa Fe trail. Benton pushed through the act which made the trail a national highway and committed the government to the defense of it with soldiers.

Benton pushed his bills to change the land laws in the interest of the actual settler in Congress after Congress. He not only made speeches in the Senate, but he had those speeches printed in newspapers throughout the West. He went on the stump to advocate his land policy. States which had public lands adopted Benton's ideas. President Jackson and President Van Buren recommended in their messages the legislation Benton championed. Gradually step by step were brought about the pre-emption and the homestead privileges for which Benton pioneered the way.

The High Places in Benton's Career.

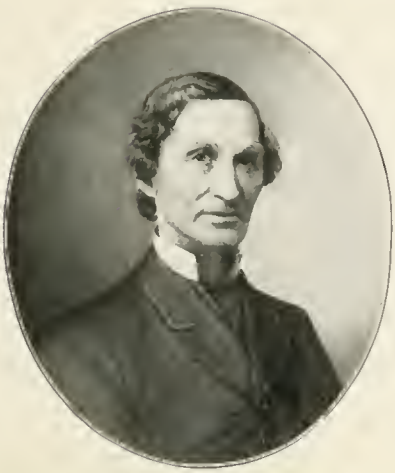
Senator Vest, who studied Benton as perhaps no other public man has done, said:

"In 1828 came a great parliamentary contest in which Benton bore conspicuous part. Mr. Calhoun then advanced his idea of nullification by a State of Federal legislation when the people of that State believed the enactment of such legislation was absolutely destructive of their best interests. Slavery was not involved in that contest. It was a question of tariff taxation. Calhoun argued with great ability that a State could remain in the Union and yet nullify an act

JOHN B. SARPY
Commissioner for State Bank subscriptions

HENRY CLAY
From a daguerreotype taken in St. Louis about 1850

JOHN KNAPP
Publisher Missouri Republican



PROFESSOR B. T. BLEWETT
One of the early Missouri educators

GEORGE KNAPP
Publisher Missouri Republican

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of the Federal Congress which even the Supreme Court decided to be constitutional.

"I have always regarded Mr. Calhoun as one of the greatest analytical disputants this or any other country has ever produced. I have studied his works; but I was never able to appreciate his argument in favor of nullification. Jackson, who was then President, looked upon it as absolute treason, and declared that if Calhoun attempted to carry it out he would hang him as high as Haman. Clay and Webster stood by the side of Benton in defending the position taken by Jackson, and although there was a compromise without armed conflict between South Carolina and the general government, I have no doubt that the nullification contest of 1828 influenced all the subsequent career of Colonel Benton, and the opinions he then formed were responsible for his final political overthrow in Missouri.

"Colonel Benton, above all men—I will not say above all men, but certainly without any superior in the regard I am about to mention—loved the Union. It colored and influenced all his life, and he firmly believed that Mr. Calhoun was a traitor and had then inaugurated or attempted to inaugurate a scheme to establish a southern confederacy based upon the institution of African slavery. Notwithstanding many acrimonious debates, he renewed his friendship with Webster and Clay, but never forgave Mr. Calhoun. I heard him in 1856, when a candidate for governor of Missouri, declare emphatically in a public address that if he had been President in 1828, instead of threatening to hang Calhoun, he would have hanged him on the eastern exposure of the Capitol, and appealed to the people of the United States to vindicate his action."

"A few years after the nullification struggle came the great conflict over the old United States bank, when Jackson with his usual impetuosity and self-will, took the institution out of the hands of Nicholas Biddle and removed the deposits. Whether he had a right to do that, or not, which I do not care to discuss, because it is ancient history, Jackson believed that he was doing his duty, and the people of the United States by a large majority vindicated his action. Clay, Calhoun and Webster attacked the Administration on account of the removal of the bank deposits, and Benton single-handed and alone, fought that great triumvirate day after day in the Senate of the United States until the resolution of censure was passed against Jackson.

"Ordinary men would then have given up the conflict, but not so with Thomas H. Benton. With him the battle had just commenced. After a short pause he introduced his resolution to expunge the resolution of censure from the records of the Senate. The last night of the terrible struggle, the most remarkable in our parliamentary history, and which took place in what is now the room of the Supreme Court, was signalized by many dramatic incidents. Benton said, and I have no doubt believed, that he was to be assassinated upon that night from the gallery, and he stood in the chamber throwing open his coat and vest, and daring the bank robbers to attack him.

"Then, as now, the Senate of the United States had no previous question, and the matter could be determined only by a war of exhaustion physically. Benton stocked the committee rooms with provisions and liquors so that starvation might not weaken his forces. And, singularly enough, after succeeding in expunging the hated resolution, Benton regarded that as the great triumph of his

life. He never spoke afterwards before the people of Missouri without declaring that, single-handed and alone, Benton put this ball in motion. As a matter of practical and material legislation it amounted to nothing. As a personal triumph Colonel Benton regarded it as the crowning glory of his long and able public career."

Benton's Great Salt Speech.

Very early salt became an issue in Missouri. Benton's "salt speech" was his first great hit with his constituents. He made open war in the Senate upon the salt tax. The government had imposed a duty of twenty cents on a bushel of fifty-six pounds. This was to encourage an eastern industry. Benton investigated, after his thorough-going habit, the manufacture of salt. He told all about it. He assailed the tax as fostering a monopoly largely at the expense of his constituents. He kept up the fight until in 1846 salt was put on the free list. Elihu H. Shepard, in his early History of St. Louis and Missouri tells at length of the importance which was attached to this speech of Benton:

"The year 1830 was rendered remarkable for the general enlightenment of the people of Missouri in regard to the quality of the different kinds of salt they were in the daily use of, and the immense burden that they and all the people of the Western and Southern States had long been subject to, without understanding the disadvantages under which they labored or knowing the weight of the burden they bore.

"In the settlement of the Western States, the first and great desideratum was a supply of good, wholesome salt, and necessity compelled them at an early day to manufacture it from fountains, more or less impregnated with other deleterious substances, and to use it for a long period before a good article could be procured elsewhere.

"At length, with the improvements of the age, the article became plentiful at our great seaports, but covetous rulers had watched its charms, and had seized it as one of the most available objects from which to collect a large revenue, and imposed a tax on it of over two hundred per centum on its cost, and continued it fifteen years in time of peace, until the people had despaired of relief and nearly forgotten the burden they bore, when they were entirely relieved of it by one of their Senators. Missouri now, only in the tenth year of her age, had become celebrated by the wisdom and perseverance of her Senators, who were, at that early day, listened to as oracles in the Senate, and one indeed seemed at a later period to have been inspired; and the people had become enlightened as to the weight of the burdens they bore. But as to the qualities and cost of the salt they then used, experiments, science and interest had but partially informed them of the disadvantages under which they were then laboring, and from which there seemed little prospect of relief.

"The products of the Western States were then just beginning to make their appearance in the markets of the world, and their qualities were examined and their defects exposed in all their bearings. The immense swine crops of the Western States required such a vast amount of salt for their preservation that its importance as a subject of taxation could not escape the observation of all whose duty it was to frame laws for the people; and that it should have been permitted to burden the pioneers and settlers of the infant States such a length of time under the eyes of such men as then controlled the tariff is one of those inexplicable blunders from which posterity may profit by avoiding, but will gain nothing by discussing at this late day or charging upon the selfish actions of those who permitted it.

"The speech of Senator Benton on the salt tax, however, forms a part of the history of Missouri, although delivered in the Senate chamber at Washington, as it enlightened the people of Missouri in regard to the quality, value and uses of the different kinds of salt in our markets, and added much to that knowledge which has elevated the character of Missouri meats in all markets where they are exposed for sale."

Benton's Land Policy.

Upon the subject of disposal of public lands, Senator Benton once said: "The example of all nations, ancient and modern, republican and monarchical, is in favor of giving lands in parcels suitable to their wants to meritorious cultivators. There is not an instance upon earth, except that of our Federal government, which made merchandise of land to its own citizens, exacted the highest price it could obtain, and refused to suffer the country to be settled until it could be paid for. The promised land was divided among the children of Israel. All the Atlantic States, when British colonies, were settled upon gratuitous donations or nominal sales. Kentucky and Tennessee were chiefly settled in the same way. The two Floridas and Upper and Lower Louisiana were gratuitously distributed by the kings of Spain to settlers, in quantities adapted to their means of cultivation, and with the whole vacant domain to select from, according to their pleasure. Mr. Burke, in his great argument in the British parliament upon the sale of the crown lands, said he considered the revenue derived from the sale of such lands as a trifle of no account compared to the amount of revenue derivable from the same lands through their settlement and cultivation."

Benton's Persuasiveness in Argument.

The United States Democratic Review for 1858 quoted a United States Senator on the effectiveness of Benton's speeches. A subject of considerable interest had been under discussion by the Senate several days. At the commencement of the debate, Senator Clay spoke against the proposition. Near the close of the discussion, Senator Benton took the floor and held it nearly an hour. He devoted most of his argument to answering Clay. When the vote was taken Mr. Clay surprised the Senate by voting for the bill against which he had spoken, and secured its passage. He stated frankly that he had changed his mind and had voted against his previous position because he "could not help it." He explained that Benton's speech had convinced him he was wrong in his original view of the question, adding he had received an impression from what Benton had said that he could hardly explain. The effect was not so much the reasoning of Benton as the effect produced by Benton's convincing manner of presenting the subject. Clay did not venture to analyze this peculiar influence but said that he felt it to the degree that it changed his first intention to vote against the bill.

Congressman James T. Lloyd of Missouri, who unearthed this singular reminiscence, said that Webster was on record as having spoken in a like manner of the effect of Benton's speeches upon him. Mr. Lloyd has given another view of Benton which is very interesting:

"Mr. Webster is reported in Harvey's Reminiscences and Anecdotes to have said that Colonel Benton and he never spoke to each other for several years, but that he came to him one day and told him, with tears in his eyes, of being on board the Princeton in the very best position to see the experiment of discharging her guns. Some one in the great throng touched him and caused him to move his position. Shortly after the explosion occurred and the man was killed who stood where he had. Colonel Benton said that it seemed to him that the touch was the hand of the Almighty stretched down to draw him away from the place of instantaneous death. This circumstance changed the whole current of his life. He was now a different man and wanted to be at peace with

every one, and for that purpose he visited Webster. He said, 'Let us bury the hatchet.' Webster accepted the offer and they were ever afterwards the best of friends."

The John Wilson Incident.

"John Wilson, of St. Louis, came to see Mr. Webster on a matter of business at his home in Washington," said Mr. Lloyd, "Mr. Wilson was a lawyer of extensive practice and of good talent, a man of violent prejudices and temper, who was ever in open opposition to the course of Colonel Benton. It was notorious in St. Louis that when Colonel Benton went on the stump John Wilson would be there to meet him and to abuse him in the strongest terms. Mr. Benton would return the fire.

"Mr. Webster had not seen Mr. Wilson for many years, but he came to him now prematurely old, with fortune wrecked, and told him of his desire to emigrate to California for his family's sake. As far as he was concerned, poverty mattered not, but on account of those dear to him he wished to try and mend his fortunes. He therefore desired a letter to some one in California which would say that Webster knew him to be a respectable person worthy of confidence. Webster said he knew no one in California.

"Mr. Wilson insisted that this would make no difference, as everybody would know him and that therefore a certificate from him would be the most valuable testimonial he could have. Mr. Webster said he would write one with pleasure, but suggested that Colonel Benton, 'who almost owns California,' could give a letter to Fremont and others that would be of great benefit to him. Wilson looked at Webster in astonishment and said he would not speak to Benton, 'No, not if it were to save the life of every member of my family;' that the thought of it made him shudder; that he felt indignant at its mention, since Webster knew that they were unfriendly. Mr. Webster replied that he understood the situation, and, turning to his desk, wrote the following note to Mr. Benton:

"'Dear sir: I am well aware of the disputes, personal and political, which have taken place between yourself and the bearer of this note, Mr. John Wilson. But he is now old and is going to California and needs a letter of recommendation. You know everybody and a letter from you would do him good. I have assured Mr. Wilson that it would give you more pleasure to forget what has passed between you and him and to give him a letter which would do him good than it will him to receive it. I am going to persuade him to carry you this note.'

"Webster then read the note to Wilson who promptly refused to carry it. After long and determined persistence on Webster's part, Wilson softened down and agreed to leave the letter at the door. He told Webster afterwards that he took the note and delivered it, with his card, to Benton's servant at the door, and rushed to his apartments. To his great astonishment, in a very few moments a note arrived from Colonel Benton acknowledging the receipt of the card and note, and stating that Mrs. Benton and he would have much pleasure in receiving Mr. Wilson at breakfast at nine o'clock next morning. They would wait breakfast for him and no answer was expected. Wilson told Webster afterwards that it so worried him that he lay awake that night thinking of it, and in

the morning felt as a man with a sentence of death passed upon him, who had been called by the turnkey to his last breakfast.

"Making his toilet, with great hesitation he went to Colonel Benton's house. He rang the doorbell, but instead of the servant the colonel himself came to the door. Taking Wilson cordially by both hands, he said: 'Wilson, I am delighted to see you; this is the happiest meeting I have had for twenty years. Webster has done the kindest thing he ever did in his life.' Proceeding at once to the dining room, he was presented to Mrs. Benton, and after a few kind words, Benton remarked: 'You and I, Wilson, have been quarreling on the stump for twenty-five years. We have been calling each other hard names, but really with no want of mutual respect and confidence. It has been a foolish political fight, and let's wipe it out of mind. Everything that I have said about you I ask pardon for.' Wilson said they both cried, he asked Benton's pardon, and they were good friends. Colonel Benton had meantime prepared a number of letters to persons whom he knew in California, in which he commanded them to show Mr. Wilson every favor within their power."

Vest on Benton's "Political Suicide."

Of what has been called "the political suicide of Benton," Senator Vest said: "The question of slavery had remained not in a quiescent attitude, but not the foremost question in the politics of the day until after the Mexican war, when Texas applied for admission to the Union in 1844-45 as a slave State. Colonel Benton opposed the admission of Texas and it sounded the knell of his fate in Missouri. A young, ambitious, and able coterie of politicians had grown up in Missouri while Benton during thirty or nearly thirty years had labored in Washington. His manners were not such as to make him popular. He was aggressive and almost insulting to men who differed with him. To give a single instance of his manner of meeting the people: In one of the counties of my old circuit when I first commenced practicing law was a most excellent, learned and modest man, not a politician, an old Virginian of moderate estate, a gentleman of culture, and a Democrat beyond question, who had supported Colonel Benton for more than twenty-five years. He saw proper to express his disapproval of Colonel Benton's course in regard to the admission of Texas. After speaking at the county town, and when the crowd came forward, as is the custom today, to shake hands with an eminent speaker, this gentleman, after the press of the crowd had disappeared, advanced and in old Virginia style extended his hand and saluted Colonel Benton. In the presence of the crowd, who had not yet dispersed, Benton looked at him from head to foot without a single evidence of recognition. This gentleman bowing, said: 'You possibly have forgotten me, Colonel Benton; I am Mr. .....' Drawing himself up to his full height, Benton replied in a tone that could be heard in every part of the building, 'Sir, Benton once knew a man by that name, but he is dead; yes, sir, he is dead.' And so he went into every county in the State, denouncing every man by name who dared to oppose his political action.

"As a matter of course, there could be but one way of determining an issue between Colonel Benton and those who differed with him; he made no compromise; he asked none. Every citizen must either agree with him or be ranked as

his personal and political enemy. It was his nature and he could no more change it than he could change the color of his hair and eyes.

"Colonel Benton was assailed by his enemies because he had advocated the admission of Missouri as a slave State and then opposed the admission of Texas as a slave State. His reply was imperfect and not satisfactory. He said he was opposed to the extension of slavery; that slavery existed in the Louisiana Purchase when Jefferson bought it from France, but that slavery had not existed on the soil of Mexico, and therefore Texas should not come in as a slave State.

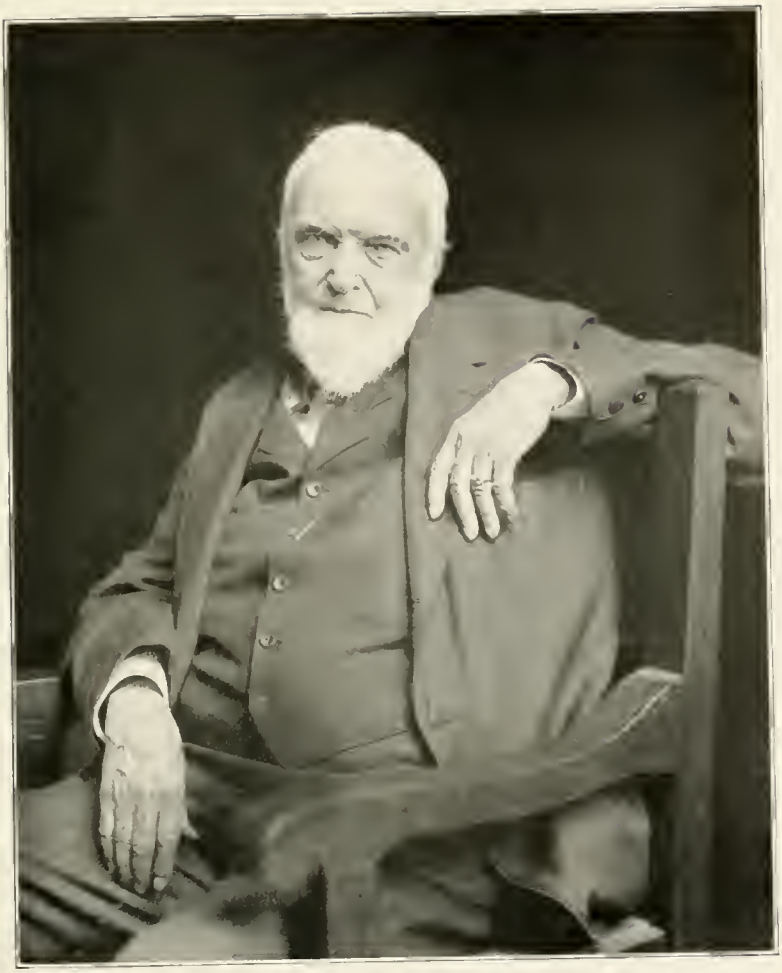
"Colonel Benton advocated the Missouri Compromise, which accompanied the admission of Missouri into the Union. That compromise directly declared that slavery should not exist north of thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes, but if it meant anything it suggested that a State south of thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes, could be admitted into the Union as a slave State if the people so desired. Colonel Benton was accused by his enemies of being selfishly prompted when Missouri was admitted, because he expected to be a United States Senator. It had its weight with a large number of people in Missouri, but for myself I never believed the charge to be true, because of all the public men I have ever known Thomas H. Benton considered less than any other the political effect upon himself.

"He opposed the admission of Texas, as I believed then and believe now, because he thought it was a part of Calhoun's scheme to dissolve the Union. Never after the nullification fight of 1828 did Benton waver in his opinion that there was a conspiracy to break up the Union and establish a Southern Confederacy upon the basis of slavery.

"No man who ever existed in the public life of this country more completely and apparently committed suicide than Thomas H. Benton. He knew as well or better than any other man what the prejudice and opinions of the people of Missouri were on the subject of slavery, and their sympathy with their brethren from the Southern States that had gone to Texas, thrown off the yoke, and established an independent State.

"But more than this, he knew there was not a family in Western Missouri that had not lost father, brother, husband, or son upon the Santa Fe Trail, fighting those murderous savages who attacked every trapper and every caravan too small to resist them, and that the people of Missouri firmly believed that the Mexicans had incited the Indians to make these attacks. It was well known that the merchants of Santa Fe, Albuquerque, and Tamaulipas, and the other northern Mexican States objected to the trade between Missouri and New Mexico. It was extremely lucrative to these Mexican merchants to have a monopoly of the sale of goods to their own people, and whenever any of these murderous Indians were made prisoners by the Missourians there were always found amongst them Mexicans dressed like the Indians, appealing to their passions and prejudices and leading them on to these terrible outrages.

"Colonel Benton, knowing all these things, did not hesitate. The legislature of Missouri passed resolutions censuring his course on the Texas question, and declaring Missouri would share the fate of her Southern brethren. The challenge was promptly accepted. Benton came back from Washington, canvassed the State in a vitriolic campaign, such as has never been known. If any man amongst his opponents had a weak place in his armor, Benton found it out and assailed



ROBERT T. VAN HORN

Pioneer editor and member of congress

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him by name. That he lived through this canvass was a miracle, for the men of the frontier were quick to avenge an insult or a wrong, and there was not a speech made by him in which drawn pistols and knives were not brandished in his face. His personal fearlessness saved his life, for if there was one quality more prized than another upon the frontier it was insensibility to personal danger.

"Benton was defeated in his appeal to the people in 1849, and Henry S. Geyer, a prominent Whig lawyer of St. Louis, was elected to succeed him in the Senate by a fusion of the Whigs and anti-Benton Democrats."

Benton a Friend of Young Men.

The late Galusha A. Grow of Pennsylvania was one of the young members of Congress as Benton's career was nearing its close. Be it remembered Mr. Benton was "a great friend of young men." He said, "My acquaintance with him was perhaps as intimate as any public man I had ever known." Speaking of his own relations with Mr. Benton as illustrating the latter's interest in young men, Mr. Grow said, in some personal recollections of public life in 1897:

"After Benton retired from Congress, and while he was engaged on his condensation of Congressional debates, he sent for me one day and asked that, as I had to pass his house on my way from my lodgings to the Capitol, I would drop in daily and tell him what was going on in Congress. I did so for a long time, and so enjoyed many pleasant chats with him, which are among the most delightful recollections of my life.

"On one occasion, I remember, while the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was under discussion, I asked him how he thought General Cass, then a Senator from Michigan, would vote on the question. Cass had employed some one to look up the record of his former votes on the slavery question in order to vote consistently, and Benton, who had known him for many years, held him in contempt as a dodger. 'General Cass, sir,' said he, in answer to my question, 'don't know how he will vote on the repeal. He is a man who is very easily seduced. It is very fortunate for General Cass, sir,' this after a moment's thought, 'that he was not born a woman. If he had been he would have been without a character before he was sixteen years old, sir.' At another time we were talking of Senator Douglas' position on the slavery question, and Benton said: 'They say Douglas is leading the Democracy off; but, sir, it is the Democracy that is leading Douglas off. He would go to hell, sir, if the majority were going there.'

"Benton was a good hater, but he could also forgive. When John C. Calhoun, long his political foe, was slowly dying, he said: 'When death lays its hands on a man, Thomas H. Benton takes his off, sir.'"

"Benton's industry was indefatigable, his views of public service were of the most exalted character. So carefully did he guard against charges of favoritism and nepotism that during his more than thirty years in office he never allowed a relative to accept an appointment, and in 1856, although John C. Fremont, the Republican candidate for President, was his son-in-law, he zealously supported James Buchanan, because he believed him best fitted for the office.

"Benton until his death was a firm friend of the Union, a Democrat of the school of Jefferson and Jackson, bold and aggressive in the support of his convictions, a stout friend and a good hater. He was a very vain man, but his

vanity was never offensive, and during his term in the House his seat was always the center of attraction for the other members."

Linn, the Father of Oregon.

"The magnificent valley of the Mississippi is ours, with all its fountain springs and floods, and woe to the statesman who shall undertake to surrender one drop of its water or one inch of its soil to any foreign power." This was Benton's defiance to Great Britain in the Oregon controversy. His colleague, Senator Linn, was conspicuous in urging that the Oregon country be colonized and that it be held with force if necessary as far north as 54:40. Between sessions of Congress, Benton, at his home in St. Louis, gathered all possible information about the Northwest. He invited the fur traders, the Indian agents and the army officers to his house and made himself their friend while he drew from them facts and impressions about the disputed territory. When he returned to Congress he was prepared to discuss the Oregon boundary question and to back up the efforts of his colleague.

"The Father of Oregon," was the title bestowed upon Dr. Lewis Fields Linn. Senator Silas Wright of New York once said that Dr. Linn "most certainly possessed more popularity than any other member of Congress." Dr. Linn turned this popularity to account in the Oregon question. As early as the 7th of February, 1838, he introduced a bill authorizing American occupation of the Columbia River and establishing Oregon Territory. The bill carried an appropriation of $50,000. It was referred to a select committee of which Dr. Linn was made the chairman.

William F. Switzler said: "Assigned to leadership by the Senate on this important matter, Dr. Linn addressed himself with great industry and marked success to collecting information for his report. This was made on June 6, 1838, and it was an exhaustive and statesmanlike document. The bill, however, did not pass at that session. At the next session of Congress, and on December 11, 1838, he reintroduced it, and it was again referred to a special committee—Lewis F. Linn (chairman), John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, R. J. Walker and Franklin Pierce. Although confronted by many difficulties and much opposition, Dr. Linn in Congress after Congress pressed this subject upon the attention of the Senate, and during the time made three able and exhaustive speeches, the longest of his career, in support of his bill. It was not passed by the Senate, however, until February 6, 1843, and then by only two majority—yeas, 24; nays, 22. Thus, after a struggle of five years, commencing February 7, 1838, when he first brought the subject to the attention of the Senate, his persevering efforts were crowned at last with partial success. But he did not live to witness its complete accomplishment. Oregon was made a territory August 12, 1849, and was admitted as a State February 14, 1859."

At the mass meeting held by Missourians at St. Louis to pay tribute to the life of Dr. Linn, Senator Benton said: "But how can I omit the last great act, as yet unfinished, in which his whole soul was engaged at the time of his death? The bill for the settlement and occupation of Oregon was his, and he carried it through the Senate when his colleague, who now addresses you, couldn't have done it. It was the measure of a statesman. Just to the settler, it was wise to the government. Alas, that he should not have been spared to put

the finishing hand to a measure which was to reward the emigrant, to protect his country, to curb England and to connect his own name with the foundation of an empire. But it is done. The unfinished work will go on; it will be completed and the name of Linn will not be forgotten; that name will live and be connected with Oregon while its banks bear a plant or its waters roll a wave."

Dr. Linn was called "the model Senator." He was the handsomest Missourian of his day, according to his friends. His manners were considered perfect. The impression which he made upon his fellow Senators at Washington is illustrated by the story told that when Senator Linn arose one time in the Senate with a roll of bills which he wished to present, Senator Buchanan interrupted with, "Doctor, we will save you the trouble. If you recommend them, we will pass the whole bundle."

At another time Senator Linn arose in the midst of a heated political discussion and proceeded with all his splendid dignity to correct a statement made by Henry Clay. The latter listened with deference and accepted the correction with, "It is sufficient that it comes from the Senator from Missouri."

Upon the monument which marks the grave of Linn in the Ste. Genevieve Cemetery is graven, "Here lie the remains of Lewis F. Linn, the model Senator of Missouri."

Senator Henry S. Geyer.

In 1850 there were elected to the legislature 55 Benton Democrats, 38 anti-Benton Democrats and 64 Whigs. Intense interest even beyond the borders of Missouri attended this campaign and the meeting of the legislature in January, 1851. Benton had served in the United States Senate thirty years, longer than any other United States Senator. He was a national figure, looked upon by many as a possible candidate for the Presidency. Could he come back to the Senate? William Hyde wrote of the result and of Henry S. Geyer's Senatorial career:

"Although in the canvass no criticism, no denunciation of the course of the anti-Benton Democrats could be too severe for the imperious leader or his faithful followers, scarcely was the result of the election known before the latter began overtures for the votes of the recalcitrant wing of the party. The opposition of the Whigs to the Jackson resolutions at the previous session afforded grounds, too, as they thought, for such an alliance as would result in the return of Benton to the Senate. On the other hand, seventy-eight votes were necessary to elect, requiring an addition of twenty-three to Benton's forces to effect the purpose. It was soon found that no calculation could be made upon accessions from the Whigs. Like the Austrian phalanx they 'stood a living wall, a human wood.' Among the anti-Benton Democrats and a leader of their forces was Robert M. Stewart, of Buchanan, a man of great strength of purpose and good organizing abilities. His candidate was B. F. Stringfellow, and it is an anomaly of that period that whilst Stringfellow was one of the most radical of State Rights' men, Stewart was himself among the firmest opponents of disunion or secession. But the times were productive of rapid and anomalous transformations. Atchison, who was now a fierce advocate of the repeal of the Missouri compromise and who became a vehement, fire-eating pro-slavery leader in the

border troubles, was, when elected Senator in 1841, and for several years thereafter, strenously opposed to the extension of slavery.

In the ranks of the Whigs who, in the superior numbers and organization, saw an opportunity for a party triumph which had never been presented to them before, and which never occurred afterwards, there were no dissensions. In the person of Henry S. Geyer they had all the elements of a successful candidate. He had been an officer of the United States army in the war of 1812; been a member of the territorial legislature in 1818; been five times elected to the state legislature and twice speaker of the House; been one of the revisers of the constitution of 1820, and left upon that instrument the stamp of his great legal abilities; had been offered by Fillmore the position of secretary of war; and he was sound on the 'previous question.' Besides, his integrity of character was stainless and above reproach.

With these entries, Benton, Stringfellow and Geyer, the contest opened, two members absent and one deceased since the election. The joint balloting began January 10, 1851, and continued for ten or twelve days, neither party losing or gaining unless by temporizing changes, when, on the fortieth ballot, the anti-Benton Democrats, under Stewart's leadership, broke, and the race ended—Geyer, 80; Benton, 55; Stringfellow, 18; scattering (anti-Benton), 5.

The Last of the Whigs.

"Mr. Geyer, elected under circumstances so complimentary, reached Washington as a United States Senator at a time when the Whig party was in the throes of dissolution. Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, and Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, two of the foremost men of that party, whose terms would have expired about the time Benton's successor's began, had been called to Fillmore's Cabinet, the first as Secretary of State and the other as Secretary of the Treasury. John J. Crittenden returned to the Senate after a twelve years' absence, during which he was governor of Kentucky and attorney general under President Fillmore, but not till about the close of Geyer's term. Calhoun had died in March, 1850. Henry Clay died in June, '52, and Webster four or five months later. Edward Everett, succeeding Webster, was Senator but a single year when he resigned. Fillmore, who had come into the Presidency in July, 1850, upon the death of Taylor, had signed the fugitive slave law, which was one of the Crittenden compromise measures, and had thereby aroused a storm of indignation at the North. And thus, its greatest exponents numbered with the dead, its issues swallowed up in the all-devouring agitation of the slavery question, Mr. Geyer found himself another Marius, surrounded with wreck and more than Carthagenian ruins. The Whig party's last convention was held in Baltimore, June 16, 1852. Its platform was a melange of platitudes, though outspoken in its indorsement of the fugitive slave act. The nominees were Gen. Winfield Scott and Wm. A. Graham, the latter Secretary of War under the Fillmore administration. They secured but 42 electoral votes against 254 for Pierce and King.

"Mr. Geyer's public service closed with his senatorial term in 1857. He died in St. Louis, March 5, 1859, aged 69 years. The senatorial succession from the admission of Missouri as a State up to the close of Geyer's term was as follows:

David Barton	1821 to 1831
Thomas H. Benton	1821 to 1851
Alexander Buckner	1831 to 1833
Lewis F. Linn	1833 to 1843
David R. Atchison	1843 to 1855
Henry S. Geyer	1851 to 1857"

HENRY S. GEYER
United States Senator

DAVID H. ARMSTRONG
United States Senator

ERASTUS WELLS
Member of Congress

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Atchison's Difficult Position.

Benton failed of re-election in 1850 and Atchison was the victim of the deadlock in 1855. Colonel Switzler has written: "The eighteenth general assembly, William Newland (Whig), of Ralls, speaker; Sterling Price (Dem.), of Chariton, governor, met December 25, 1854. Atchison's term expired on the 4th of March following, and he was a candidate for re-election. Thomas H. Benton and A. W. Doniphan (Whig) were also nominated. Many ballotings were held, generally resulting as follows: Atchison, 56; Doniphan, 59; Benton, 40. On the twenty-fifth ballot Atchison was withdrawn and William Scott, judge of the Supreme Court, was substituted. No election. Finally Scott was withdrawn and Gov. Sterling Price nominated. Still no election. Whereupon he was withdrawn and Atchison again entered the race. After forty-one unsuccessful ballots the joint session, by a vote of 88 to 63, adjourned until convened by concurrent resolution of the two houses. No other joint meeting was held during that session, for on March 5 the legislature adjourned till the first Monday of November ensuing. It convened on that day, and on December 13 adjourned sine die, without even attempting to select a Senator. At the next session, commencing December 29, 1856, James S. Green (anti-Benton Dem.) was elected Gen. Atchinson's successor for the short term, and Trusten Polk, anti-Benton (then governor), for the long term, to succeed Senator Geyer (Whig). This closed Atchison's senatorial service, and he retired to his magnificent estate of 1700 acres, in Clinton County, beloved by his neighbors and highly esteemed by all his countrymen, a typical old Kentucky gentleman."

Of the difficult position Atchison was called upon to fill Colonel Switzler said: "When he entered the Senate in 1844 his colleague, Col. Benton, had served the people as a Senator for nearly a quarter of a century and occupied the front rank among the most distinguished statesmen of that body. The new Senator's position, therefore, was very embarrassing. He was overshadowed by the colossal reputation of a colleague whose fame was coextensive with the English-speaking people of the globe. Under this shadow he continued to the end. It is easy to see, because the logic of Atchison's career in the Senate and out of it disclosed the fact, that he antagonized his colleague in his 'appeal' from the Jackson resolutions of 1848. During the pendency of that issue in the court in 1849 and while Col. Benton was prosecuting his remarkable canvass, Senator Atchison addressed the people at various places, and generally in company with Representative James S. Green. Among his appointments with Mr. Green was one at Columbia on July 21. Both spoke at great length and with acknowledged ability. Senator Atchison was cool and dispassionate, indulging in no denunciation or personal abuse, and often referred to Benton as 'your most distinguished Senator.' He occupied much time in defending the right of instruction as a doctrine canonized in the traditions and principles of the Democratic party, to which they both belonged, and in seeking to show that Benton's 'appeal' was at war with the doctrine."

Frank Blair's Congressional Career.

Francis P. Blair was elected to Congress in 1856. William Hyde, then a young reporter, said Luther M. Kennett, against whom Blair ran in this first race "was one of the best liked and most popular men in St. Louis. Probably,

with the exception perhaps of Capt. Dan Taylor, there never was one more so. Kennett had been mayor for three successive terms, giving the people an uncommonly clean and successful administration, and, what counted for more than all in the way of prestige, he had only two years before defeated the great and only Benton in the same district. Yet the conditions were somewhat changed now. The Free-soil party had been steadily growing, and the Whig party, to which Kennett belonged, had been as steadily declining, until now, in 1856, it had no national existence, though many of its leaders had tried to perpetuate its organization into the American or Know-Nothing party. Kennett followed Paschall, George Knapp and the *Missouri Republican* into the fold of the Democracy. Meantime the Blair party had elected John How to be mayor, and obtained political control of the city government, which they held until Taylor's election in 1861. The success of Blair in his congressional aspirations was a mere feature and incident of the revolution, clouded only by the crushing defeat of 'Old Bullion' for the governorship."

"Blair," said Hyde, "managed to catch the Speaker's eye often enough to get in a few speeches on his favorite topic and to arrest the attention of the House by his striking views and earnest manner. He was now fairly launched upon the political career he had mapped out for himself, and was looked upon by his colleagues in the House of Representatives as a brilliant star in the galaxy of Western Republicans."

The Blair-Barret Contest.

"In 1858 Frank Blair was again a candidate for Congress, and this time he had for his opponent Col. J. Richard Barret, or 'Missouri Dick,' as he was called. Barret, like Blair, was a Kentuckian. He was a fair lawyer, a tolerably good speaker, and one of the handsomest men in the county.. He was president of the Fair Association, and, mounted on one of Gen. Singleton's coal-black Morgan stallions, with a white satin rosette on his lapel, he was as commanding a looking man as ever made an appearance in the amphitheater. He was a general favorite, and for the occasion made an excellent candidate. The canvass was a hot one. For the first time there was a systematic organization of the Democratic forces, and special attention was paid to the floating vote, which at that time, owing to the magnitude of the river trade, was large. When the canvass was fairly opened there were fireworks, torchlight processions and speaking all over the city. Every night the Levee was ablaze with bonfires. The steamboatmen were Democrats almost without exception. Larry Wessels and Capt. John A. McDonald were then the leading 'runners' on the Levee, and with Tom Russell and other hackmen 'ruled the roost' among the 'longshoremen or 'roustabouts.' These were promptly fixed by the Democrats, and as promptly unfixed by the other side, the result being, as usual in such cases, a total indifference as to whether Blair or Barret won. It was about the close of the canvass Paschall made the prediction that Barret's vote in the city and county would reach 7,000 and elect him. Barret was indeed elected by a small majority and his vote was a trifle above the figure given, and Blair, in contesting the seat, referred to Paschall's prophecy, as showing a guilty knowledge of fraudulent preparations to stuff the ballot-boxes! It was not till near the close of the first session of the Thirty-fifth Congress that the contest was determined, it being in Blair's favor; when Blair

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resigned, immediately returned to St. Louis and prepared to run for the unexpired term and also the full term of the Thirty-sixth Congress.

"Blair's resignation was in the nature of an act to appease a pretty general feeling that the decision against Barret was a partisan outrage. Certain it is that public sentiment was greatly aroused, as the belief was not confined to Democrats that 'Missouri Dick' had been fairly and honestly elected, and ought not to have been deprived of the fruit of his victory. The latter's return home was made the occasion of a stupendous popular ovation. A committee of citizens met him at East St. Louis with carriages, and in great pomp escorted him to the city, the arrival being timed for an evening demonstration. It was by far the biggest political affair that had, up to that time, been witnessed in St. Louis. He spoke of his coming to the city when but 15 years of age; of his education at the St. Louis University; of his admission and practice at the bar; of his service for four terms in the legislature, where he had the Fair Association incorporated; of his fostering care of that institution; and then launched out into a review of the malign purposes and schemes of the Republican, or abolition party, of which Mr. Blair was the local head and prime conspirator. Of course great emphasis was put upon the recent vote of the House, by which the district was deprived of its chosen representative, etc.

"The echoes of Barret's immense ovation had scarcely died away before there were symptoms of a reaction in Blair's favor. It soon became apparent that the latter's friends were concentrating their efforts more or less upon the long term, though by no means abandoning the contest for the vacant seat. In this phase of affairs Barrett was besought to withdraw from the candidacy for either the long or the short term, and permit an alliance with some man like Kennett, who could bring a support to the Democratic ticket which otherwise was likely to go to Blair. But Col. Barret was obdurate, and would not listen to the suggestion. Nothing could convince him he was not going in by a sweeping majority for both terms. When the returns were counted it was found that Blair had obtained the richest part of the honors, being elected to the full term of the Thirty-sixth Congress, though by their votes the people repudiated the action of the House in ousting Barret from his seat in the thirty-fifth. Again, in 1862, he was a candidate, returning from the war for that purpose. This time he had Sam Knox—"Knox of Massachusetts"—and Lewis V. Bogy for opponents. He obtained the certificate on a showing of some 250 plurality over Knox, his Radical rival, but the latter contested and obtained the seat. That was the last appearance of Frank Blair in the political arena until after the close of the war."

Richard P. Bland's Colleagues.

The Missouri delegation when Richard P. Bland began his service in Congress was composed of E. O. Stanard, Erastus Wells, William H. Stone, Robert A. Hatcher, Aylett H. Buckner, Thomas T. Crittenden, Abram Comingo, Isaac C. Parker, Ira N. Hyde, John B. Clark, Jr.

It is not difficult to understand how Mr. Bland came to make coinage his specialty. "The crime of '73," as the venerable Senator Stewart called it on all occasions, the demonetization of silver, had taken place in the Congress preceding the one in which Mr. Bland began his career. If there was anything with

which the new Missouri member felt especially familiar that subject was the precious metals. Shortly after he completed his education and reached his majority at his Kentucky home he went to the Pacific slope to seek his fortune. He settled in what is now Nevada and mixed mining with the practice of law for several years. He was a county treasurer out there. Then he came to Missouri, and became his brother's law partner at Rolla, soon after settling in Lebanon, the extension of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad opening up that part of the Ozark country and making it attractive. Mr. Bland had lived in Missouri less than ten years when he was elected to Congress. Here was another evidence of the man's forcefulness of character. Without any Confederate record, at a time when that counted in politics, and with only eight years' residence in the State, at the age of 37, he was elected to Congress.

The speaker of the Forty-third Congress was very willing to let Mr. Bland have the committee assignment which suited his inclination. There are two committees of the House which deal with forms of money—the Banking and Currency, and the Coinage, Weights and Measures. At that time Banking and Currency was the dominating committee of the two. Prominent upon it had been Judge Aylett H. Buckner, one of the strong men of the Missouri delegation.

The national banking and currency laws came from that committee. Coinage, Weights and Measures was one of those committees which existed for little more than the purpose of giving some member of the majority a chairmanship and a clerk. Furthermore, as the preceding Congress had revised the coinage laws, there was no prospect for any serious work by that committee, yet in three Congresses, Bland had pushed the coinage question to the front, had forced a transfer of the relative positions of these two committees and had begotten the Bland dollar. The sixteen years which followed steadily increased his prestige as the foremost advocate of free coinage of silver. The persistency with which he pressed the issue made him, in the eyes of the East, a "silver crank," yet in each successive organization of the coinage committee the Speaker recognized the position Mr. Bland had won by making him the chairman or the leader of the minority of the committee.

The Birthplace of the Issue.

The room of the committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures was in the old part of the capitol under the dome, opening on a side corridor but little used. It looked out on a court, and was warmed and ventilated by an old-fashioned fireplace with a quaintly carved Carrara marble mantel, one of only half a dozen to be seen in the whole capitol. There Mr. Bland was to be found when the House was not in session, and there was the place to hear the theory of bimetalism expounded at its best. In the closing months of the Fifty-third Congress, when, after twenty-two years of service, he had been beaten at the polls, and when only chaos seemed to face the Democracy, Mr. Bland had no doubt of the ultimate triumph of the cause of silver. In a number of conversations he forecasted what he thought would come to pass. He said that the only hope for the Democratic party to pull itself together was to take a decided stand for free silver, regardless of the rest of the world, and upon the old ratio He said this must be done, and that the sooner it was done the quicker would be

the recovery. It was suggested to him that there was a very large element in his party which would not follow such action. That, he thought, should not be considered. He wanted the party to commit itself to 16 to 1 because it was right, in his opinion.

One day Mr. Bland was asked in the committee room what he really thought would happen if the United States should pass an act providing that on a certain date the mints would be thrown open to free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1.

"I believe the other leading nations would promptly follow," said he. "We would have silver restored to its place, and would go on with the double standard."

"But suppose the other nations didn't follow; suppose the United States had to maintain free coinage of silver alone, what then?" was asked.

"I suppose it would give our bankers and capitalists quite a wrench," was the reply, "but it would be only temporary."

Bland as a Speaker.

Mr. Bland was a very earnest, forceful speaker, but he occasionally indulged in homely illustration. When he was opposing appropriations for what he considered unnecessary public buildings he said: "Now, I supposed, when I read that a proposition for a public building at Bar Harbor was to come before us, that Bar Harbor was a city of probably 100,000 people, or 50,000, or at least 25,000. Certainly I supposed it was among the first or second-class postoffices of the country. I picked up the report of the postmaster-general, and, running over the catalogue of first-class postoffices, I did not find Bar Harbor. Then I said to myself, 'It must certainly be among the second-class postoffices,' and I examined the report two or three times to ascertain that fact, but to my utter astonishment I did not find Bar Harbor even among the second-class postoffices. Then I came down to offices of the third class, and there I found Bar Harbor as a third-class postoffice, the salary of the postmaster being $1,700 a year, and not a dollar allowed for clerk hire.

"Now, this illustrates the character of a great many of the public-building bills coming before us. The gentleman from Maine has been rushing up and down, running about the House like a cockroach on a kitchen floor [laughter], nursing his little bantling at Bar Harbor, and the whole excitement of the gentleman as exhibited the other day and today is explained by the fact that Bar Harbor is here with a proposition for a public building."

In his speech on the Mills bill Mr. Bland dwelt on the relations of the tariff to currency. He talked of "the burden on the people of the West and the South" imposed by the legislation which made import duties payable in coin and by the act of demonetization of silver in 1873. This was one of very few times in which Mr. Bland quoted poetry in a public speech. These lines from Hood were recited:

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;

Hoarded, barter'd, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled;
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold;
Price of many a crime untold,
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary."

When Mr. Bland entered Congress he had a good farm in the suburbs of Lebanon and he had some thousands of dollars in money. He kept the farm but the money went. He died poorer than on the day he first arrived in Washington. The paternity of the silver issue was his, but it had not multiplied dollars in his pocket. Not many people knew that when Mr. Bland was serving in Congress there was delivered to him one day by the express company the finest silver service that money could buy. It came as a tribute from the mountain States' admirers of silver's champion. Mr. Bland barely looked into the box, saw what it contained, directed its return to the senders and said nothing about it.

The Fight for Remonetization.

Presenting his remonetization measure in 1876, Mr. Bland said in defense of it:

"The bill I reported is a measure in the interest of the honest yeomanry of the country. Here is a measure proposing to do justice to whom? To the toiling millions who are today earning their bread in the sweat of their face. It is a measure in the interests of the poor and common people of the country, and hence it excites the opposition of these agents of the money sharks in these lobbies, and those who seem to be in their interest upon this floor. Because a measure is for once reported to this Congress, that has within it a provision for the welfare of the people of the country against the corrupt legislation that has gone on here for the last sixteen years in the interest of the moneyed lords, it is here denounced as full of rascalities, and all this by a party that had perpetrated these injustices and brought corruption, fraud, injustice and dishonor upon the country.

"The common people cannot come to this capital. They are not here in your lobby. They are at home, following the plow, cultivating the soil, or working in their workshops. It is the silvern and golden slippers of the money kings, the bankers and financiers, whose step is heard in the lobbies, and these rule the finances of the country. They are the men who get access to your committees, and have ruled and controlled the legislation of the country for their own interests. If the constituents of those who are opposing this measure could look down from the galleries upon them, they would sink in their seats with shame for the course they are pursuing, because it is adverse to the interests of the people."

Yours Truly

R. P. Bland

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Bland repeatedly asserted that silver was demonetized by a parliamentary trick: "The bill that demonetized silver in this country and perpetrated an injustice and fraud upon the people was passed through this House without even being read, in spite of the demand of the honorable gentleman at present serving as speaker of the House (Mr. Kerr) for the reading of the bill. It was passed surreptitiously and without discussion, and was one of the grossest measures of injustice ever inflicted upon any people. Now, this bill simply aids to restore the currency of this country which existed at that time; yet we hear objections on this floor, sometimes in the form of demands for debate, sometimes in the form of opposition to debate."

When Hale filibustered against the bill, Bland repeated his charge of fraud: "In answer to the gentleman from Maine, I wish to say that when this injustice of demonetizing silver was perpetrated, filibustering was not resorted to. The bill, sir, was not read at that desk. Gentlemen who represent the money sharks of the country surreptitiously carried the bill through without its reading at the clerk's desk, and I would be pusillanimous indeed to give up because I am threatened with filibustering performances. Let them filibuster and take the consequences."

The Parting of the Ways.

On the 11th of August, 1893, when Congress had been called in special session to repeal the silver purchasing act, Mr. Bland made his historic "parting-of-the-ways" speech:

"Will you crush the people of your own land and send them abroad as tramps?" he asked. "Will you kill and destroy your own industries and especially the production of your precious metals that ought to be sent abroad everywhere? Will you do this simply to satisfy the greed of Wall Street, the mere agent of Lombard Street in oppressing the people of Europe and of this country? It cannot be done; it shall not be done! I speak for the great masses of the Mississippi Valley, and those west of it, when I say you shall not do it!

"Any political party that undertakes to do it will, in God's name, be trampled, as it ought to be trampled, into the dust of condemnation now and in the future. Speaking as a Democrat, all my life battling for what I conceived to be Democracy and what I conceived to be right, I am yet an American above Democracy. I do not intend, we do not intend, that any party shall survive, if we can help it, that will lay the confiscating hand upon Americans in the interests of England or of Europe. Now mark it. This may be strong language, but heed it. The people mean it, and, my friends of the eastern Democracy, we bid you farewell when you do that thing."

After a pause Mr. Bland concluded: "Now you can take your choice of sustaining England against America, American interests and American laborers and producers, or you can go out of power. We have come to the parting of the ways. I do not pretend to speak for anybody but myself and my constituents, but I believe that I do speak for the great masses of the great Mississippi Valley when I say that we will not submit to the domination of any political party, however much we may love it, that lays the sacrificing hand upon silver and will demonetize it in this country."

Missouri and the Speakership.

John S. Phelps served eighteen years in the House of Representatives. During eleven of them he was at the head of the ways and means committee, the place held by Mr. Mills when he was given the speakership. Mr. Phelps was a candidate for speaker. The place was his by the right of succession and by virtue of his standing. But as a matter of policy his party refused him the desired honor and elected a southern man. Going down to Little Rock to court on a certain occasion, Justice Miller found himself in company with Thomas C. Hindman, who had been a member of Congress from Arkansas, and afterward a Confederate general. He asked: "Why didn't you fellows elect John S. Phelps speaker? He was entitled to it, and besides he was head and shoulders above the man you elected." "I know it," said Hindman; "Phelps ought to have had it. But the truth was we were afraid we couldn't trust him; he is a northern man." That was the explanation, in large part at least, of Phelps' defeat. He was a northern man by birth, and he was also a Douglas man. The Southerners couldn't accept him. Even President Buchanan used his influence against Phelps' candidacy for speaker.

Phelps was born in Connecticut. His father was Judge Elisha Phelps, who codified the Connecticut laws, and his grandfather was General Noah Phelps, of revolutionary fame. At Ticonderoga, Noah Phelps was at the head of the first storming company. The day before the attack Captain Phelps had disguised himself as a farmer and had taken a load of produce into the fort to find out how strong the force was. He even had himself shaved by the fort barber, and pumped that functionary successfully as to the strength of the defense. And when the barber came face to face with his captor next day he exclaimed: "Blank you, sir, if I had known who you was while I was shaving you yesterday I would have cut your throat."

John S. Phelps lost the speakership when he had earned it, because he was a northern man. One of the chief arguments used against Mills was that it would be bad policy to elect a southern man. Phelps was a giant in the House. It is told of him that in his long service no motion offered and sustained by him failed to pass. Just before the war the proposition to admit Oregon was being urged. Joe Lane and others were asking that the new Pacific Slope sister be recognized. It was finally agreed by the friends of the measure that the only way to insure success was to get John S. Phelps to make a motion for the admission. Yielding to the request, Mr. Phelps espoused the cause of the would-be State, and Oregon was admitted. Years afterwards the daughter of Mr. Phelps went to Oregon to live, as the wife of one of that State's leading citizens, Colonel Montgomery.

Hatch's Candidacy.

From Phelps to Hatch was a long period. After more than thirty years Missouri again had a candidate for speaker of the House of Representatives. Strange to tell, there was not enough state pride in the Missouri Democracy to insure the candidate a solid delegation. Mr. Hatch was strongly supported by the agricultural interests. He was chairman of the committee of agriculture of the House in the Forty-eighth Congress and from that time forward the farmers of the country were given a hearing on the floors of Congress. He secured an

appropriation for the collection and dissemination among the farmers of the knowledge obtained by the bureau of animal industry and for the distribution of rare and valuable seeds and plants.

It was through Hatch's efforts begun at that time that experimental government agriculture was started, which has since developed into a system of experimental stations in nearly all the States.

It was early in the Forty-eighth Congress that Mr. Hatch reintroduced the bill to enhance the powers and duties of the commissioner of agriculture and make him an officer of the executive department. With a tenacity that is seldom seen in Congress or elsewhere, Chairman Hatch of the Agricultural Committee forced this measure to the front. The opposition to the bill was bitter, especially in the Senate, but Colonel Hatch's tact and persistence won. The battle of three Congresses ended when, near the close of the Fiftieth Congress, President Cleveland signed the act creating the office of secretary of agriculture. The farmers thus secured a place in the President's cabinet and Missouri furnished the first secretary of the department in the person of Norman J. Colman.

The oleomargarine inspection, labeling and taxation bill was another of the measures which Hatch placed upon the statute books, after a prolonged and bitter contest. Aside from furnishing a large amount of revenue to the government, the act secured the farmers from counterfeits of dairy butter and protected the consumers, besides compelling manufacturers of oleomargarine to use wholesome materials for its compounding. The act also reduced the price.

One member of the Missouri delegation promptly bolted the Missouri candidate. Mr. O'Neill said that he had made up his mind to vote for Mr. Mills, no matter what the other Missourians might do. He explained his determination on personal grounds. Said he: "When I was a candidate for the Democratic nomination last year Mills came out openly and said I ought to have it. He passed through St. Louis at the time my contest was pending. There was no occasion for him to do anything, but he did. He went to the prominent men in the party and said it would be a shame if I was not given the nomination and sent back. He spoke of my position and work in the Fiftieth Congress in the kindest manner. He did a great deal for me; he did it without being asked, and I have not forgotten it. There was no occasion for him to take such an interest in my candidacy. Another candidate for speaker might have said, 'This is something for me to let alone. I may want the other fellow's vote.' But Mills didn't act that way. He came out boldly of his own accord in my behalf. It would be ingratitude for me to vote for any one else for speaker under these circumstances."

In this way Mr. O'Neill defended his decision to vote for Mills. A lack of interest in Mr. Hatch was evident on the part of several other members of the Missouri delegation. The argument was being used that Mr. Mills was the logical candidate; that he was entitled to be speaker because he had been chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Thus it appeared that the very argument which was ignored by the party in the case of Missouri's former candidate for speaker was used against Mr. Hatch.

A Problem of Patronage.

Just after the first inauguration of President Cleveland, in March, 1885, the Missouri delegation met night after night in the rooms of James N. Burnes at the Willard in Washington. The door was closed on all outsiders. Down in the lobby stood a crowd anxiously awaiting the results of these sittings, which often lasted until after midnight. The Missouri delegation was trying to distribute the patronage. One after another the applicants for offices under Mr. Cleveland's administration were taken up, discussed and balloted upon. At that time proceedings seemed to be of the gravest character. Seen in the retrospect, that programme always raised a laugh. About fifty names were before the delegation, for everything from the German mission down to messenger in the Interior Department. Senator Cockrell was elected chairman and John J. O'Neill was made secretary. Mr. O'Neill carried the farce to the extent of having printed in large type on broad sheets of parchment a formidable looking document reading as follows:

"This is to certify that John Smith, of Missouri, has been indorsed by the Missouri delegation as a candidate for the office of messenger in the Department of the Interior.

"(Signed) F. M. Cockrell, Chairman.

"John J. O'Neill, Secretary."

As the delegation voted its indorsement to the applicants, the blanks for names and offices were filled out, the certificates were signed officially and delivered to those whose names were entered. The certificates were received with great thankfulness by those so lucky as to receive the vote of indorsement, and were exhibited with much pride. They were considered as so many preliminary commissions for the offices sought. Some of the certificates were delivered to the beneficiaries in person. Others were forwarded to the more modest applicants at their homes in Missouri. Months afterward a Missouri Representative went into a place of refreshment in his district, and found one of these certificates framed and conspicuously displayed over the bar.

Some time after the action of the delegation Senator Vest received one of the certificates accompanied by a request from the beneficiary to know what should be done with it. The Senator sat down and wrote back to the applicant for information, advising him to this effect: "I recommend that you have your indorsement framed and then hung up in your parlor. If you have got any of our old Confederate money left have that framed and hung up alongside the certificate. They will grow in interest together as curiosities."

After several months of waiting to have the certificates accepted by the administration, the delegation ignored its own action, and quietly took up candidates for office singly and pressed for appointments. It was not until this new policy was adopted that Missouri received anything worth mentioning.

The Debut of Champ Clark.

In his maiden speech Champ Clark took rank as one of the best story tellers in Washington. He achieved that distinction on a single story, for the rest of his speech was in a serious vein. He argued that if Congress obeyed the behests of the American bondholders and made a gold standard, in a hundred years the people would be reduced to the conditions of the Russian serfs or Mexican

peons. The bondholders would have all the money in the country, for as old Jim Craig, of St. Joe, used to say, "When a dollar goes down into their capacious pockets the eagle on it sings, 'Farewell, vain world, I'm going home!'"

A Missouri boy at the age of three voted in the House. He was Bennett Clark, son of Champ Clark. He didn't say "aye" or "no." Strict rules hedge the privilege of the floor. Only ex-members who are not lobbyists and certain high dignitaries are supposed to pass the doorkeepers. But by an unwritten law little sons and daughters of Representatives are sometimes allowed to accompany their fathers, provided they are well behaved. Bennett Clark was always a model of boyish dignity. One day when tellers were called for and the members formed to pass between them and be counted, this little boy gravely took his place in the line and marched down the aisle. He marched down the aisle twice in the course of one afternoon and passed between the tellers. He voted just as his father did. The tellers patted him on the back and pretended to count him, and the members standing around laughed and shook hands with him. The youngster smiled and accepted congratulations demurely, but he said nothing, and so it was impossible to tell whether he really understood what it all meant.

This Missouri boy not only voted, but he figured in a speech. He was used to illustrate an argument. When the printing bill was up one day Congressman Clark made some remarks upon it. One clause of the bill proposed to distribute about a million government books which had been accumulating in the basement of the Capitol for many years. Mr. Clark offered an amendment to facilitate this work and, speaking to it, he said as reported in the Congressional Record:

"I am heartily in favor of scattering this pent-up Utica of learning and of art over a smiling land. I would much prefer to see this Congress pass into history as a million-volume Congress rather than a billion-dollar Congress. [Laughter.]

"The sudden, unexpected and simultaneous distribution of a million volumes over this country would have a healthy educational effect on the public mind, and is in direct line with that campaign of education which we have been conducting with so much enthusiasm for lo! these many years in this country, and which was crowned last November with such glorious results [laughter on the Republican side], and which is now being frittered away somewhat. [Renewed laughter.]

"A great many people have an erroneous idea that all government publications are as dry as a powder magazine, a proposition in Euclid, or Tupper's poems. [Laughter.] This free gift of the wisdom of the fathers will explode that impression at once. Some government works are things of beauty and joys forever. [Laughter.] I once wrote to Senator Vest and requested him to send me any literature he might have in stock, and he sent me two large and handsome volumes on what the scientists call entomology, but what we plain people call bugology [laughter], each warranted to contain 10,000 illustrations. [Laughter.]

"That was certainly a big haul—20,000 bugs out of one mail bag. [Laughter.]

"This was not all, however, that I owed to the discriminating taste of the Senator and to the boundless generosity of Uncle Sam, for at the same time I was the happy recipient of two huge and gorgeous tomes containing a splendid steel engraving of every species of snake that went with Noah into the Ark. [Laughter.]

"My little 3-year-old boy, from constant playing with these books, has come to know more about snakes and bugs than any gentleman who has not toyed too long with that seductive and bewildering beverage known as Mexican pulque. [Laughter.]

"That brilliant and exceedingly interesting work evolved from the inner consciousness of 'Our Uncle' Jerry Rusk concerning hawks and owls has had such an unprecedented run, which can not be predicted even for Gen. Lew Wallace's 'Prince of India' [laughter], there will have to be a new and enlarged edition of it published to satisfy the craving of the people for the good, the beautiful and the true. [Laughter.] I really think, Mr. Chairman, that Longfellow must have had in his mind this buried literary treasure-trove that is concealed down here in the vaults of the Capitol when he wrote those lines:

"'Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.'

[Laughter].

"I urge immediate action upon this bill. If we can not give the people that increase in the circulating medium of which they are in sore need [laughter], and for which they are so clamorous, we certainly can give them a million books which they paid for years ago. I express this hope with some confidence, because I can not, to save my life, see how the money power has any interest in obstructing this measure. [Laughter.]"

"Pub. Docs." were better appreciated by early Missourians than by those of a later period when newspapers and libraries were as numerous as the cities. When Congressman Thomas P. Akers, of what was then known as the Fifth district, remembered the judges of Henry County, this resolution was ordered entered upon the record:

"Ordered, That the thanks of this court are hereby tendered to the Hon. Thomas P. Akers, member of Congress from this district, for presenting each member of this court with a copy of the Agricultural Reports from the patent office for the year 1855."

Champ Clark, Speaker.

In 1908, Champ Clark made a series of speeches in which he arraigned the Administration and assailed the rules of the House which enabled the speaker and a little oligarchy of "ruling elders" to maintain absolute control. He had come to the front as the leader in the new order. When the House passed under Democratic control a speaker was chosen by the unanimous vote of the party caucus. This honor without precedent was bestowed upon Champ Clark.

Long before he became speaker, perhaps before he ever looked hopefully in that direction, Champ Clark was the champion of the new member. Possibly he remembered his own advent in the House of Representatives. When Hardy of Texas made his maiden speech, a short one, he thought he would like to extend it in the Congressional Record. He arose to ask that customary privilege. He was recognized by the speaker. Mann of Illinois also tried to take the floor at the same time. He claimed that Hardy had no right to the floor.

"Who says he has no right to the floor?" demanded Clark. "He has a perfect right. He has been recognized by the speaker. He does not wish to make a speech: he only wants to ask permission to have his speech, already made, printed in the Record, which he has a right to do, and I am going to see that he has an opportunity to do so."

Mann subsided with, "Oh well; let him go ahead." This was only one illustration of Champ Clark's frequently exercised championship of the new member.

THOMAS ALLEN

First president of the Missouri Pacific, builder of the Iron Mountain, member of congress.

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Vest's Rebuke to the President.

One of the most scathing rebukes of executive interference with Congress was made by Senator Vest. The occasion was President Cleveland's letter to Chairman Wilson of the Ways and Means Committee of the House. In that letter Mr. Cleveland had spoken of the Senate's amendments to the Wilson tariff as party perfidy. The speech of Senator Vest was not a long one. The Missourian occupied the floor scarcely twenty minutes and when he sat down there was a feeling on both sides of the chamber that perfect use had been made of a rare opportunity. Of all the speeches Senator Vest delivered upon the floor of the Senate, and they were many and varied, there was none which made a more profound impression. After speaking somewhat in detail of Mr. Cleveland's criticism upon the Democratic senators for placing a duty upon certain raw materials, Senator Vest used these words:

"The time has come for plain speaking in regard to the matter now pressing itself upon the people of the United States. I have been the consistent friend of the present occupant of the executive chair. I defended him in the Senate when his friends could be counted upon the fingers of one hand. I shall continue to defend him so long as I believe that his aims and objects are in consonance with the success of the Democratic party, which I believe necessary to the glory and honor of this country. But the Democratic party is greater than any man. It survived Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, and it will outlive Grover Cleveland. He does not embody all the Democracy and all the tariff reform of this country. He has no right to disregard the spirit of the Constitution. He has no right to trample upon the sensibilities and obligations of other members of his party, for any purpose whatever. When it reaches the limit of self-respect, I shall consider myself fettered by no other obligations than those of my conscience and my duty to the country.

"Where does the President of the United States find his right, by private letter or personal appeal, to influence the legislation of Congress? The Constitution of the United States gives him the right and imposes upon him the duty to give Congress information as to the condition of the Union, and to suggest such measures of legislation as he may deem just and expedient. When our fathers declared that there should be three great co-ordinate departments of this government, absolutely independent of each other, did they mean that the President of the United States, by the use of patronage, by the shadow of the great office, the greatest upon earth, which the people have given him, should, in the teeth of the Constitution, put into the hands of conferees, instructed to have a full and free conference upon matters in dispute between the two houses, a personal appeal to his party friends to stand by his views upon any public question? Mrs. Adams, the wife of the second President of the United States, in some memoirs which can be obtained in the Congressional Library, gives a quaint reason why the Capitol was placed at one end of Pennsylvania avenue and the White House at the other. It was, said that good lady, to prevent the President from exercising undue influence upon the deliberations of Congress.

"But, in a conference committee, where the conferees are instructed to have a full and free conference, the President of the United States has deliberately injected his personal appeal and personal opinion, in order, in advance, to influence the vote upon a measure on which, under his oath and the obligations of the Constitution, he is at last to pass. He is a part of the law-making power of this government, but his functions begin only after the houses of Congress, unswerved and uninfluenced by the executive or the judiciary, have passed upon the question placed before them. The President of the United States, without waiting until the Constitution places this duty upon him, in a private letter to the chairman of the conferees upon the part of the House of Representatives, throws his personal authority, the weight of his great office, his hold upon the American people, into the scales and demands from the Senate that it shall accede to his views in regard to tariff reform, or that we virtually shall be unable to enter into any canvass upon a bill such as we think meets the demands and exigencies of the hour.

"That portion of the letter which has struck me with more alarm than anything I have heard during the course of my public life, since the declaration of war between the States thirty years ago, is the statement by the President that it was impossible, without treason to the party to which we belong, without perfidy to the principles which we profess, that a bill, adopted solemnly by one branch of the National Legislature, should become a law by the votes of his political associates. If that can be done by the President of the United States, what becomes of the theory of the Constitution that each department of the government shall in its sphere be independent of all the others? What becomes of our boasted republican institutions, our freedom from all except the limitations of the Constitution? If the President can do this, he can send his Cabinet Ministers to us, he can use his executive patronage over us, he can do as was done in regard to the silver question, punish recalcitrant Democratic Senators who did not accept his views in regard to the free coinage of silver.

"But what mockery it is to talk of a full and free conference when one conferee has in his pocket at the time when he goes into conference the views, if not the instructions, of the President of the United States as to what shall be done."

In concluding his speech Senator Vest referred to the defense made for President Cleveland by Senator David B. Hill of New York. He spoke of the lion and the lamb. He said: "I am not here to defend or to attack the administration, but I am here to defend the rectitude of my motives and those of my colleagues in what we have done. I shall not make the speech which was made by the Senator from New York (Mr. Hill) in defense of the President. It reminded me of a desperate murder case I tried in my early life, when I was compelled to plead the abnormal and unnatural moral depravity of my client to such an extent that he was incapable of committing crime. After I cleared him he came to me and said, 'I am obliged to you for having gotten me off, but I would rather go to the penitentiary for life than to hear that speech again.'"

Martin L. Clardy on Political Life.

When Martin L. Clardy was a member of Congress, he spent many an hour reading over the Congressional debates of earlier years. One day Mr. Clardy, to his amazement, heard delivered upon the floor of the House a speech which he had shortly before perused in a dust-covered volume fifteen years old. The speech-writer who had sold the product had simply copied it from the Record, going back far enough as he supposed to escape detection. But there was another surprise in stock for Mr. Clardy. Before the recollection of the first incident had faded he found, away back earlier than the war, this same speech. Whether that was the original speech he never discovered, but he did learn that there had been at least two thefts of it, and that it had done duty for three statesmen, two of whom had probably paid well for the mechanical act of copying.

"My advice to young men," said Mr. Clardy, "is to keep out of politics, and I can speak from experience, as I have been in the swim ever since I was of age. The same amount of energy and perseverance that a man must necessarily be capable of to succeed in politics, if devoted to any other profession in life, would procure him an enviable and permanent position in its ranks. Political success is a very shaky thing, and a man on the top rung of the ladder don't know when he will find himself down near the bottom. To a young man, a seat in the Congress of the United States seems to be worth years of trouble to obtain,

but after he has been fairly elected and comes on to Washington his ideas undergo a radical change. He finds that he is after all only one of many; that he has to work harder than he ever did before and that it takes just about all of his salary to make ends meet and keep the pot boiling at home. When the time finally comes for him to be retired and some other fellow to step into his shoes, he goes home, to find all of his practice in the hands of the lucky fellows who have staid out of politics, and at the period of life when he ought to be enjoying the fruits of independence, he has to curtail his expenses and knuckle down to hard work to retrieve his shattered fortunes."

A Former Missourian's Ideal.

After he had accumulated millions and while he was United States Senator from California, Mr. Hearst, a former Missourian, gave a group of newspaper correspondents his view of ideal life: "If I had it to do over again I wouldn't be rich. There isn't much satisfaction after all in being a millionaire. Your money brings a lot of people about you, but I believe you are better off not knowing them. My idea of real enjoyment is different from this. If I was starting again I'd go west and have a chicken ranch. I'd locate in some fertile, well-sheltered valley in the mountains, get a hundred and sixty acres and raise chickens. Just think of the satisfaction of getting up in the morning and going out in the splendid clear air and looking after the coops. And just think of sitting down to a six-weeks old chicken fried, with corn bread and coffee. That is what I call genuine comfort."

And then the rugged old gold hunter relapsed into silence, wrapt in contemplation of his ideal life.

The City Congressman's Calls.

It might be supposed that a Congressman representing one of the principal business districts of the country would not be seriously embarrassed with the ordinary requests from constituents. But when Nathan Frank of the central district of St. Louis was in the House he had this experience: "I got a letter one day from a man who wanted a pension. He wrote that he was growing old and that he had no friends. He said that unless I did this for him he did not see how he could get it done. Well, I succeeded in getting him pensioned, and he wrote to me expressing in strong terms his feeling of gratitude. In a few weeks I got another letter from my pensioner. He asked me to go to work and get his pension increased. A man on Chouteau avenue wrote to me asking for a certain, out-of-all-reason, public document. At considerable trouble I obtained a copy and forwarded it to him. Back came a letter thanking me for that document, and inclosing a list of twenty more which my correspondent wanted. A real estate agent wrote to me for a map. I got it for him. Now I have letters from eight other real estate agents. They wrote that they have seen So-and-So's map in his office, and each wants one like it. The principle that 'one good turn deserves another' seems to have a peculiar interpretation as applied to members of Congress."

Congressman Morgan's War Record.

At an early period Charles H. Morgan was sent to Congress as a Democrat to represent the lead and zinc district of Southwest Missouri. Years afterwards

he came back as a Republican from the same district, elected on a protection platform. Mr. Morgan was a very mild-mannered man, but had a record for personal bravery. He was a Union soldier from Wisconsin and fought in many of the greatest battles of the Civil war. He was repeatedly captured and made his escape from Confederate prisons five times. One of his escapes was extremely novel. He and other prisoners were locked up in a box car, to be shipped back into the interior of Virginia for confinement in one of the southern prison camps, of which he had experienced a foretaste on a previous occasion. A Confederate guard was in the same car with the prisoners, to prevent their escape, and strict vigilance was kept upon every movement. Morgan and a friend, nevertheless, managed to regain their liberty under the very eyes of the sentinel. While lying on their blankets they cut a hole through the floor of the car with a knife, concealing the aperture with their blankets until they had produced an opening large enough to allow their bodies to pass through. So quietly was the work done that neither the guard nor their fellow-prisoners surmised the truth. As soon as an opportunity presented itself, and the car was dark enough to conceal their movements, they opened the aperture and dropped through to the roadbed. They gained the adjoining woods and were furnished with provisions by an old negro couple. In the course of a few days they were again in the camp of a Union army.

Cockrell's Arraignment of Cleveland.

Parts of three days Senator Cockrell devoted to his arraignment of President Cleveland in 1893. The speech filled fifty-four pages of the Congressional Record. It stood as the most unsparing attack upon the administration by any Democratic Senator. He said:

"The financial question has been brought to the front. It is not the fault of Congress. The President had the right to call Congress together for whatever purpose he desired. He exercised that right, and he called us together upon the financial question, and when he convened us he had gone to the end of his executive power. The responsibility now rests with us as to what we shall do. The responsibility rests upon him for having Congress here. We did not call ourselves into existence here. He brought us here. He is responsible for that and we are responsible for what we do. Why should we bow to England? If we are going to adopt a financial policy why not adopt that of France, the country that stood by us in the days of the Revolution and helped us achieve our independence, and today is a sister republic? Why shall we bow the knee to England? Are we not old enough to establish a financial system? We are 100 years old. That is a great age. Can you find any other nation on earth that has not established its own policy?"

To the end of his third day on the floor, Senator Cockrell continued his criticism of the President. He was even satirical:

"The President has had fears that these lowering clouds were about to swamp this country ever since 1885. There is only one man in public life who has more unfulfilled predictions on record than the President, and that is John Sherman. [Laughter.]

"This is no disrespect to him. He is an honest and brave man, and he has the courage to tell us what he thinks. But, oh, how often he has been mis-

taken! [Laughter.] There is no danger to the Democratic party. When Mr. Cleveland and every Senator here, and every member of the other House, and all the members of that grand old party who compose it today, shall have passed to that bourne whence no traveler returns, the Democratic party will only be in its youthful vigor and manhood."

Family Influences Cut No Figure.

During the great silver debate of 1893 in the Senate, Senator Cockrell called attention to the innumerable petitions urging the repeal of the purchasing clause in the Sherman law. He read from the Springfield Democrat an editorial to the effect that these petitions from Missouri were inspired by circulars sent out from Wall street. Then he drew from his pocket a letter from a business house of St. Louis to country customers, requesting them to write to their Senators and Representatives to vote for immediate repeal and saying such action was "an absolute necessity to the business interests of the United States."

"That," said Senator Cockrell, "is the argument and that is the reason they give to business men, the men who are indebted to them, why they should write here to their Senators and Representatives for the purpose of trying to influence them to vote a certain way. It speaks well for business men and financial interests and communities!"

Mr. Gray: Are those reputable people?

Mr Cockrell: Yes; my brother-in-law is a member of the firm.

Some of Senator Vest's Experiences.

Senator Vest was making a speech one day when Senator Peffer arose and interjected some remarks. Before Mr. Peffer was through Senator Sherman interrupted him with some observations. Mr. Vest stood amazed for a few moments and then called out insistently:

"Mr. President; Mr. President."

The presiding officer paid no attention and Mr. Peffer and Mr. Sherman continued to talk. Then Mr. Vest shouted that he wanted to make a parliamentary inquiry. This brought the gavel down and the presiding officer as soon as he could get silence said: "The gentleman from Missouri will state his parliamentary inquiry."

"I believe I was addressing the Senate and had the floor," said Mr. Vest, "but it seems that I have no longer got it. If I can't get it any other way I rise to a parliamentary inquiry to find out how I lost it."

Everybody laughed and Mr. Peffer and Mr. Sherman sat down.

In the Senate one day Senator Vest announced, with some vigor, that he was going to have some pension legislation scrutinized hereafter. He spoke of the "wholesale spoliation of the treasury" and said he should insist on more careful consideration of all pension bills. The clerk commenced to call the pension calendar. A broad smile went around the Senate chamber. The very first case was from Missouri. It was accompanied by a letter from Representative Dockery, reading:

"The beneficiary, David R. B. Harlan, is physically helpless and financially dependent. I know him and trust the bill may be favorably considered."

Mr. Harlan was of Nettleton, Caldwell County. He was captain in the Ninth Missouri State Militia Volunteer Cavalry and served until April, 1865.

"I will say to the Senator," explained Senator Gallinger, chairman of the committee, affably addressing Senator Vest, "that this ex-soldier—it is a case in which Congressman Dockery is greatly interested—is receiving a pension now at the maximum rate under the act of June 27, 1890. It is impossible for the pension bureau to do anything further for him. But in view of his meritorious services and his exceedingly necessitous condition the House of Representatives generously passed this bill, increasing his pension to $20 per month."

A smile went around the chamber. The bill passed. So did every other pension bill presented that day. Senator Vest said not a word.

Senator Vest had a very trying time of it with the Kansas City and Sibley bridge bill. From the galleries the scene was a funny one. Again and again the Missouri Senator rose and said, "Mr. President." Just as many times he was interrupted by the privileged reports from conference committees. Finally his opportunity came, and he got the bridge bill before the Senate.

"Has that bill been printed?" asked Mr. Edmunds in his most exasperating tones.

Mr. Vest explained that the bill was all right; that it had just come from the House, and there had not been time to print it.

"I object, then," said Mr. Edmunds. The pride of the Missouri Democracy sank back in his chair with a look of despair. Then Mr. Cockrell got in his work. He and Mr. Edmunds were excellent friends. He went over and whispered earnestly in the Vermonter's ear. The engrossed bill on the great sheet of parchment was carried to Mr. Edmunds and he waded through it, examining every word. While this was going on Mr. Cockrell made three or four trips across the Senate chamber to whisper to Mr. Edmunds. The last time he came back he said in an undertone to Mr. Vest: "It's all right."

Slowly Mr. Edmunds folded up the parchment and said: "The bill seems to be in proper form. It may be passed."

Mr. Vest drew a long breath and the look of relief was worth seeing.

Senator Vest strongly supported the policy of government education for Indian children. "I am a western man," he said. "I came from a State which was called 'the dark and bloody ground' on account of the terrible wars between the red and the white races, and my forefathers were engaged in them, and I lost relatives in them. I was raised with the prejudices of the men that fought against these Indians; but with advancing years, I trust with more charity and more enlargement of observation and judgment, I say today that the proposition that these people must be left to extinction is the most horrible that can be contemplated by any intelligent man."

The Brothers Cockrell.

Not since the days of the Washburns until 1893 had there been brothers in the same Congress. As Senator Cockrell entered upon his fourth term, Representative Cockrell began his first. Both were Missourians, but the Representative had settled in Texas and came from a district of that State. Both of the Cockrells were lawyers. Both were Confederates from the beginning to the end of the war. Both attained the responsibility of the command of brigades. The

elder Cockrell directed the famous battle of Lone Jack. The two careers illustrated the luck of politics. The younger Cockrell entered the Senate without ever having held any previous civil office. The happy circumstance of defeat for the nomination of governor virtually sent the Senator to Washington, and his aptitude for details of legislation, with his great industry in looking after the individual wants of constituents, kept him there. Champ Clark said he once saw a Grand Army post in Missouri turn out with band and banners to escort Senator Cockrell from the depot to the hotel. And when, to his astonishment, he sought an explanation of this extraordinary old soldiers' tribute to an ex-Confederate general, he found that the Senator had been doing all the pension business gratis for the whole post. The elder Cockrell came to Congress by a series of steps up the political ladder. When the Senator was reaching in one stride, with those astonishing long legs of his, from a law office at Warrensburg to the United States Capitol, the other branch of the family was issuing orders for road openings and creek bridges by virtue of his position as a county judge in Texas. After that he went to a higher bench, and so on up until he came to Congress to represent a district composed of just eighty great Texas counties, the largest in territory of all of the Congressional districts in the entire country. The Senator had a regular Brother Jonathan figure and phiz. He hadn't got an ounce of flesh to spare. The Representative-elect was broad and full-faced, of generous proportions, just such a man physically as Texas delights to honor.

The Only Silver Argument.

Ten long days of talk preceded the vote on the repeal of the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman law in 1893. When it ended Mr. Carlisle, then secretary of the treasury, gave a Missourian credit for bringing out the only sound argument against repeal. He said: "There was just one point on the silver side which was strong. Everything else advanced in support of the opposition to unconditional repeal was weak and easily met. This one strong point was brought out most forcibly by a new member, Mr. Hall, of Missouri. It was that people who had incurred debts in depreciated currency were entitled to pay those debts in depreciated currency. That is the logical argument of the situation from the standpoint of free silver advocates, and it is the only argument they have got with any logic in it."

Vest on the Income Tax Decision.

One of the very notable speeches of Senator Vest was delivered in January, 1896, previous to the first Bryan campaign. The announcement that the Missourian would speak brought, as usual, a throng to the galleries. Speaker Reed and many members of the House came over and took seats on the Senate floor.

Several times during the course of the address the Vice-President was compelled to suppress the applause, and when the Senator sat down, at the conclusion of his speech, the galleries broke forth, despite the repeated warnings which had been given.

The principal subjects embraced in the Senator's discourse were the explanation of the failure of Democratic legislation; the Administration's bond issues, and the necessity of free coinage, to remedy the present serious financial situation.

The Supreme Court's income tax decision was bitterly scored; Secretary Carlisle's inconsistency in his financial views was made manifest, and the danger of longer permitting what the Senator called the "money autocracy" was dwelt upon.

What the Senator said upon the Supreme Court decision declaring the income tax law unconstitutional was especially notable. After he had analyzed briefly the decision of the Supreme Court and had read from the opinions of the minority justices who sustained the income tax law, Senator Vest took up the action of one of the justices who, according to report, had changed his original opinion and had made the majority of one against the law. He said:

"If I had made the declarations which have come from these two Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States I should be charged with partisan malice and misrepresentation. Coming from distinguished lawyers, holding the highest judicial positions in the country, of life tenure and removed from personal and political motives, I submit that those declarations, from that source, constitute the most fearful arraignment of this court of last resort found in the judicial annals of the country.

"I have said that I do not propose to analyze this decision, nor shall I trust myself to enter into conjectures as to the reasons that caused one member of the court, after agreeing, on deliberate argument, as to the constitutionality of the largest portion of the law, in two weeks afterward, upon a motion for a rehearing, to reverse his opinion and fasten upon the country 'The sordid despotism of wealth.'

"This Justice unquestionably had the right to change his opinion—it is the highest prerogative of a judicial officer—but I must say most respectfully that it is a matter of regret that he did not see proper to put upon record the reasons that caused him to make the change; that he did not stand before the American people as the only member of the court really responsible for this far-reaching and terrible judicial decision.

"The name of that Justice is unknown; it is known alone to him and to his judicial associates. Not even the clerks of the Court are able to say what individual Justice changed the decision after the case was first argued. The reasons that controlled him are lost to the profession and to the country, and it is simply a matter of conjecture as to why, in a case like this, the most important, possibly, that ever came before the Supreme Court of the United States, he allowed his name and his reasons to be buried in obscurity.

"Sir, the Senate of the United States has been ridiculed and maligned because of executive sessions. What would be thought of a member of this body who had changed his opinion of a great question like that before the Supreme Court, and did not have the manhood to stand before the American people and bear his responsibility for that result? I can imagine now the storm of opprobrium, the charges of corruption, the whettened wrath of the independent press, against a Senator who would dare to hide his name, in order to escape responsibility for a public act."

The Tidal Wave of 1894.

By the election of 1894 the States sent to Washington 165 Representatives who had never before served in Congress. Missouri did her full share in that political upheaval. When the returns were in the chairman of the state committee threw up his hands and exclaimed, "To think of it! Dick Bland beaten by a horse doctor and Champ Clark by a piano tuner."

The surprises were great enough without this exaggeration. Champ Clark promptly said the reference to his successor was not true: "The man who succeeds me is Prof. William M. Treloar, of Mexico. While he has had little to do with politics, he is a man of fair capacity and good manners. The newspapers have done him great injustice by representing him as a banjo player or piano tuner. He is nothing of the sort. He is, and for many years has been, pro-

fessor of music in Hardin College, one of the foremost educational institutions of the West. He is also a composer of music of some reputation. The Republican nomination, so I am informed, went begging for some time, and Prof. Treloar was the fifth man to whom it was offered. In 1892 I received 2,592 plurality. In 1894 Treloar beat me 132 votes, because 2,800 Democrats, thinking everything was safe, stayed at home. Prof. Treloar is a bright and enthusiastic Mason. His wife—formerly Miss Annie Silver—comes from good old Maryland Democratic stock."

Col. Tom Towles, chief clerk of the House of Representatives, was traveling back to Washington after the election of 1894 in an inconspicuous and unobtrusive way, when some one touched him on the arm. He turned and saw Senator Vest, his hat drawn down over his face, his shoulders elevated a little higher than usual, and the tawny mustache bristling over tightly compressed lips. The Senator didn't speak. The two campaigners eyed each other a few moments, and then Col. Towles asked:

"Who are you, anyway?"

"Blest if I know who I am," was the reply.

"Well," said Towles, after another pause, "Senator, I congratulate you."

"Congratulate me?" retorted the Senator with a growl. "I'd like to know why I am to be congratulated."

"Because," said Towles, "from what few returns I have seen I find that where you made speeches in Missouri we ran about a thousand worse behind than where you didn't."

The Senator took a short turn down the platform, and when he came back he said:

"There's too much truth in that to be amusing."

"Well," continued Towles, "suppose we go into the car and talk it over."

"No," said the Senator positively, "we'll not talk it over. I'll not talk it over with anybody. I'll not even talk to my wife about it. If I did I'm afraid I'd whip her."

The Senator was on his way to Hot Springs for the purpose, as he expressed it, "of boiling some of the disgust out of himself."

Perhaps the most disgusted Democrat in Missouri was Joseph K. Rickey, of Callaway County. Col. Rickey was an enthusiastic supporter of Congressman Bland. He went out to Missouri just before the election, and by chance met Col. William R. Morrison in a hotel at St. Louis the day before the election of 1894.

"Aren't you going home to vote?" asked Col. Morrison.

"No," said Rickey; "I don't think I'll go up until Wednesday. My wife wants me to go, but there isn't any use. Bland has got 3,000 or 4,000 to spare. There is no reason why I should hurry. I think I'll stay over, and go up the day after election."

He did so. Callaway, which usually gives a Democratic majority of 3,000 or more, fell short 1,100 on her Democratic vote, and Bland was beaten. Rickey and eighteen other fellows did it.

In the Missouri delegation to the Fifty-fourth Congress were eight new men. They came as the result of a political tidal wave, temporarily engulfing some of the men best known in public life. Two conditions in that Congress

were especially notable. One was the unusual number of members who stated in their autobiographical notes that they were "raised on a farm." It seemed as if an agrarian movement had carried the country. It was also quite noticeable that the corporals, the seamen, the non-commissioned veterans of the civil war were receiving their political offices. The generals and colonels, seemingly, had had their day. Missouri, that year, sent to Congress several veterans. Charles G. Burton enlisted as a private in the 19th Ohio, in 1861. He served until disability forced him out of the service. Later on, he went in again and served as corporal. This was the highest title Mr. Burton claimed. He was only 15 when he enlisted first, and he was not 20 when he held the office of corporal.

Four of the eight new members from Missouri were "raised on farms." Mr. Mozley opened his eyes on a farm in Johnson County, Ill., six months after the close of the civil war.

Mr. Treloar was born on a farm in Linden County, Wis., in 1850. Mr. Treloar's name was one of the earliest called when seats were chosen. A thousand pairs of eyes looked curiously for Mr. Clark's successor. They saw a well-dressed, scholarly looking gentleman emerge from the crowd, walk down the aisle, and, with quiet dignity, take his seat. Of farm origin, Mr. Treloar was college-bred, and one of the most cultured men among the new members. The sketch of his life showed that, removing from Wisconsin, he attended the High School and Wesleyan University at Mount Pleasant, Iowa; in 1872 removed to Missouri, and taught English and music at Huntsville; located at Mexico, Audrain County, in 1875, where he had since been engaged in teaching, filling important positions in Synodical Female College, Fulton; Hardin College (the Vassar of the West) and the public schools of Mexico. He had never held a political office prior to his election to Congress.

John P. Tracey was another of the farm-raised Missourians. He was born in Wayne County, O. He, too, enlisted as a private. After three years he came out as a first lieutenant. But before hostilities were entirely over he was commissioned as lieutenant colonel of a Missouri regiment. Mr. Tracey had had much more of a political career than most of his colleagues. He was on the Grant electoral ticket in 1868; Republican candidate for railroad commissioner in 1878; candidate for elector at large on the Garfield ticket in 1880; was commissioned United States marshal for the western district of Missouri, February 4, 1890, and served until March 4, 1894.

The only native-born Missourian among the new members was Joel D. Hubbard, "the man who beat Bland," as the Democrats usually referred to him. Mr. Hubbard was born near Marshall, Saline County, Mo., November 6, 1860; attended the public school, Central College, Fayette, Mo., and graduated from the Missouri Medical College, St. Louis, in 1883.

Dockery's Congressional Monument.

The monument which Alexander M. Dockery left in Washington at the end of eight terms in Congress was a new accounting system for the Treasury Department. Mr. Dockery was chairman of what was known as the Dockery commission. For two years he made war on the red tape and old cumbersome methods. Clerks who saw their positions endangered by the closing of useless offices joined in the abuse of the commission. At one time a fund was raised by

MONROE, MARBOIS AND LIVINGSTON SIGNING THE TREATY OF ACQUISITION OF LOUISIANA TERRITORY AT PARIS, 1803. BY KARL BITTER

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these department people to be used against Mr. Dockery in his district. For a time the Missourian was one of the most unpopular members of Congress. But just before his retirement he received letters from the comptroller and assistant comptroller and the five auditors of the treasury heartily indorsing the new system and expressing regrets that the author of it was to leave Congress. Mr. Dockery was one of the most vigorous supporters of the McKinley Administration during the Spanish-American war.

"This war is going to be worth to us all it cost," he said. "I don't mean with reference to acquisition of territory or in the development of our international relations. I mean in the effect upon us as a people, in the creations of new sentiment. Why, just think of it! I went out to Camp Alger yesterday, and there I found a man who fought four years in the Confederate army, now wearing the blue and commanding a regiment from my State. I tell you this war is a great thing for us without any consideration of what prompted it."

Mr. Dockery was one of the most consistent economists in government expenditures there was in Congress, but he did not raise his voice against a war appropriation. Accustomed as he was to scrutinize the budgets closely, he counted the dollars well spent when he viewed such burial of the old issues and prejudices. In the nominations of officers for the volunteers the country saw that the President ignored the lines. In fact, the Confederates fared in larger proportion than the Union soldiers. Three ex-Confederate major-generals had commands, while only one Union general was appointed from civil life. Down through the grades ran the recognition of both sides in the presidential appointments. Mr. Dockery called attention to an additional phase in pointing out that the governors in Union States had commissioned ex-Confederates to regimental positions. Missouri was one of the border States where the terrible passion of war raged with an intensity the States further north or south did not know. But sons of Union fathers and of ex-Confederate fathers were in the ranks side by side, and commanding them were ex-Confederate and Union officers.

Mansur on Oklahoma.

Missourians in Congress, as one man, contended for the opening of Oklahoma to settlement. Mr. Mansur of the Chillicothe District made the opening speech in favor of the bill. In the course of it he said: "In October and November last I was in attendance upon the United States Court at Kansas City for nearly three weeks. There were then under way some fifteen buildings, not one of which would cost to erect less than $250,000, and several a million or more. Her citizens dig down great bluffs, burn up high cliffs of clay, fill vast sink-holes; and nature in her sternest mood presents no obstacles the pluck of Kansas City cannot overcome. She is a new Chicago, a very Behemoth, and within ten days past she sent forth her commands by and through a monster meeting, embracing the genius, the power, and moral force of the whole great Southwest, that Oklahoma must be opened. Kansas City is like unto 'She'—the one who must be obeyed."

Bartholdt's Career.

Political climate is trying. Some men have that within them which draws nourishment and stimulus from Congressional careers. They are not many.

Perhaps one of the most notable Missouri cases of individual expansion and growth at Washington in the present generation was Richard Bartholdt. He was on a struggling German afternoon newspaper in St. Louis. He had had some newspaper training as a reporter with a German paper in New York. He had been sent to Albany to do the legislature about the time Grover Cleveland was elected governor. Then he drifted out to St. Louis. In those days he wore his hair rather long and he had some theories of government which were long-haired. He was "Dick" Bartholdt, a good-natured German newspaper man, always ready to crook the elbow to the stein but never willing to bend the hinges of the knee to the capitalistic class. Bartholdt breathed the air of public life at Washington with delight to his nostrils. He filled his lungs with it. His progress was steady until he ranked with the most effective men in the House. If Missouri wanted something accomplished, there were few Representatives who could do more towards it. Farther than this Bartholdt developed specialties in legislation which gave him rank as a leader. He was the acknowledged authority on questions relating to immigration. He became the admitted champion in Congress of international arbitration, with a reputation for furtherance of the cause which was more than national.

The Torrey Act.

The most persistent advocate of legislation in Washington for several years was Jay L. Torrey, a Missourian. As attorney for the Wholesale Grocers' Association of St. Louis, Mr. Torrey became convinced of the necessity for a bankruptcy law. That was nearly thirty-five years ago. He began the study of the subject. In 1884 he was president of a convention of commercial bodies at Washington. The result of his studies was embodied in a bill which the convention indorsed and christened the Torrey bill. Mr. Torrey secured its immediate introduction. He did not miss a session of Congress after that time. He made it his business to form the personal acquaintance of the members of the Judiciary committees at both ends of the Capitol and to impress the needs of a bankruptcy law upon them. The secret of Mr. Torrey's success was that he did not claim the Torrey bill to be perfect. If he could induce the best lawyers of Senate and House to take up the bill and examine its provisions he was satisfied. He sought objections and suggestions. For two or three Congresses the author did not make the effort to press the bill to enactment. He was working for more than temporary success. His idea was to get the best legal minds of Congress interested in the measure and to make it, when finally adopted, something that would stand the test of time. The bill passed one branch or the other, but never both branches of the same Congress, until the year of the Spanish-American war. Mr. Torrey felt that the crisis had come. There seemed to be a disposition in the Judiciary committees, without regard to politics, to act on the much revised and amended measure. All objections had been met and the bill had developed general acceptability. The war shadow came and Mr. Torrey, for the first time, allowed something else to receive his attention. He was the first man to adopt the idea that the cowboy of the West possessed peculiarly fitted qualities and training for the service in Cuba. He laid the matter before the President, Gen. Miles and the committees of the Senate and House. The response was prompt. Authority was conferred upon the President to accept three of these

regiments of rough riders. One command was given to Dr. Wood and Theodore Roosevelt and another to the originator of the proposition. Mr. Torrey left the bankruptcy bill in the hands of the friends and champions he had won in Congress. He went West and devoted himself to the organization of his regiment from among the men he knew personally as a ranchman in Wyoming. While he was recruiting, organizing and getting his regiment to the coast the bankruptcy bill reached final passage. Mr. Torrey's life work—it might almost be called that—came to a successful finish while he was absent from Washington. The result will be known as the Torrey act, but the author admitted that he made use of all of the advice and suggestions he could obtain in his nearly twenty years of labor.

Vest's Defense of Missouri Industries.

In 1883 the mining industry of Missouri had obtained such importance that Senator Vest was prompted in the course of a tariff debate to declare himself in defense of the State's industries. He said:

"While I believe in the general doctrine of a tariff for revenue, at the same time I have always held and hold now, and am prepared to defend the assertion, that inside of the limit of a tariff for revenue, protection, which is incidental to every tariff, should be given to the infant American industries.

"The zinc industry is an infant American industry. It has grown up since the war. Two-thirds of the zinc produced in the United States is produced west of the Mississippi River, in the States of Missouri and Kansas. If the duty which the committee proposes now upon zinc be reduced the result will be a destruction of this industry.

"In 1881 there were 43,000,000 pounds of lead ore produced in Southwestern Missouri and in Kansas, equivalent to 15,000 tons of pig lead and 34 per cent of the total product of the whole United States. Of zinc ore 50,000 tons were produced in Southwestern Missouri and in Kansas, or two-thirds of the total product of the United States. There were engaged in mining lead 2,000 persons, in lead smelting 300 persons, in zinc smelting 450 persons, in operating pumps, drills, etc., 1,000 persons.

"Immediately dependent upon the industry of lead and zinc are the towns of Joplin, Mo., with 8,000 inhabitants; Webb City and Carterville, Mo., with 4,000 inhabitants; Granby, Mo., with 1,500 inhabitants, and Galena and Empire, Kan., with 4,000 inhabitants.

"I will not go through statistics to show the effects of the tariff duty upon the production of lead and upon its price in St. Louis and New York, but I simply say that if this duty be reduced now the result would be, as I am informed, an absolute destruction of this industry at the present time. Within the limits of a tariff for revenue I propose to protect this production and this industry if I possibly can, and I shall blame no other Senator if from his own State and his own standpoint within the limit I have mentioned he takes care of his people and of their industries."

The Senator from Missouri was taken to task by his own side, notably by Senator Bayard, for his so-called protective heresy, but he stoutly maintained his position and retorted:

"I distinctly repudiate the assertion of the Senator from Delaware that I stand here upon any such doctrine or platform as 'you tickle me and I tickle you.'"

At another time during the same discussion he declared himself in the following emphatic manner:

"I am for protection up to the limit of revenue for the support of the government. Inside of that I intend to take care of my people. That is my business upon this floor."

Senator Reed and the Precedents.

In both branches of Congress from the beginning of statehood Missourians have stood for independent thinking on public questions. Senators and Representatives have dared to differ frequently with Presidents of their own parties. Senator James A. Reed had many precedents for his insistence on rigid scrutiny of Administration measures in 1914. In discussing the trade bill he said: "As long as I live I do not intend to vest in a board of men the power to do something of great moment, great sweep and great gravity, when I do not myself entertain a clear idea as to the powers I have granted." In his attitude respecting currency measures, the tariff revision and other legislation, the Senator was following the traditions of Missouri statesmanship.

Mr. Tarsney and the Lobbyist.

Over the Oklahoma legislation Congressman Tarsney lost faith in his colleagues, faith in the lobby and faith in the world generally. The Kansas City member waged a great fight against "the sooners" of Oklahoma. He didn't care particularly for the poor fellows who lay out in the brush so as to get on their claims as soon as 12 o'clock of the day of opening arrived. Those were not the kind of sooners Mr. Tarsney was after. He went gunning for another class. There were in the Territory before the day of opening numerous deputy marshals. These fellows, as soon as 12 o'clock arrived, threw up their commissions and squatted on the best claims. Mr. Tarsney took the warpath for them. When the Oklahoma town site bill went through the House he made the fight so hot that an ironclad provision was inserted to catch all those who kept the letter of the President's proclamation but violated its spirit. Mr. Tarsney felt good. Unfortunately, the Senate bill was not like the House bill. A conference was necessary. The compromise was agreed upon, and Mr. Tarsney tried to find out if his anti-sooner provision had been retained. He could get nothing definite from the committee on conference. The compromise was to appear next morning in the Record. Mr. Tarsney hunted through his mail. For the first time in weeks his Record failed to reach him. But before he went to the House the lobbyist of the anti-sooners came around to tell him the compromise was all right; that everybody was satisfied. This anti-sooner lobbyist had been there all winter. He had kept Mr. Tarsney posted in all that was going on among the anti-sooners, and had furnished not a little ammunition to fight the sooners. Ordinarily Mr. Tarsney would have trusted the anti-sooner lobbyist, but he was in an unusually suspicious mood. He went in search of some of the members who had helped him put in the anti-sooner amendment. Their Records had missed them, strange to say, that morning. Mr. Tarsney climbed

the long stairway to the Capitol, with his suspicions growing stronger and stronger every step. He found a Record at length. It was as he feared. His anti-sooner provision had disappeared in the shuffle between the Senate and the House. Mr. Tarsney tried to rally his forces. Everywhere he went he found that the anti-sooner lobbyist had preceded him and had told all of the anti-sooner champions that the bill was all right. The false lobbyist was fleet of foot and nimble of tongue. He had done the damage. Mr. Tarsney tried to set the matter right. He was too late. The compromise was agreed to. Only thirty members voted with Mr. Tarsney. The bill went to the President without the iron-clad clause. There was nothing in it by which the ex-deputy marshals could be dispossessed of their choice corner lots. That evening, as Mr. Tarsney walked up the avenue, he met the late lobbyist of the anti-sooners, with whom he had held daily consultations for two months in the campaign to circumvent the sooners. The late lobbyist wore a new suit of clothes, a glossy hat and patent leather pumps. He passed the Congressman without speaking.

The Missourians' Day Off.

In 1888 most of the Missouri members of Congress found themselves, by chance, in the same car on the Whitney excursion to Philadelphia to see the birth of the new navy. The seats were hardly taken when Major Warner, in tones which penetrated to the ends of the car, exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I invite your attention to my colleague, Farmer Wade. Look at that silk hat. What! By thunder, he's got on an embroidered shirt. Stand up, Wade, and let those New Yorkers see what a Missouri statesman can do."

Farmer Wade stood up, bowed and sat down.

Judge Lyman of Iowa, after some scrutiny, expressed the judicial opinion that it wasn't a shirt Wade had on—but only a dickey. Warner insisted that there wasn't anything counterfeit about his colleague. Lyman dared him to prove that it wasn't a dickey, and Warner appealed to Wade to exhibit himself, but the farmer from the Ozarks said he'd be dinged if he was going to furnish amusement for a parcel of boys, buttoned up his Prince Albert and showed fight when it was proposed to force him to settle the controversy.

Then Warner got a glimpse of Walker, the dandy of the delegation, who was keeping very quiet at the other end of the car.

"Hullo!" said he, "there's another Missourian in a stovepipe. I say, Hatch, imagine Wade climbing the mountains in his district, and Walker wading the swamps in his, wearing those silk hats in the campaign next fall."

This started Hatch, who said: "Wade, I'll enter into a bond right now to give you a suit of clothes if you'll wear that hat one day in each county of your district next October."

"I'll take that proposition, Colonel," said Walker, coming forward.

"No, you won't!" said Hatch. "It isn't open to you. I could afford to lose a suit of clothes to Wade to beat a Republican, but I couldn't afford to lose it and see a Democrat beaten."

"I'll wear the hat and give you a bond not to lose the district, either," Walker argued. Then turning from Hatch to the eastern members, who were greeting the sallies of the Missourians with shouts of laughter, Walker said: "I'll just tell you fellows that I wore the finest fitting suit of clothes I ever had

when I was campaigning in my district. I made one speech in a town forty miles from a railroad, and I wore those good clothes there. I said to the people that I understood somebody had been talking about my suit, and I wanted to tell them it was paid for. I added that if it was discreditable in Missouri to wear good clothes, which were paid for, I would have to stand it, but I didn't believe they thought so. Well, that township voted unanimously for me."

Congressman Parker of New York said that the talk about silk hats reminded him of his experience on the committee appointed to investigate the Southwestern Railroad strike two years ago.

"We stopped off in some town in Texas," said he, "and as we left the cars the natives on the platform eyed us with some curiosity. I was about the third one out. We all had on silk hats. As I got down the steps I heard somebody say, quite audibly, 'There's another of them ministers.'"

This prompted Mr. Stone of Missouri to tell one of his Washington experiences. He wears a good hat in his district and a wide-brimmed, white slouch in Washington. He said he was passing along Pennsylvania avenue the other day, in company with another member, when a bootblack looked at him critically and shouted to a partner down the street:

"Hi! Jimmy! Look at the cowboy."

By this time Farmer Wade had recovered from the shock of the onslaught upon his hat and shirt, and he invited attention to the diamond, as big as a hickory nut, on the front of Major Warner's shirt.

"If any of you fellows think that I wear diamonds, he can lose some money on it," retorted Warner. "That is what that stone is there for—to catch suckers."

Dockery volunteered the information that Burnes was probably the only Missourian who wore diamonds.

"Yes," said Wade, "and did you ever hear of the speech he made up in his district about those diamonds? Some of his enemies started the charge among the farmers that he wore diamonds, thinking it would hurt him. Brother Burnes waited until he got out into the rural end of the district and then he answered the charge. He put on that air of sincerity which we are all acquainted with, and he said: 'Fellow citizens—It has been charged by my enemies that I wear diamonds. The charge is true. I do wear diamonds, and always expect to wear them, and I'll tell you why. Once I sat by the bedside of a dying friend, holding his hand. We had been like brothers for years. Almost the last thing he said to me was, "Jim, take these and wear them to remember me by." I told him I would and have done so. That is my explanation. Now, do you blame me?' A great shout of 'noes' told that Brother Burnes was vindicated in the minds of the farmers. They say it is as much as a man's life is worth to go into that district now and talk disparagingly about Jim Burnes' diamonds."

Then Warner told a story on Cosgrove, which he said Stone could vouch for. After Cosgrove had been in Congress one winter he went out home to see about his fences for the next term, and somewhere down in Saline County, perhaps at Slater, where Hez Purdom runs things, Cosgrove made a speech. In the course of his remarks he had occasion to use the words "either" and "neither" and "route," pronouncing them "ei—ther," "nei—ther" and "root." When he got through he strolled around shaking hands, kissing babies and doing other

little acts of the statesman seeking renomination, until he encountered one bare-headed old farmer who controlled a township.

"Well, Uncle John, how are things down in your part of the county this time?" asked Cosgrove.

"I'll be frank with you, Cosgrove," said the old man. "They don't look very bright. I'm not for you this time."

"Why, what's the matter, Uncle John?"

"Cosgrove, when you was talking to us awhile ago you said 'ei—ther' and 'nei—ther' and 'root.' When a man goes to Washington, comes back in six months and murders the language like that I can't support him any longer."

The next story was at Mr. Dockery's expense. Mr. Heard, it seemed, had been trying to make out Dockery's real position regarding the direct tax bill during the late deadlock. To obtain the information, he had watched Dockery's votes on the various roll-calls. But sometimes Dockery voted one way and sometimes the other way. Finally, in a very confused frame of mind, Heard went over to Burnes and told him what he had observed.

"Now," said Heard, "you can see for yourself how it goes. Here is a roll-call. How will Dockery vote this time, do you think?"

Burnes looked across the chamber and studied Dockery's face a moment. Then he turned to Heard and replied with deliberation and emphasis: "Dockery doesn't know yet how he's going to vote. The probability is he won't vote at all until the second call, when he will know how everybody else has voted."

And thus the Missourians made it interesting as they journeyed to Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XXII.

MISSOURI AND THE WHITE HOUSE.

Electors Before Statehood—A Hot Protest—Mr. Lehmann on Missouri's Extraordinary Position—The Casting Vote in 1824—How John Scott Elected a President—Eccentric but the Idol of His Fellow Townsmen—John B. Clark, a National Figure—Fight Against John Sherman—Split at Charleston—Missouri, the Balance of Power—When Benton was Talked of for President—Relations of Lincoln and Blair—Bates in the Convention of 1860—A Missouri Movement Against Lincoln—The Radicals at Baltimore—A Stormy Convention Scene—The Broadhead Letter—Blair at the End of the War—The Liberal Republican Convention—B. Gratz Brown—The Striking Down of Bland—Suppression of a Telegram—Secret Influences—Blaine's Boy Standard—The Cockrell Opportunity in 1900—Champ Clark at Baltimore—Nine times the Choice of the Majority—The Two-thirds Rule—William J. Bryan's Astonishing Course—Desperate Tactics to Dictate—A Slander Challenged—The Speaker's Manly Position—Tribute to Senator Stone—When a Missourian Entertained a Tired President—Some Patronage Stories—How Certain Cabinet Selections Came About—Switzler's Statistical Record.

If it should at any time appear that my candidacy is an obstruction to the nomination of any candidate who is acceptable to the free coinage delegation, or one more acceptable than myself, I wish my name at once withdrawn from further consideration. Put the cause above men.—*Richard P. Bland's Telegram to the Missouri Delegation at Chicago in 1896.*

In February, 1821, Missouri was still waiting on Congress for admission. The state government was running. Presidential electors had been chosen in 1820. Missouri's electoral vote was presented in Washington when the Senate and House met in joint session to canvass the returns. What should be done about it? Fortunately, whatever was the decision, Missouri's electoral vote would not affect the result. It was proposed that the President of the Senate should announce the total vote cast for President as a certain number if Missouri was counted and a certain other number if Missouri was not counted. But when the harmless program was about to be completed a member called out:

"I object to receiving any votes for President and Vice-President from Missouri, because Missouri is not a State in this Union."

This started trouble. Many members tried to be heard. The Senators arose and filed out leaving the House in parliamentary turmoil. After some time a request was sent to the Senators to come back. The program was carried out with protests. Monroe and Tompkins were declared elected President and Vice-President.

Addressing the Missouri Historical Society in 1914, Frederick W. Lehmann told of the extraordinary part Missouri had in a Presidential election before her admission as a State. He was reviewing the long drawn out contest in Congress over the Missouri Compromise:

"It is a singular circumstance that at this very time of bitter and heated controversy over the slavery question, there should occur what never happened before or since, excepting in the case of Washington, a unanimous election to the Presidency. Every Presidential elector chosen in 1820 was pledged to Monroe and all voted for him excepting Plumer of New Hampshire, who voted for John Quincy Adams for the sentimental reason that only Washington was entitled to the honor of a unanimous election. When the time came to count the electoral vote, the question of the status of Missouri necessarily arose. Was she a State or was she not a State? It was at last agreed that if objection was made to counting the Missouri vote the announcement should be, 'Were the votes of Missouri to be counted the result would be for James Monroe for President of the United States, 231 votes; if not counted, for James Monroe for President of the United States, 228 votes; but in either case James Monroe is elected President of the United States.' A like formula was prepared for the Vice-President. But even this simple and non-committal program was not carried through without great tumult and disorder."

When Missouri Elected the President.

Missouri's opportunity to elect a President came about in 1824. The electoral vote gave Jackson 99; Adams, 84; W. H. Crawford, 41 and Clay, 37. John Quincy Adams received only about one-third of the popular vote. The election of President went to the House, each State having one vote. Missouri had but a single Representative. John Scott was an admirer of Henry Clay and a close friend of Senator Barton. Missourians quite generally urged that the State's vote be given to Jackson. They brought the greatest possible pressure to bear on John Scott. Some of the most intimate friends of the Missourian urged him to respect the sentiment of the State. Scott uniformly replied that he considered it dangerous to put a soldier in the White House. He voted for Adams and never held public office after that. At the next general election Edward Bates was elected the Representative of Missouri.

As Delegate and Representative Scott was in Congress eleven years. He was a Virginian by birth, educated at Princeton. With Barton and Benton he formed the political triumvirate of Missouri. When he ran for Delegate to Congress in 1816 he led Rufus Easton by fifteen votes. Easton charged fraud and the seat was declared vacant by Congress. The next election gave Scott a large majority. It passed into history as one of the most exciting in that generation. The soldiers came down from Fort Bellefontaine. They paraded the streets and escorted voters to the polling place with fife and drum. Near the polls was a shed under which were tables with whiskey, bread and meat for those who supported "the true Republican nominee," as Scott was called. Easton men resented the activities of the soldiers. Clubs and knives were used. But Scott, although living in a rival community, carried St. Louis County by 150 majority. He was re-elected four times.

A newspaper writer described John Scott as "a logical and impressive speaker, and a man of quick perception and unbounded resources, which he could always command in a sudden emergency. He was of a very nervous temperament, quick and active in his movements, and very rapid in his enunciation. He was much given to profanity, the presence of ladies not affecting him

in the least, and was very eccentric in his dress and manners. He always wore pantaloons four or five sizes too large for him, a little black cloth cap pulled down over his eyes, and invariably carried a big green bag, in which he kept his books and papers, like the English lawyers in olden times. No matter where he went, that green bag went with him. He was also in the habit of carrying an assortment of pistols and knives, in order to be prepared for an emergency, and if occasion required he did not hesitate to use them, for he was a man of great courage. With all his eccentricities, he was endowed with the most generous and noble impulses, and the people of Ste. Genevieve idolized him."

John Scott died at the age of eighty in June, 1861, just after the beginning of the Civil war. He was uncompromisingly against secession. It is said that near his end he called for a pistol and that his last words were, "Show me the traitor that wants to destroy this great government." When shortly before his death John Scott was urged to seek religion his answer was, "I have served the devil all my life and it wouldn't be right to desert him now."

John B. Clark's Fight Against Sherman.

A Missourian whose name was put forward by newspaper mention for the Presidential nomination before the Civil war was John B. Clark of Fayette. General Clark's prominence as a national figure at that time, in 1858, grew out of the active part he took in the deadlock over the organization of the House of Representatives. In a reminiscent talk at his home, not long before his death, the aged soldier and statesman told how this mention by the press was inspired:

"It was about the time I made a hard fight against the election of John Sherman as Speaker. Helper, a North Carolina man, had written a book called 'The Impending Crisis.' He argued that slavery must soon come to an end. John Sherman wrote a letter, and it was put in the book, recommending the circulation of it as a good work, embodying true principles. I was delayed in getting to Washington until Monday, the day of opening, by a railroad accident. Our caucuses were held then on the Sunday before the opening day and I had missed them. Sherman had been nominated for Speaker by the Republicans. The Democrats had selected Bocock, and the twenty-eight know nothings had agreed upon old Pennington of New Jersey. The Know Nothings, or the American party as they called themselves, wouldn't vote with either the Democrats or the Republicans. I ran up to the capitol just as soon as I got to Washington, and found the House swearing in the members. As soon as I learned what had been done, I sat down and wrote out a resolution declaring that 'no one who recommends the circulation of the Helper book is fit for Speaker of this House.'

"We fought on it for sixty-four days, putting off the organization of the House and the transaction of business all that time. I made several speeches. I would read that portion of the book justifying the killing of masters by negroes, and then I'd read Sherman's recommendation. If there was any weakening, that would brace 'em up. Nearly every night I would get a hatfull of letters threatening to kill me if I didn't withdraw the resolution and let the House organize. There was no way of getting appropriations, you see, and a good many were feeling the need of money. My wife was scared, but I paid no attention to the threats."

General Clark stopped for a few moments. When he resumed his narrative it was not to recall the mention of him as a Presidential possibility but to tell the origin of a story which afterwards became a political and legal classic even beyond the borders of Missouri. Colonel D. P. Dyer used the illustration most effectively in one of his speeches during his prosecution of the whiskey ring in St. Louis in 1875 and 1876.

"So it went on. One time in a speech I alluded to the Know Nothings and said I'd smoke 'em out before I got through—make 'em come over and support the Democratic nominee. Finally the fight came to an end by the Republicans going over to the Know Nothing candidate, Pennington, and electing him by a majority of five. Just before it was done I knew something was coming. Judge Morehead, of Pennsylvania, got up and said: 'I wonder what the gentleman from Missouri will think now about his smoking-out process. We expect today to elect a Speaker and organize the House.'

"They went on and organized, and while they were doing it Tom Corwin, of Ohio, came over and sat by me. My seat was close by Sherman. He asked me what I was going to say in reply to Morehead's mean attack. I said I didn't see that there was anything to say. He thought I must say something. So I got up and spoke: 'I said I would smoke 'em out, and I have done it. The Know Nothings and the Republicans have joined and organized the House, which they might have done a month ago; but they have all virtually agreed to my resolution, which they should have done at first. Look at Sherman,' I said, turning to where he sat, near me, long-legged and pale-faced. 'He recommended the circulation of a book which was full of assassination and murder. He recommended that book to the country, and then wanted to be Speaker. Instead of being Speaker he ought to be hung. Gentlemen, I feel like a hunter did out in my country, who went out in the woods and brought down a big long-legged turkey. The bird fell from the tree and the hunter laid down his gun and ran up towards it. But the turkey was only winged. He bobbed under some brush, then into a patch of briers, with the hunter after him. Finally, after a hard chase, the turkey got the start. The hunter stopped on the top of a hill and looked after the turkey which was half way to the bottom. "Darn ye!" said the hunter to the turkey, "you kin go, but ye'll have to roost low the balance of yer life." '

"When I got through speaking Corwin said to me: 'Clark, where was you raised?' 'Out in Missouri,' I told him. 'Where did you hear that story?' he asked. 'Nowhere,' said I, 'but you told me I had to say something and that seemed to fit the case.' It was after this fight against Sherman that some of the papers began to talk about me for the Presidency."

Missouri's Part in the Charleston Split.

General James Craig of St. Joseph once told of the important part John B. Clark performed in the Democratic convention at Charleston in 1860. He said that the committee on platform was so evenly divided that "Old Bustamente," as he called Clark, had the casting vote. The party split. The northern Democrats held another convention at Baltimore and nominated Douglas. Speaking of the Charleston convention, General Clark said:

"Governor Bradley was on the committee, William W. Avery, H. B. Payne and others, I don't remember all of them now. Each State had one member of

the committee. I was chosen for Missouri. The committee was divided into Douglas and Davis men. The Davis men wanted a platform which pledged the United States government to sustain slaveholding in the territories with bayonets if necessary. The Douglas men wanted the question left to the territories to settle for themselves—'squatter sovereignty.' We were in session trying to agree upon a platform two or three days. Our room was crowded and there were a great many speeches made. Whether the committee was equally divided on the question I can't say. My impression is that it was not. There was a great deal of feeling shown in the discussion."

"Were there any personal difficulties?"

"Yes, I remember one in particular. What was the name of that man they called the 'spoon thief?' Yes, Butler. Ben Butler was the Massachusetts member of the committee. His position was a peculiar one. He was anti-Douglas, and he really sided with the Davis men, and advocated secession. I had letters from him afterwards and kept them until my trouble came on, and I was unable to take care of my papers. He explained that the reason he took the stand he did at Charleston was that he wanted to see slavery broken up, and he thought that would be the result if the southern States seceded. There was a man in the convention from California named Smith, a son of General Extra Billy Smith, of Virginia, you've heard about. He created a good deal of excitement one night by slapping Butler's jaws. The offense was a speech that Butler had made in the committee room about California. We had been in session two or three days trying to agree on a platform, and Butler had made a speech in which he said California had been making more fuss than she had any business to. He said California hadn't any right to be heard. She hadn't been admitted in a legal manner as a State; she was a bastard. Smith heard the language and crossed over to where Butler was and slapped him. At the same time he said: 'If it wasn't for your bald head I'd cut your throat.'

"I don't recollect," General Clark went on, after a short pause, "about the different resolutions. There were a great many resolutions before the committee. The rule of the convention was that all resolutions should go to us without debate. We finally found it impossible to agree on a report, and made two. The convention rejected the Davis resolutions and several of the southern States withdrew from the convention. We adjourned to Baltimore and I was late getting there. I had to attend to some business in Washington, but I recollect I was a Douglas man there, and made a speech pledging myself to support him."

Benton and the Republican Nomination.

Benton once refused the nomination of Vice-President, preferring the Missouri Senatorship. At another time he declined the appointment of chief justice of the United States Supreme Court. In the spring of 1856 there were Missourians who thought of Benton for national leadership, notwithstanding the futile efforts to elect him United States Senator and notwithstanding his defeat in 1854 for Congress. Out of the wreck of the Whig party and between the free-soil and proslavery wings of the democratic party it seemed possible to form a new national party. The educated German patriots were especially alert for the new party alignment. Alexander Kayser, the St. Louis lawyer, representative of the best German thought and tendencies in the West, sought from

Benton an expression whether he would accept the Presidential nomination from the new party—the Republican party that was to be. Benton wrote back from Washington on the 12th of March, 1856, telling of his literary plans and concluding: "This work is enough for me and of more dignity (to say nothing of anything else) than acting a part in the slavery agitation, which is now the work of both parties and which, in my opinion, is to end disastrously for the Union, let which side will prevail. A new man unconnected with the agitation is what the country wants."

Lincoln and Blair.

As early as the spring of 1857, six months after the election of Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln and Francis P. Blair were planning. Herndon, the law partner of Lincoln, wrote from Springfield, Illinois, to Theodore Parker of Boston, abolitionist, on the 8th of April, 1857:

"I had a most entertaining conversation on yesterday with one of the leading emancipationists of Missouri, and one of the leading Republicans of this State. Do not ask who they are—will tell you about it ere long. This is the substance of it: The Missouri Democrat is to open and bloom for republicanism in 1860. The Louisville Journal is to follow, and some paper in Virginia is to fall into the trail, all of which is, as it were, to happen accidentally. The Democrat is simply to suggest; the Journal is to suggest still stronger, and at last all are to open wide for republicanism. As these two men said, 'We are to see the devil in these border States in 1860.' These two men are more than ordinary men; the conversation was in my office, and was confidential; therefore I keep dark and request you to do so on the Missouri man's account—don't care for the Illinois man. You know the Illinois man."

The two men to whom Herndon referred were Lincoln and Blair. Benton heard of the planning.

"I wish you to get the St. Louis Democrat—change its name and character—for no useful paper can now ever be made of it. I will be in St. Louis in April and assist you. The paper is given up to the slavery subject, agitating state emancipation against my established and known policy."

Thus Benton wrote from Washington to one of his wealthy and influential friends in St. Louis in 1857. Back of this letter of "the old Roman" is a story of journalism and politics with Abraham Lincoln as one of the principals. Between the law office in Springfield and the printing office in St. Louis was growing a relationship which was of far reaching influence. Benton realized that new forces were at work. He failed to measure them. Bentonism was waning rapidly. A new master hand in the making of public sentiment was in the field. Benton in his third of a century of political success had never minimized the importance of newspaper support. Lincoln had Benton's respect for the power of the press and more than Benton's facility for making use of it to form public sentiment as the political and newspaper evolution at St. Louis showed.

Not all of Benton's remarkable letter on the subject of the Missouri Democrat has been given. The demand that the paper be obtained and changed was preceded by this:

"My friends told me that these persons would turn out for abolition in the State as soon as the election was over but I would not believe them. For persons

calling themselves my friends to attack the whole policy of my life, which was to keep slavery agitation out of the State, and get my support in the canvass by keeping me ignorant of what they intended to do is the greatest outrage I have experienced. Those who have done it have never communicated one word to me in justification or explanation of their conduct; for it is something they can neither explain nor justify."

Benton's protest was of no avail. The next year, 1858, the Missouri Democrat was openly fighting the battle of Lincoln against Douglas in Illinois.

Edward Bates in 1860.

A statesman of Missouri in 1850-60, one of the clearest-sighted of them all, was Edward Bates. He had seen the whig party go to pieces. He was in thorough sympathy with the work of party construction which Lincoln was doing in Illinois. He was not active in the Lincoln movement but he was a wise adviser. There was but very little of the Republican party in Missouri outside of St. Louis. And in the city the interest centered at the Missouri Democrat office. When the time came to send a delegation to the Chicago convention of 1860, the delegation went committed to Edward Bates, but, as Mr. Bates explained, not with the expectation that he would be nominated. The purpose was to hold the delegation away from an eastern candidate. Lincoln was almost as much the candidate of the Missouri delegation as if instructions had been given for him. After the nomination Mr. Bates wrote a letter to O. H. Browning of Quincy. He not only declared for Mr. Lincoln but he pointed out in his convincing way the strength of Mr. Lincoln as a candidate. He considered Mr. Lincoln stronger than the platform.

"As to the platform," Judge Bates wrote, "I have little to say, because whether good or bad, that will not constitute the ground of my support of Mr. Lincoln."

"I consider Mr. Lincoln a sound, safe, national man. He could not be sectional if he tried. His birth, the habits of his life and his geographical position compel him to be national. All his feelings and interests are identified with the great valley of the Mississippi, near whose center he has spent his whole life. That valley is not a section, but conspicuously the body of the nation, and, large as it is, it is not capable of being divided into sections, for the great river cannot be divided. It is one and indivisible and the north and the south are alike necessary to its comfort and prosperity. Its people, too, in all their interests and affections, are as broad and generous as the regions they inhabit. They are emigrants, a mixed multitude, coming from every State in the Union, and from most countries in Europe. They are unwilling, therefore, to submit to any one petty local standard. They love the nation as a whole, and they love all its parts, for they are bound to them all, not only by a feeling of common interest and mutual dependence, but also by the recollections of childhood and youth, by blood and friendship, and by all those social and domestic charities which sweeten life, and make this world worth living in. The valley is beginning to feel its power, and will soon be strong enough to dictate the law of the land. Whenever that state of things shall come to pass, it will be most fortunate for the nation to find the powers of the government lodged in the hands of men whose habits of thought, whose position and surrounding circumstances constrain them to use those powers for general and not sectional ends."

With such broad and statesmanlike views of the situation, Mr. Bates led up to his personal and intimate estimate of Mr. Lincoln.

"I have known Mr. Lincoln for more than twenty years, and therefore have a right to speak of him with some confidence. As an individual he has earned a high reputation for truth, courage, candor, morals and amiability, so that as a man he is most trustworthy. And in this particular he is more entitled to our esteem than some other men, his equals, who had far better opportunities and aids in early life. His talents and the will to use them to the best advantage are unquestionable; and the proof is found in the fact that, in every position in life, from his humble beginning to his present well earned elevation, he has more than fulfilled the best hopes of his friends. And now in the full vigor of his manhood and in the honest pride of having made himself what he is, he is the peer of the first men of the nation, well able to sustain himself and advance his cause against any adversary, and in any field where mind and knowledge are the weapons used. In politics he has acted out the principles of his own moral and intellectual character. He has not concealed his thoughts or hidden his light under a bushel. With the boldness of conscious rectitude and the frankness of downright honesty, he has not failed to avow his opinions of public officers upon all fitting occasions. I give my opinion freely in favor of Mr. Lincoln and I hope that for the good of the whole country he may be elected."

Edward Bates had declined a place in the cabinet of Mr. Fillmore a few years before. He accepted the attorney generalship with Mr. Lincoln. The selection of Mr. Bates and Mr. Montgomery Blair for cabinet positions was almost equivalent to giving Missouri two places.

The Anti-Lincoln Movement in 1864.

Missourians, headed by B. Gratz Brown, were active in a movement to forestall the renomination of Lincoln in 1864. A national convention was called to meet in Cleveland in May. It was attended by 350 delegates who did not believe that Mr. Lincoln was aggressive enough in his policies. B. Gratz Brown was one of the signers of the call. Wendell Phillips and Fred Douglass made speeches. Three planks in a very radical platform were as follows:

"That the one-term policy for the presidency adopted by the people is strengthened by the force of the existing crisis and should be maintained by constitutional amendment.

"That the Constitution should be so amended that the President and Vice-President shall be elected by a direct vote of the people.

"That the confiscation of the lands of the rebels and their distribution among the soldiers and actual settlers is a measure of justice."

The convention nominated General John C. Fremont for President and Gen. John Cochrane for Vice-President. The candidates withdrew in September.

The call for the regular Republican convention in 1864 omitted the word "Republican." It designated the assemblage as the "Union National Convention."

When Missouri was reached in the call of the roll of States for the nomination of President, the chairman of the delegation, John F. Hume, arose and said:

"It is a matter of regret that we now differ from the convention which has been so kind to the Radicals of Missouri; but we came here instructed. We represent those who are behind us at home, and we recognize the right of instruction, and we intend to obey our instruction. But in doing so we declare emphatically that we are with the Union party of this nation, and we intend to fight the battle through with it, and assist in carrying its banner to victory in the end, and we will support your nominees, be they whom they may. I will read the resolution adopted by the convention which sent us here:

"'That we extend our heartfelt thanks to the soldiers of Missouri, who have been, and are now baring their breasts to the storm of battle for the preservation of our free

GEN. U. S. GRANT

From a war-time photograph

REAR VIEW OF THE LOG HOUSE AND BARN WHICH GRANT BUILT IN 1855

TO NEW YORK
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institutions. That we hail them as the practical Radicals of the nation whose arguments are invincible, and whose policy for putting down the rebellion is first in importance and effectiveness.'

"Mr. President, in the spirit of that resolution, I cast the twenty-two votes of Missouri for the man who stands at the head of the fighting radicals of the nation, Ulysses S. Grant."

Before the final vote was announced Mr. Hume changed the vote of Missouri from Grant to Lincoln and moved that the nomination of Lincoln be made unanimous.

Young as Republicanism was in the State, Missouri sent one set of delegates to the Cleveland convention in 1864, and two other sets to the Baltimore convention. The Missouri Republicans who went to Cleveland helped to nominate John C. Fremont, and did all they could to damage the prospects of Lincoln for a renomination. The two sets which went to Baltimore contested for the seats with as much vigor as if the nomination depended upon which set got in. All the time it was a foregone conclusion that Lincoln would be renominated, and the committee on credentials besought the Missourians to patch up their differences and go in together on half representation. One set of the Missouri delegates was headed by John F. Hume and came with certificates from a Republican State convention, probably the second gathering of that name ever held in the State. The other delegation was headed by Congressman Tom Price; it had been made up at a meeting in St. Louis by the men who had control of the Federal patronage in the State. The Hume delegates flatly refused to accept a half-loaf as better than none, and in the end were admitted to the floor as entitled to represent the State. Some of the rejected set afterwards turned up at Chicago seeking admission to the Democratic convention which nominated McClellan.

A Delegate's Recollections.

McClurg and Widdicombe were members of the Hume delegation. They represented the Jefferson City district. Widdicombe was from Boonville. His connection with the Republican party of Missouri dated back to 1861, when there were just nine "radicals," as they were called then, in Boonville, and when the nine used to stumble upstairs in the dark and meet by the light of a tallow candle in a third-story room. In 1887 Captain Widdicombe recalled the part the Missourians took in the Baltimore convention.

"We had caucused and agreed upon our program," he said, "but not a word was allowed to slip about it. Lincoln's name was the only one formally presented to the convention, and as the roll was called each State announced its vote for him amid much enthusiasm. At length Missouri was reached. John F. Hume got up slowly and cast the vote of Missouri for U. S. Grant. Such a storm of disapproval was never started in any convention that I ever attended. Delegates and lookers-on howled and howled. I can remember how I felt. I think my hair stood right up on end. After Hume announced the vote he sat down, and there we were, as solemn and determined as men could look with the mob all around us demanding that the vote should be changed. I hadn't any doubt for a few moments but what we would be picked up, every man of us, and thrown out into the street.

"Finally, old Jim Lane, of Kansas, got the attention of the convention," continued Captain Widdicombe. "I suppose they quieted down out of curiosity to know what sort of a fate he would propose for us. Lane went on to say that we were neighbors of his. We had come to the convention with proper credentials, and had been admitted as delegates. That being the case, we had a right to vote for whom we pleased, and it was not Republicanism to try to prevent us. This coming from Jim Lane and Kansas had a good effect. As soon as he sat down Governor Stone, of Iowa, another good Republican State, jumped up. He was a man more like Sam Cox than anybody I ever saw. He said we were neighbors of his, too, and he didn't like to see us treated that way. He urged the convention to show fair play.

"That partially quieted the storm," Captain Widdicombe went on, "and the roll-call proceeded, but with some grumbling. The last State was reached, and announced its vote as all the others had done, except ours, for Lincoln. Then Mr. Hume got up, before any declaration of the result could be made, and stated that Missouri wished to change her vote from Grant to Lincoln and to move that Mr. Lincoln's nomination be made unanimous. By that time the convention saw what we were up to, and how everybody did shout! After the convention adjourned our delegation came over to Washington and marched up to the White House headed by Gen. John B. Henderson, who was then in the Senate. General Henderson presented us and Mr. Lincoln got off some funny remarks about our course in the convention. But after we went back home we never had any further occasion to complain about the control of the Federal patronage in Missouri so long as Mr. Lincoln lived."

Blair and the Broadhead Letter.

In the Presidential campaign of 1868 a former Missourian headed one ticket—Grant and Colfax! A Missourian held the second place on the other side—Seymour and Blair. For that campaign Francis P. Blair furnished the issue in what became historic as "the Broadhead letter":

"Washington, June 20, 1868.

"Colonel James O. Broadhead:

"Dear Colonel: In reply to your inquiries I beg to say that I leave to you to determine, on consultation with my friends from Missouri, whether my name shall be presented to the Democratic convention, and to submit the following as what I consider the real and only issue in this contest:

"The reconstruction policy of the radicals will be complete before the next election; the States, so long excluded, will have been admitted; negro suffrage established, and the carpet-baggers installed in their seats in Congress. There is no possibility of changing the political character of the Senate, even if the Democrats should elect their President, and a majority of the popular branch of Congress. We cannot, therefore, undo the radical plan of reconstruction by congressional action; the Senate will continue a bar to its repeal. Must we submit to it? How can it be overthrown? It can be overthrown only by the authority of the Executive, who is sworn to maintain the Constitution, and who will fail to do his duty if he allows the Constitution to perish under a series of congressional enactments which are in palpable violation of its fundamental principles.

"If the President, elected by the Democracy, enforces or permits others to enforce the reconstruction acts, the radicals, by the accession of twenty spurious Senators and fifty Representatives will control both branches of Congress and his administration will be as powerless as the present one of Mr. Johnson.

"There is but one way to restore the government and the Constitution, and that is for the President-elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpation at the South, disperse the carpet-bag state governments, allow the white people to organize their own governments and elect Senators and Representatives. The House of Representatives will contain a majority of Democrats from the North, and they will admit the Representatives elected by the white people of the South, and with the cooperation of the President it will not be difficult to compel the Senate to submit once more to the obligations of the Constitution. It will not be able to withstand the public judgment, if distinctly invoked and clearly expressed, on this fundamental issue, and it is the sure way to avoid all future strife to put the issue plainly to the country.

"I repeat that this is the real and only question which we should allow to control us. Shall we submit to the usurpations by which the government has been overthrown, or shall we exert ourselves for its full and complete restoration? It is idle to talk of bonds, greenbacks, gold, the public faith and the public credit. What can a Democratic President do in regard to any of these, with a Congress in both branches controlled by carpet-baggers and their allies? He will be powerless to stop the supplies by which idle negroes are organized into political clubs—by which an army is maintained to protect these vagabonds in their outrages upon the ballot. These, and things like these, eat up the revenues and resources of the government and destroy credit—make the difference between gold and greenbacks. We must restore the Constitution before we can restore the finances, and to do this we must have a President who will execute the will of the people by trampling into dust the usurpations of Congress known as the reconstruction acts. I wish to stand before the convention upon this issue, for it is one which embraces everything else that is of value in its large and comprehensive results. It is the one thing that includes all that is worth a contest, and without it there is nothing that gives dignity, honor, or value to the struggle.

"Your friend,

"Frank P. Blair."

"There is no item of that letter that I take back," Blair said afterwards, in 1871, when he was a candidate for United States Senator from Missouri. His action in regard to the taking of Camp Jackson was another matter upon which Blair had no apologies to make. Blair and Frost were guests at a dinner in the Florissant Valley some years after the close of the war. The Camp Jackson incident was mentioned. Blair, addressing Frost, said: "If we had not taken you, you would have taken us in two weeks more."

Blair's Opportunity.

Champ Clark said of Blair's course: "When he came out of the army, with his splendid military and civil record, it may be doubted whether there was any official position, however exalted, beyond his reach if he had remained with the Republicans. I have always believed, and do now believe, that by severing his connection with them he probably threw away the Vice-Presidency—possibly the Presidency itself—a position for which most statesmen pant even as the hart panteth for the waterbrook. During his long, stormy and vicissitudinous career he always did what he thought was right for right's sake, leaving the consequences to take care of themselves. That he was ambitious of political preferment there can be no question; but office had no charms for him if it involved sacrifice of principle or compromise of conscience.

"This great man, for great he was beyond even the shadow of a doubt, enjoyed the distinction, unique among statesmen, of being hated and loved in turn by all Missourians, of changing his political affiliations violently twice long after he had passed the formative and effervescent period of youth, and, while

spending nearly his entire life in the hurly-burly of politics, of dying at last mourned by every man and woman in the State whose good opinion was worth possessing. Born a Democrat, he served in the House as a Republican, in the Senate as a Democrat, and died finally in the faith of his fathers.

"Believing sincerely that human slavery was wrong per se and that it was of most evil to the States where it existed, he fought it tooth and nail, not from sympathy for the negroes so much as from affection for the whites, and created the Republican party of Missouri before the Civil war—a most hazardous performance in that day and latitude. At its close, when, in his judgment, his party associates had become the oppressors of the people and the enemies of liberty, he left them, and lifting in his mighty arms the Democracy, which lay bleeding and swooning in the dust, he breathed into its nostrils the breath of life—another performance of extraordinary hazard.

"This man was of the stuff out of which martyrs are made, and he would have gone grimly, undauntedly, unflinchingly and defiantly to the scaffold or the stake in defense of any cause which he considered just. Though he was imperious, tempestuous, dogmatic and impetuous, though no danger could swerve him from the path of duty, though he gave tremendous blows to his antagonists and received many of the same kind, he had infinite compassion for the helpless and the weak, and to the end his heart remained tender as a little child's."

Blair in 1868 and After.

Of the Broadhead letter and of the passing of Blair, William Hyde said: "Probably no politician's record contains so striking a contrast as his in its wide and divergent range. Denounced as an abolitionist in 1852, as an organizer of the 'black Jaegers' in 1861, and later as a military satrap sending his old neighbors into exile, behold him in 1868 as the Democratic nominee for Vice-President on a platform arraigning the party supporting Grant for its 'unparalleled oppression and tyranny,' and for subjecting ten of the States to 'military despotism and negro supremacy!' The war over, General Blair was no longer a Republican. His canvass of the State in 1866, at a time when Missouri was ruled as with a rod of iron by Drake and Loan, and the most radical influences, was a rare exhibition of manly daring. At places where he had appointments to speak, notably at Warrensburg, Louisiana and Osceola, armed ruffians were on hand to intimidate him, yet not only was he not frightened from his purpose, but in the most contemptuous as well as the coolest manner he hurled defiance in their teeth, as he bravely spoke of the test-oath and the vigorous methods of disfranchisement in vogue. And as intimidation cowered before Blair's well-directed blows, the Democratic feeling, which had been crushed into the very ground, began to be revivified, to strengthen and to grow.

"What has been said in relation to General Blair's propensity for strokes of policy was illustrated in his famous letter to Col. James O. Broadhead in 1868, just previous to the meeting of the Democratic National Convention in New York. In this letter he spoke of the reconstruction acts of Congress, and actually declared that the Democratic President to be elected should nullify those acts, compel the army at the South to undo its usurpations, and 'disperse the carpet-bag state governments.' Otherwise, he said, there would be no stopping the organization of idle negroes into political clubs, to 'protect these vaga-

GEN. FREDERICK DENT GRANT

In front of log house where he lived in early childhood

GRANT'S LOG CABIN IN ST. LOUIS COUNTY

bonds in their outrages upon the ballot.' This was the issue General Blair desired to stand upon before the convention; but, although he was nominated for the second place on the ticket with Seymour, the party came far short in their platform of going to that length.

"Blair had reason to feel no love for at least that part of Congress which sits in the north wing of the Capitol. President Johnson had appointed him collector of internal revenue at St. Louis, and the Senate had rejected his name. He was afterward nominated for the Austrian mission, with the same result. Five years later, in 1871, he was elected by a legislature of which he had become a member to a seat among the Senators, to fill the unexpired term (two years) of Charles D. Drake, who had accepted Grant's appointment as judge of the court of claims. Among his official vicissitudes he had been beaten for the legislature by a man named Branscombe, who had been a United States mail agent, or something of that sort, and he had held the office of state superintendent of insurance and United States Pacific Railroad commissioner."

The Liberal Republican Movement.

Missouri was conspicuously represented in the Liberal Republican convention at Cincinnati. Carl Schurz was made the permanent president. Joseph Pulitzer was one of the secretaries. William M. Grosvenor, as chairman of the executive committee, called the delegates to order. The vice-president for Missouri was Isaiah Forbes. When the States were called to name candidates for President of the United States, before the result was announced, Governor B. Gratz Brown came upon the platform amid much cheering and said:

"Although a delegate to this convention, it has not been possible for me to meet with you until today, as I have been detained at home by official business. Now when I come in for the first time I find myself in an embarrassing position. Some of my good friends from my own State, and many from other States, have done me the honor to cast their votes for me for the highest office in the gift of this nation. Now, I don't disguise it from myself that this is a worthy pride and ambition for any man on the broad face of the globe; but I also recognize the fact that it requires abilities, culture, experience, age and many other qualities which my modesty forbids me to believe and which my judgment convinces me I do not possess. I therefore, after tendering to you, gentlemen, my thanks for the compliment which you have given me, desire to say, in brief, that I came to this convention with no personal end; that I am animated sincerely and solely by a desire for victory in this great contest, and that I want a man nominated who will carry the largest Republican vote in the nation, in defiance of the regular Grant organization; and in my judgment that man is Horace Greeley."

The first ballot gave Brown 95 votes; Charles Francis Adams received 203; Lyman Trumbull, 110; Horace Greeley, 160. B. Gratz Brown was fourth; he received votes from Alabama, Arkansas, California, Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, Oregon and Tennessee. Greeley was nominated on the fifth ballot. Brown led on the first ballot for Vice-President and was nominated on the second.

The Defeat of Bland in 1896.

The striking down of Richard P. Bland at Chicago was worse than a political

blunder. It was a political crime. Standing beside Mr. Bland at Chamois on his trip through Missouri, Mr. Bryan said:

"If this nomination had gone by merits it would have gone to the man who for twenty years has worked to keep alive the silver cause and in the hour of victory will be entitled to more credit than any other man living. Circumstances, not credit, have decided this nomination."

These circumstances gradually became public. "Bland is the man entitled to this nomination," Boies of Iowa said, sitting in his library at Waterloo, with the first ballot before him. He wrote a telegram directing his representatives in the convention to withdraw his name and to transfer the Iowa delegation and as many more of his sixty-seven votes as they could to Bland on the next ballot. The telegram did not reach the Coliseum. That was one of the "circumstances."

Some who caught at only the surface results of the convention were surprised when they learned that Bryan, in the regular balloting, never reached the vote which Bland did. He was not the sober choice of as many delegates as Bland was. The official roll calls showed that Bland had 291 votes at the end of the third ballot. Bryan at the end of the fourth ballot had 276. Yet from that point the conspirators carried through the stampede to Bryan. And when the stampede had ended with the conclusion of the fifth and last ballot Bryan had 535 votes. To nominate required 512. The margin was enough, but it was only twenty-three. There sat not voting 158 delegates. Had these voted it would have required 618 to nominate. Bryan was forced upon the ticket by the influences which were not for him personally. One of these influences was that anti-Catholic sentiment which prompted the hissing when Senator Vest put Bland's name before the convention. Officers of the convention, assistant sergeants-at-arms, went among the delegates distributing cards reading:

"If you want to see a confessional in the White House, vote for Bland."

This was done while the balloting was in progress. For the first time anti-Catholic influence was shown openly in the National convention. Alone it might not have been strong enough to defeat Bland for the nomination, but combined with other influences it was potent. This was another of the "circumstances."

The stampede to Bryan was described and was looked upon by many as a spontaneous movement of the majority of the convention. It was spontaneous on the part of perhaps an emotional third, including the young and inexperienced delegates who had been intoxicated by the brilliant speech of the day before. But underneath these were at work influences which made use of Bryan to accomplish the purposes of conspirators.

Bland had 235 votes on the first ballot; 281 on the second; 291 on the third. On the fourth ballot Bryan passed him, and then three or four States which had been giving complimentary votes to prevent Bland's nomination went to Bryan. One of these was Bland's native State. The little group that defeated Bland did so because they did not believe they could influence him.

The best work done by any Missourian for Bland before the Chicago convention was by Champ Clark. The Pike County orator was peculiarly happy in character sketching. He reverenced the sterling honesty of Bland. At the Peoria convention to elect the Illinois delegation to Chicago, Champ Clark ap-

peared and spoke in Bland's interest. The effect was electrical. The tabernacle was swept as with a whirlwind of enthusiasm, and from that moment Illinois was practically committed to Bland. Those who have heard Champ Clark many times estimate that Peoria speech for Bland as the most effective thing he ever did. It was apparent to Bland's friends that Champ Clark was the man to place him before the Chicago convention. Clark was only too willing. Had the duty been given to him, he would have created a scene that would have been memorable in convention history. He believed that Bland was the man to be nominated, but Vest, weakened by the long session and lost in that great mob, was brought from Washington to make one of the most unsatisfactory efforts of his brilliant oratorical career.

Years after the convention, Judge C. C. Bland wrote: "The influences which compassed the defeat of my brother at the Chicago convention were outside of, and beyond the control of the Missouri delegation. In my judgment, formed at the time, and still retained, based upon the platform adopted, and from what I heard at the convention from influential and reliable sources, my brother was defeated because he was an honest, uncompromising Jeffersonian Democrat, not sufficiently imbued with populistic vagaries to command the support of the then large voting population which at that time dwelt in a political zone lying outside of either of the two great political parties. To secure that vote, I thought then, and still think, the convention sowed to the wind. The Democratic party has reaped the whirlwind."

Blaine's Boy.

Mention of Edwin O. Stanard, of St. Louis, in the list of eligibles for the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1900 had something more serious than mere gossip for its inspiration. The availability of Mr. Stanard with half a dozen others was discussed earnestly. That Mr. Stanard was from a State which had been casting its electoral vote for the Democratic ticket with discouraging regularity was not considered a bar. The truth was that Mr. Stanard was estimated as more than a Missourian. He was recognized as a national figure by the leaders of the Republican party, and was so treated in the measuring of Vice-Presidential timber. Mr. Stanard made a debut in Congress which was not forgotten by men with memories. "Blaine's boy," he was called at the time, and if his home had been in a State not so consistently Democratic as Missouri still higher political honors would have been laid at his feet. In the brief service he saw in the House of Representatives Mr. Stanard showed great promise. He aroused the interest of Mr. Blaine, so much so that that open admiration which the man from Maine showed in the St. Louisan prompted the nickname of "Blaine's boy." One of the most notable achievements of a new member of Congress was Mr. Stanard's successful championship of the first bill for the improvement of the Mississippi River. The East dominated then in halls of legislation, and when the youthful-looking giant from out of the West brought forward his measure there was manifest inclination to sit down on him. But Stanard was splendid in his presence, good humored and zealous.

Mr. Blaine encouraged him with timely parliamentary suggestions. Stanard fought until he saw his bill passed by a House that had been anything but predisposed in its favor at the beginning. This was one of the incidents which

Mr. Blaine liked to recall in after years. When he met St. Louisans he inquired about Stanard. He repeatedly expressed regret that his friend of the Forty-third Congress turned his back upon a political career, saying he had met few men whose qualities promised more in public life. And years afterwards, in the search for a Republican who would be an ideal mate for Mr. McKinley, the name of Edwin O. Stanard of Missouri was included with half a dozen others. And it was the only name thus mentioned from a Democratic State.

The Opportunity for Cockrell.

In 1900 some Missourians were awakened to the fact that if Senator Cockrell had been put forward as a candidate at the right time he would have swept the field, receiving the unanimous support of the Eastern Democrats, not only for the nomination, but for the campaign following. When too late it became clear to these Missourians that with Cockrell at the head of the ticket and an Eastern man for second place, a former Union soldier or a Spanish war hero, the Democratic party would have presented a ticket hundreds of thousands of votes stronger than Bryan. One of the shrewdest Republican Senators, a far-seeing politician, suggested the strength of Cockrell and the opportunity presented to the Democrats. He said that it was cause for marvel to him that the Democrats had not seen that Cockrell was their strongest possible candidate for that campaign. It is true that the idea of Cockrell never occurred to the Missourians until Eastern Democrats went to them and told them how strong the Senator would be and offered to support him in the convention if Missouri would bring him out.

Bryan's Attack on Clark.

At Chicago in 1896 one Missourian who personified the issue of his party was defeated by a clique of half a dozen leaders because he was not pliant. At Baltimore in 1912 another Missourian was deprived of the Presidential nomination through a false issue raised by one man. Speaker Champ Clark had received on the first ballot 440½ votes. His strength had increased to 556, considerably more than a majority, but not the two-thirds required by Democratic usage. With Mr. Clark forging toward the nomination, William J. Bryan arose and assailed him because he was receiving the vote of the New York delegation. He said:

"When we were instructed for Mr. Clark, the Democratic voters who instructed us did so with the distinct understanding that Mr. Clark stood for progressive Democracy. Mr. Clark's representatives appealed for support on no other ground. They contended that Mr. Clark was more progressive than Mr. Wilson and indignantly denied that there was any collusion between Mr. Clark and the reactionary element of the party. On no other conditions could Mr. Clark have received a plurality of the Democratic votes of Nebraska. The thirteen delegates for whom I speak stand ready to carry out the instructions in the spirit in which they were given and upon the conditions under which they were given.

"Some of the delegates will not participate in the nomination of any man —I cannot say for how many I can speak, for I have not had a chance to take

a poll—but some of these delegates will not participate in the nomination of any whose nomination depends on the vote of the New York delegation.

"Speaking for myself and for any of the delegates who may decide to support me, I withhold my vote from Mr. Clark as long as New York's vote is recorded for him. And the position that I take in regard to Mr. Clark I will take in regard to any other candidate, whose name is now or may be before the convention."

The Speaker's Reply to Bryan.

That night Champ Clark replied to Mr. Bryan with this statement:

"Today in the national convention an outrageous aspersion was cast on me, and through me upon the Democratic party, by one who of all men ought to be the last man to besmirch or betray his friends or his party. So far as I am personally concerned, it is enough to say that the charge which reflects upon my personal or party integrity is utterly and absolutely false. I might afford to forget myself, but I am, by the choice of the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives, the ranking official Democrat in national public life. I cannot be false or corrupt without reflecting upon my party in the most serious way.

"Any man who would enter into an alliance with any selfish interest or privileged class of this country to gain the nomination for the Presidency is unworthy of the Presidency and of the Speakership of the House. If I have not entered into such an alliance then the Democrat, however distinguished, who wantonly charges me with this act is a traitor to the Democratic party and to his professed friendship to me.

"I am not here to plead for a nomination or to attempt to influence any man's political action. Let every man proceed in this convention according to his convictions and the expressed will of constituents. I ask no undue consideration from any man, be he friend or foe, but I demand exact justice from every Democrat either in this convention or throughout the nation. With William J. Bryan and his charge in the convention today the issue is proof or retraction. I shall expect him to meet that issue.

"CHAMP CLARK."

The Position of Clark's Supporters.

Clark was the foremost candidate until the thirtieth ballot. Regarding the candidate's moral claim to the nomination Senator Stone, who was leading his support, said in a letter addressed to Mr. Clark:

"As a result of conferences of a large number of your supporters for the Democratic nomination for President I am directed by their unanimous voice to address to you the following communication:

"It is a first principle of Democracy that the will of the majority shall prevail. The two-thirds rule observed by the Democratic party in national convention, adopted originally in connection with the nomination of a candidate for Vice-President, was abrogated by practice long ago. Whenever, during the past sixty years, a candidate has received the majority of votes, his title to the nomination has been recognized and has been ratified immediately by the addition of a sufficient number to meet the technical requirements of two-thirds.

"The precedent thus maintained during all these years has become a party law, as binding in morals and in equity as if it were a written statute. No fair minded man can deny that; but for this fact, the two-thirds rule would have been definitely abolished years ago. Nor can anyone, in reason or in right, question the declaration that it is a point of honor with the party and the party's representative to sustain this tradition.

"Even though a bare majority of the delegates had voted for you but once, the obligation of the party's representatives to designate you as the nominee would have been established. But the fact is that you held a clear majority on eight successive ballots, thus proving conclusively that the expression of the majority was in no sense tentative, but was deliberate and definite. From every point of view, therefore, your title to the Democratic nomination for President is clear and unmistakable.

"In view of these circumstances, we insist that you owe it to the Democratic party, to your supporters in the convention and to your own honor to continue as a candidate before the convention until two-thirds of the delegates shall meet the technical requirement to confirm the nomination, which, in all fairness, justice and morals, has already been conferred upon you by a majority of the delegates representing thirty-six States and territories of the Union.

"Upon receipt of assurance from you that, under no circumstances, will you permit your name to be withdrawn, we hereby pledge ourselves to vote for you on every ballot that shall hereafter be taken in the convention."

The Speaker's Comment on the Result.

Wilson was nominated on the 46th ballot. Following the result Speaker Clark made this statement:

"No set of men ever made a better or braver fight for any man in this world than my friends all over the country made for me. They have my heartfelt thanks. We never had money enough even to pay for an adequate supply of postage stamps and literature. I was tied down here by my duties of the Speakership. I could, therefore, aid my friends very little. They made the fight, gave me 200,000 majority in the States where Governor Wilson and I competed in the primaries, and caused me to lead on thirty ballots in the convention, in nine of which I had a clear majority. Nevertheless, the nomination was bestowed on Governor Wilson. I never scratched a Democratic ticket or bolted a Democratic nominee in my life. I shall not change the Democratic habit now. I am too seasoned a soldier not to accept cheerfully the fortunes of war.

"I will support Governor Wilson with whatever power I possess, and hope he will be elected.

"I lost the nomination solely through the vile and malicious slanders of Col. William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska. True, these slanders were by innuendo and insinuation, but they were no less deadly for that reason.

"CHAMP CLARK."

A Tribute to Senator Stone.

When Senator Stone was a candidate in 1914 for re-election to the Senate, Speaker Clark paid him this tribute:

St. Louis Aug 15th 1857

Hon. County Commissioners
St. Louis County
Mo.

Gentlemen:

I beg leave to submit myself as an applicant for the office of County Engineer, should the office be rendered vacant, and at the same time to submit the names of a few citizens who have been kind enough to recommend me for the office. I have made no effort to get a large number of names, nor the names of persons with whom I am not personally acquainted.

I enclose herewith also a statement from Prof J. J. Reynolds, who was a class mate of mine at West Point, as to qualification.

Should your honorable body see proper to give me the appointment I pledge myself to give the office my entire attention and shall hope to give general satisfaction.

Very Respectfully
Your Obt. Svt.
U. S. Grant

GRANT'S APPLICATION TO BE COUNTY ENGINEER

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

"I'll tell you what happened in 1910. I attended a private reception to a few friends given by Judge Virgil Rule of St. Louis, who was one of my pupils back in Pike County years ago. About fifteen of us were present at this party and that evening Senator Stone, without an invitation, came out to Mr. Rule's home; during the evening the guests retired from the room and left Senator Stone and myself together.

"Senator Stone said to me: 'Mr. Clark, I see it stated in the papers that you are a candidate for President of the United States. I have never heard anyone say that you said you were a candidate, neither have you told me that you were a candidate. Now, positively, I want to know whether you are a candidate or not.'

"I said, 'Senator, I am a candidate for President of the United States.' This was enough for Senator Stone. He went back to the city and no man worked more faithfully for my candidacy than did Stone, and he was the first man to make a splendid contribution to the 'Clark for President campaign fund.' In the face of this loyalty it is manifestly unfair for a report to go out like certain papers have published.

"Furthermore, I want to state that I was asked if I would not be a candidate myself for the United States Senate. I told my friends that I would not be a candidate against Senator Stone; he had been too loyal and too faithful to me; and again I would rather be Speaker of the House of Representatives of this nation than to have any other position at this time.

"I have the honor of being the only Speaker of the House of Representatives ever elected in the history of the country without any opposition in his own party. I looked up the records on this point and I found the record of all the Speakers except one, and I could not find any without strong opposition.

"I met Henry Watterson one day in Washington, and as he knows everything and is a great historian, I asked him if this Speaker, whose record I could not find, was elected without opposition.

" 'Surely, he was not,' said Colonel Watterson. 'I recall that he had a vigorous contest lasting two or three weeks before his election.' "

A White House Incident.

"I have introduced a thousand men to President McKinley," said Senator Elkins, "and I never before got so much satisfaction out of one of these presentations as I did when I took in John T. Crisp of Missouri." Fortunately, the introduction occurred upon one of Colonel Crisp's "cat-gut days." There are times when the strings of the violin snap under ordinary tension, and when the master hand fails with them. There are other times when the strings will stretch and stretch and make beautiful music almost by themselves. Colonel Crisp went to the White House on what he calls "one of my cat-gut days." Elkins and Crisp were students together at the University of Missouri. Crisp had made ready to go to the University of Virginia. A personal letter from Elkins, who had preceded him to the Missouri institution, changed his mind. No one was more welcome at the White House under the McKinley administration, than Senator Elkins. The time and manner of Colonel Crisp's introduction were auspicious. The President was just at the end of one of those wearying sieges from the long string of callers, each with his own more or less importunate plea about patronage.

He had tried to fix his mind on this petty business, while all of the time the great overshadowing question of the relations with Spain was weighing him down. He was leaning back in his chair, limp from the strain, with a look on the face that commanded sympathy, when Elkins and Crisp entered. Elkins explained, and Crisp uttered the commonplace, but in no commonplace manner, about simply wishing to pay his respects to the head of the nation. "I want to say something to the President," said Crisp, turning to Elkins with an inquiring look. The Senator nodded, and Crisp began.

"I have never in all my experience heard such conversation," said Senator Elkins, in recalling the scene. The President leaned back in his chair and listened. The color came back in his face. The features lost the look of strain and assumed that of interest. The fire came into the eyes. Once he raised his hand, stayed the flow of Crisp's speech, and, turning to Senator Elkins, said: "I want to thank you for bringing Colonel Crisp here. This is doing me more good than you know." Then, turning back to Crisp, he said: "Go on, Colonel; excuse me for interrupting." The visit lasted an hour, and when Crisp retired it was with a hearty grip of the President's hand such as no other visitor received that day. Of what did the Missourian talk? He told the President what the people at home were saying and thinking. He told him that he must not think the men who came to him, who surrounded him, who wanted this and that, and who tried to make it appear that they were the medium of communication between people and President, were really that. He likened the would-be dispensers of the patronage to the tapeworm of politics, devouring substance and doing the body no good. "I want to say to you, Mr. President, that the people believe in you. Outside of all political differences and considerations, they feel that you are a sincere man, an American and a gentleman. They feel that you are of the same kind." And then he told a story of how, two or three years ago, he came home from a political meeting and found his son just back from another meeting. The young man had been to hear McKinley. "Was it a great meeting?" the father asked. "There were so many people you couldn't see across them," the son replied. "What impressed you most?" asked the father. "Father," said the son, "when Mr. McKinley was speaking I felt here is a man who is one of the same people that I am. If he is nominated for President I believe he will be elected. I never felt about any of the Presidents as I do about this man." "Mr. President," said Colonel Crisp, when he had told the story, "that is the impression you made upon a young man born and reared a Democrat. I want to say to you that I am a Democrat, but in the recognition of your sincerity and of your character as an honest and honorable American gentleman, I am a Republican: and all of the people—I mean the people who are at home, who do not come here and talk to you about the offices, whose hearts are filled with love of their country, whose patriotism is not tainted with selfishness—feel just that way and they want you to know it. You are to them what no other President since Lincoln has been. They are with you in whatever may come, and they want you to know it. They hope you feel it, and may not judge of their sentiment by what you may hear from some who claim to represent them, but whose motives are unworthy." And so the talk went on, pathos, sarcasm, philosophy, in quick succession, quaintly spoken. John T. Crisp talked for one hour in the White House library. A pri-

vate citizen never had such an audience—the President of the United States and a United States Senator, silent and interested.

Of Missouri Coinage.

"Something equally as good" became classic in the Harrison administration. The phrase was used many times in Washington. With every list of appointments sent to the Senate those who failed to get what they sought scattered and scurried for other places. And so went on unceasingly the hunt for "something equally as good." The phrase was a taking one. It lived long. The origin is not generally known. St. Louis had a solid Republican delegation when Harrison took office. There was in progress the usual quadrennial distribution of the offices. The three St. Louis Congressmen met and agreed upon certain recommendations. The slate contained the name of Chauncey I. Filley. A letter was drafted containing the names of candidates and the places desired for them. It was sent to President Harrison. In it was the following line: "Chauncey I. Filley, for Consul to Hankow, or something equally as good."

Within a week the phrase had been caught up and was traveling. It was not allowed to rest for years. The credit for the coinage was a triple affair. The three names signed to the letter were Nathan Frank, F. G. Niedringhaus and W. M. Kinsey. When Mr. Frank saw how much that phrase was doing to promote the gaiety of politicians he smiled in a Mephistophelian way, but said nothing to deprive either of his colleagues of their share in the production of a good thing.

How Missouri Secured a Secretaryship.

Several days after Mr. Cleveland's first inauguration in 1885, Senator Vest went into the library at the White House. He was in no amiable frame of mind. The Spanish mission had been filled, but not by the selection of ex-Governor Reynolds, of Missouri. The German mission had been disposed of and Sir Charles Gibson, of Missouri, had not been remembered. Other big appointments were going to the Senate every day and Missourians were not on the list. The Senator protested.

"We have received nothing, absolutely nothing," he said. And then after a rapid review of particulars in which Missouri had been ignored, Senator Vest added: "Even the little office of commissioner of agriculture which we have asked for a citizen of our State who has been indorsed by agricultural interests all over the country, is not given to us."

That was before the commissionership of agriculture had been elevated to the dignity of a Cabinet position. As the Senator spoke, rapidly and rather vehemently, Mr. Cleveland listened thoughtfully. When Mr. Vest made his closing reference to the commissionership of agriculture, Mr. Cleveland looked down on his desk. There lay the nomination paper of George W. Glick, of Kansas, to be commissioner of agriculture. It awaited only the signature of the President before being sent to the Senate. After pondering on the grievance of the Missouri Senator for a few minutes the President laid aside the intended nomination of Glick and directed that a fresh paper be made out with Norman J. Colman, of Missouri, as the nominee. That was the way Missouri beat Kansas out of a Cabinet place. It was a fine illustration of the word in season fitly spoken.

When Norman J. Colman learned that he had been selected by President Cleveland to head the Department of Agriculture he took it very modestly. He didn't begin to forecast policies in the new position but exclaimed: "What shall I do with my colts? They're just about ready to break."

"Bring 'em on and break 'em here, Governor," somebody unacquainted with Mr. Colman's extensive interests in Missouri suggested.

"What?" said Mr. Colman, "there are forty-one of them, all promising trotting stock."

The esteem in which Secretary of Agriculture Norman J. Colman was held by those who served under him in the first Cleveland administration was well illustrated by a letter he received from a Kansas woman, Carrie Blair Thompson, of political faith different from the Secretary's: "I lay down my duties as a clerk in government employ to assume a station to which every woman looks forward with happy anticipation, and under such circumstances words of regret must indeed seem strange, yet I only express my feelings when I say that it is with a keen sense of that emotion that I sign my name to a document which is to close our official relations.

"Your kindness at all times, your forbearance, your wisdom and your sympathy for all womankind, expressed in so many delicate ways, has made the department one united and happy household and has endeared you in the hearts of your subordinates. In leaving here I feel as though going out from a happy family, and I resign duties which, because of your assistance, your counsel and your indulgence at all times, have been more than pleasant. My heart is full of gratitude to you for all your kindly acts, and though henceforth our paths in life are to be apart, I shall always revere your memory and look back with pleasure upon the happy days and hours which your noble heart has made possible. May health and prosperity be with you always."

A Story on John W. Noble.

Several months before the Harrison administration began Gen. John W. Noble wrote a letter to Major Warner, then a Representative in Congress, stating that he thought Missouri was entitled to a place in the Cabinet, and asking Warner if he would not like to have such a position. The latter replied that he had decided to retire from public life, in order to devote himself to his law practice. He also said that it would probably be best to adhere to this determination. Noble then wrote another letter to Warner, stating that no doubt the latter was right in refusing to accept a public position. Afterwards Mr. Noble, unexpectedly to himself, was made Secretary of the Interior. When he recalled the correspondence with Warner, he at once sat down and wrote to the major as follows:

"When I said you were perfectly right in keeping away from the house, I had no idea of courting the girl."

Francis and the Cabinet.

Few men have been boosted into Cabinet place by active influences but many men have had good chances for appointment killed by the opposition of politicians. A President so independent as Mr. Cleveland showed that he was susceptible to that kind of negative pressure. He had made up his mind to appoint as Secretary of the Interior at the beginning of his administration David R. Francis. A tele-

graphed protest from three prominent Missouri Democrats caused Mr. Cleveland to rub Mr. Francis' name off the slate. The time came when the President found among those most hostile to him in his party the three Missourians who had caused the rejection of Mr. Francis. Three years later, in the summer of 1896, Mr. Francis was asked to take the Secretaryship of the Interior. His term of office was not quite one year, but in that time he added millions of acres to the forest reserves and instituted reforms in the service which were ratified and continued in the McKinley administration.

How Hitchcock Broke the Precedents.

Ethan A. Hitchcock was one of the notable surprises of his generation in public life. In November, 1896, a group of Missouri Congressman en route to Washington stopped over at Canton. Mr. McKinley was President-elect. Missouri Democrats had, two years previously, in 1894, like Peter, "gone a-fishing." The congressional delegation was largely Republican. These Representatives from Missouri were on their way to Washington to serve the short session of what was for most of them their only term in Congress. They stopped at Canton to pay their respects to the President-elect. "Pay their respects," has covered more political devilment than any other phrase in the English language. Collectively the party asked Mr. McKinley to choose from Missouri a member for his Cabinet, and individually the party blushed modestly. Mr. McKinley was kind. He talked pleasantly, as he always did, and encouragingly as he did not always mean to do. But when the conversation reached particulars the President suddenly asked:—

"Gentlemen! How would Mr. Hitchcock do?"

The Congressmen went on to Washington and immediately confided to a newspaper correspondent that Mr. McKinley was "considering Henry Hitchcock for a place in the Cabinet." And the correspondent promptly wired to his paper. The next day came reflection. Henry Hitchcock had been during the Harrison administration very close to an appointment on the United States Supreme Bench —so close in fact that for some days the Presidential mind had hesitated between the Missouri lawyer and another man. Decision in favor of the latter had been made only for the reason that he was a Federal judge and was from a Republican State. It did not seem probable that Henry Hitchcock, whose tastes and qualifications so eminently fitted him for the Supreme Bench, would be under consideration for a Cabinet appointment. The members of the Missouri group who had called at Canton were seen and catechised. They were asked to repeat exactly what Mr. McKinley had said. They agreed that he had asked them:—

"How would Mr. Hitchcock do?"

Did the President-elect say Mr. Henry Hitchcock? No; they were quite sure he did not. Did he mention Mr. Hitchcock's first name at any time during the conversation? No; they could not recall that he did. But who else could he have had in mind but Henry Hitchcock? So questioned the Congressmen.

It was no special test of memory to recall that when Mr. McKinley as chairman of the ways and means committee was framing his famous tariff bill a few years before, he had sought information and advice from Ethan A. Hitchcock upon certain schedules. It was remembered that Mr. Hitchcock had spent some time in Washington helping Mr. McKinley, and that Mr. McKinley had expressed

strongly his admiration of Mr. Hitchcock's clear-headed, business-like ways. Therefore the Washington dispatches a day later withdrew Mr. Henry Hitchcock from the Cabinet possibility and substituted Mr. Ethan A. Hitchcock. Not until the correctness of this was confirmed from Canton did the Missouri Congressmen admit their misunderstanding.

But in the abundance of advice Mr. McKinley laid aside his earliest impressions and intentions which were his best. He constructed a Cabinet from motives of political expediency, and it speedily fell to pieces. Mr. Ethan A. Hitchcock went to Russia as ambassador only to be recalled and put at the head of the Department of the Interior, when Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss, after a few months' trial of the duties, had given up in disgust.

Phenomenal is the word that describes the career of Mr. Hitchcock as a Cabinet minister. He was Secretary of the Interior to two Presidents as dissimilar as any two men who have occupied the White House. He won the unreserved confidence and the unstinted commendation of both of them. He held one of the hardest places to fill in the Cabinet. He held it longer than any predecessor since the department was established.

Switzler's Record.

One of the notably successful officials in the first Cleveland administration was William F. Switzler of Missouri. He filled the position of chief of the bureau of statistics. His predecessor, Mr. Nimmo, was retired because of what in those days was called "offensive partisanship." The Missourian made no such mistake.

Scores and scores of letters, asking information, came to the bureau during the campaign.

"Please send me the best figures you've got to sustain the Democratic party on this question," was the way editors and orators wrote to Colonel Switzler, never doubting, apparently, that this campaign thunder would be forthcoming to order.

Colonel Switzler answered all of these letters scrupulously, but the form was the same.

"This bureau," he wrote, "has neither Democratic nor Republican statistics. The multiplication table is non-partisan."

President Cleveland's historic tariff reform message and Colonel Switzler's exhaustive report on the wool industry appeared almost simultaneously. This created much talk. The colonel had been at work and had had his agents at work for several months upon the investigation. He had made a wonderful collection of statistics and facts about wool-growing in the United States. He had traced analytically the relations between the tariff and the growth of this industry. The results he launched upon the public, as fortune would have it, just as the President confronted his condition and declared for free wool.

"I suppose hundreds of people have asked me if my wool industry report conflicts with the President's position," said the old statistician one day. "My answer to them is that I don't know whether it does or not. It is not my province to say. I am not here to draw deductions from, or build arguments upon, the statistics I collate. 'Hew to the line, and let the chips fall where they may' is the principle upon which I gather figures."

"Statisticians are born, not made," the gray-haired Missourian continued. "This work calls for peculiar aptitude. Some of the ablest men in Congress couldn't administer the business of this bureau. I don't suppose Senator Vest could fill my place three hours, and I expect he would tell you so if you asked him. Why? Simply because his mind does not run to figures and their meaning. The work doesn't call for ability so much as for a peculiar kind of mental action. To me figures are a delight, and alway have been. I can see poetry in a statistical table which covers the broadside of a page. I go down and up columns of figures with the absorbing interest a philosopher pores over a treatise on his specialty. There is no novel so fascinating to me as a statistical report. I love figures."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOME MISSOURIANS ABROAD.

Standard Time—A Lesson in Courtesy at Washington—Missouri the Mother of States—Sponsorship for Oregon—F. N. Judson's Comments—The Four Sublettes—A Mighty Bear Hunter—Stephen B. Elkins and the Guerrillas—Impressions of Quantrell—A Divided Family—The Case of Juan Gid—Misadventures of a Colony—Four Missourians in Statuary Hall—Oregon's First Senator—A St. Louis Boy's Ambition—Pat Donan of Devil's Lake—Missouri's Greatest Poet—Eugene Field, Editor and Actor—"Most Studious Designer of Pranks"—The Real Tom Sawyer's Recollections—Private Sam Clemens in the War—Professor of Anecdote—Missourians as Constitution Makers—Ten Members of Washington's Convention—The Left Wing of Price's Army—Governor Samuel T. Hauser—Ashley, the Explorer—First Knowledge of Utah—Jim Bridger—The Duke of Cimarron—Flush Days on the Maxwell Grant—Kit Carson—The Discovery of Yellowstone Park—John Colter's Veracity—Missouri Diplomats—Law and Order in Montana—Judge Alexander Davis and the Vigilantes—The Court of Alder Gulch—Death Penalty for Contempt of Court—What a Missouri Home-Coming Would Mean—Emily Grant Hutchings' Suggestion.

It is a fact that many of the best people of Missouri have gone to Texas to help civilize and Christianize it. In the State of Texas one is never out of sight of Missourians. A decade or two ago the census showed that the majority of the people of Oregon were born in Missouri. The people of Washington are mainly of Oregon stock. Montana is a child of Missouri. The first charter concession granted by the King of Spain for the settlement of Americans in Texas was to Moses Austin, of Missouri. That was afterward confirmed to his son, Stephen F. Austin, by the American republic. The Austins gave their name to the capital of Texas. The most influential man in the financial history of the Union, Hamilton excepted, perhaps, was our Missouri Senator, Benton. There is a fine field for some historians to trace the impress of Missouri and Missourians west of the Mississippi River.—*Governor Lon V. Stephens of Missouri.*

Missouri produced a scientist of international fame who could walk into a railroad station, sit down in the telegraph operator's chair, put his finger on the key, send a cannon ball express on its way dodging passenger trains, through freights, local freights and all other kinds of traffic, and bring the flyer into the terminal on the minute. That was Dr. Henry Smith Pritchett, a native of Howard County, who was superintendent of the coast survey at Washington before he was forty, perhaps the youngest executive in the history of that department. Massachusetts called this many-sided Missourian to be the head of the famous Institute of Technology. And later Andrew Carnegie called him to take charge of the foundation. For his scientific attainments he was the recipient of one of the most remarkable collections of honorary degrees. Hamilton College, the University of Pennsylvania, Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Williams, the University of Michigan, the University of Toronto, Brown University, and Miami University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

About 1848 the railroad managers of the country agreed that conditions demanded standard time. They cut the map of the United States into sections

on north and south lines. East of one line was to be eastern time, west of that line, all the way to the next line, was to be central time, beyond came mountain time, and so on. When it was one o'clock in any part of a section it was to be one o'clock in all parts of that section. So the railroad managers theorized. But would the millions of people who had been going by "sun time" all of their lives consent to change their watches and clocks and adopt the new-fangled ideas? Failure was predicted.

Eighteen miles east of St. Louis was the locality where central time was sun time. No change was needed. But eastward to Cincinnati and to the westward into the plains country of Kansas every timepiece would be off from a minute to half an hour when the innovation started. The railroad people went to Professor Pritchett, then at Washington University, St. Louis, and asked him to become the time starter for the Mississippi Valley. A day was set for the institution of central time. Into the professor's rooms at the university were run telegraph wires connecting with railroad systems east, west, north and south. Pritchett's plans were described in detail and copied into papers all through the valley. Long lists of cities and towns were gotten out, with changes in minutes and seconds noted for each. The programme was thoroughly exploited. The whole population became interested. The day came, and at 12 meridian, by the observation at the university, Professor Pritchett's telegraph instrument clicked. Thousands of keys clicked in sympathy. Thousands of station clocks were set. Every railroad watch was adjusted. The people followed. Within a week, from Ohio to Colorado, central time was the only time. The introduction of the change was marvelously well done. From this successful relationship with the railroads Professor Pritchett passed to a practical connection with the great Wabash. In addition to his other duties he took charge of the time for a railroad system from Toledo to Kansas City and Omaha, ramifying in a score of branches. He learned all of the details of train dispatching, even to the practical mastery of telegraphy, and then he set to work to build up a method of time keeping and time regulating which made the Wabash service a model for the country in this respect. In the eight years of Professor Pritchett's connection with the Wabash his system was carried to such perfection that all of the men in the company's employ who carried time had watches of the same standard make; every clock in a Wabash station or office was set automatically from the observatory; with these clocks every Wabash employe compared his watch before he went out on a train. There wasn't a Wabash man who didn't have within a second or two of the exact time from day to day.

A Lesson in Official Courtesy.

A day or two after Dr. Pritchett took office as superintendent of the coast survey a card was brought in by a messenger. "Show the gentleman in," was the prompt acknowledgment. Thereupon a former official entered, and was given a most courteous hearing as he made his plea for reinstatement. Dr. Pritchett listened to the story, made answer and sent the caller away with the knowledge that he had been treated like a gentleman. But there was a ghost of a smile in the eyes of the superintendent when the door closed, and some time afterward he told a friend what the call had brought back to mind. He

had seen his caller before—eighteen years before. In that long passed period this man had been in a good position. He had stood so high with the management of the survey that in the absence of the superintendent he acted for him. At that same time plain Mr. Pritchett had been in the naval observatory with the astronomer, Prof. Asaph Hall. On one occasion the young Missourian went to the survey with a note asking for the delivery to him of a chart of the Pleiades. When Mr. Pritchett presented himself he was referred to this man, who sometimes acted in the absence of the superintendent. He tendered the letter and was told to sit down. The official proceeded with the reading of a newspaper which was engaging his attention when interrupted. The letter lay on the table in front of him. Mr. Pritchett sat there a full hour, his presence being entirely ignored. Then he got up from his seat and suggested that he would return later in the day. With an air of "I'll teach you a lesson in official etiquette," the officer turned to the young man and said, pompously:

"I'm very busy, sir. I will attend to this matter as soon as I can."

Mr. Pritchett sat down quickly, prepared to wait all day, if necessary, upon the great man. A half hour passed. The official laid down his paper, picked up the letter and touched a bell. A messenger came. The letter was handed to him. In five minutes the chart was produced and Mr. Pritchett departed. He never forgot the lesson, as his treatment of the teacher showed. During his career in many capacities Dr. Pritchett has been one of the most approachable of men.

The Mother State of Oregon.

"Missouri, more than any other State, may claim to be the Mother State of Oregon," Frederick N. Judson said at the fiftieth anniversary of statehood held in Salem, February 15, 1909.

"Missouri was the gateway through which passed the great tides of immigration, which made the early settlements on the Pacific Coast, and she therefore contributed more than any other State to the early settlement of Oregon. Many Missouri names are among your pioneers, and very many of your people have come from Missouri homes, or trace back their lineage to Missouri ancestry. St. Louis was the starting point of the Lewis and Clark expedition: the earliest trading point for the furrier business of the Northwest, and it was in St. Louis that the pioneer bands of emigrants were organized.

"The names of two of the counties of Oregon, Linn and Benton, happily commemorate the services of Missouri Senators in behalf of Oregon. Senator Lewis F. Linn first introduced in Congress the appeal of the settlers on the Columbia River for protection, and was the enthusiastic advocate of Oregon until his death. The great Senator of Missouri, Thomas Hart Benton, made a thorough investigation and mastery of the situation of Oregon. He was foremost in advocating the termination of the joint occupancy and settlement of the disputed boundary, and he braved the proslavery sentiment of his own State in advocating the territorial organization with the exclusion of slavery in 1848. His name is worthy of lasting honor in Oregon.

"Before his election to the Senate and before the admission of Missouri as a State, he publicly denounced the joint occupancy treaty when it was first made, saying that it was time that western men had some share in the destinies of

the republic. He declared there should be no mutuality in the use of Columbia River, and that the effect would be that the English traders would drive out our own. He proclaimed a new route to India to be formed by the rivers, Columbia, Missouri and Ohio, which, he said, would open a channel to Asia short, safe, cheap and exclusively American; and that the route, though interrupted by several portages, would present in some respects better navigation than the Ohio, and would be shorter by 20,000 miles than the existing ocean route from the Atlantic States to the East Indies. This was when railroads were unknown. In the Senate he opposed the renewal of the joint occupancy in 1828, and introduced resolutions in secret sessions against it, declaring in favor of a settlement on the basis of the forty-ninth degree as a permanent boundary. He was the leader of the discussion on the final termination of the joint occupancy, saying that the country could have but one people, one interest, one government, and that people should be American, that interest ours and that government republican.

"In the words of Mr. Benton, the great event of this time was the movement of the Anglo-Saxon race to the Pacific Ocean, beginning in 1840 and largely increasing in 1843, and this, 'like all other great immigrations and settlements of that race on our continent, was the act of the people going forward without government, aid or maintenance, establishing their position and compelling the government to follow them with its shield and spread it over them.'

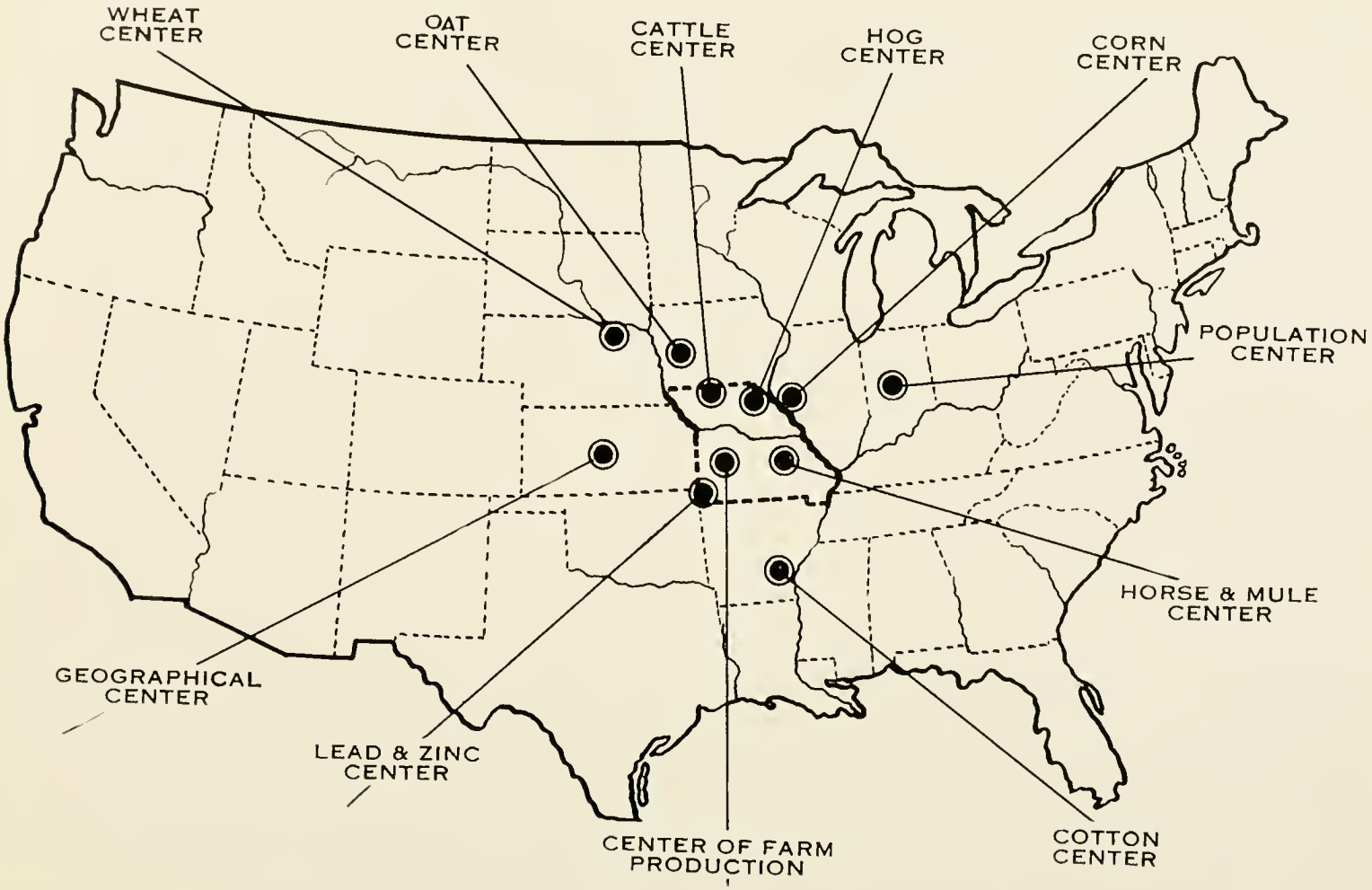
"The settlement of the boundary question and the determination of joint occupancy left the Oregon country, that is, including the territory south of the forty-ninth degree and between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, an unorganized territory of the United States. During the period of the settlement of the boundary question, emigrants had been pouring in through the passes of the Rocky Mountains, so that there were now several thousand American inhabitants who had settled upon the land and were living only under the laws made by themselves, and the demand for Federal protection by formal organization as a territory became imperative.

"The position of the advocates of the organization of Oregon was effectively stated by Mr. Benton when he said that Oregon was left without government, without laws, while at that moment she was engaged in war with the Indians. And he added, 'She is three thousand miles from the metropolitan seat of government, and although she had set up for herself a provisional government, and taken on herself the enactment of laws, it is left to the will of every individual to determine for himself whether he will obey those laws or not.'

"The organization of Oregon with the exclusion of slavery was finally effected by the adoption of the provisional laws enacted by the territory and also subjecting the territory to the provisions of the ordinance of 1787, which excluded slavery from the Northwest Territory. An attempt was made to defeat the bill by filibustering, but it was finally passed on the last day of the session, August 14, 1848, through the alertness of Senator Benton, in seizing an opportunity to call for a vote on the bill. It was promptly signed by President Polk."

The Sublettes.

There were four Sublettes in the fur trade. William L. was the Captain Sublette. He was six feet two inches, tawny haired and blue-eyed with a deep


WHEAT CENTER
OAT CENTER
CATTLE CENTER
HOG CENTER
CORN CENTER
POPULATION CENTER
HORSE & MULE CENTER
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scar on his face which told he was game. The Sublettes were descended of Kentucky stock on their mother's side from Whitby, the companion of Daniel Boone, who was said to have killed Tecumseh in the battle of the Thames. When William L. Sublette came to St. Louis in 1818, he started a billiard room. When William H. Ashley published his call of the spring of 1822 "to enterprising young men" William L. and Milton G. Sublette responded. The call read:

"The subscriber wishes to engage one hundred young men to ascend the Missouri River to its source, there to be employed one, two or three years."

This meant fur trading, although the call did not say so. Andrew and Solomon P. Sublette, who were younger, joined their brothers later. Captain Sublette served with Ashley, and when the leader was ready to retire became one of the party who bought him out. Twenty years William L. Sublette was a fur trader. Robert Campbell came to St. Louis from County Tyrone, Ireland, when he was twenty. The doctors ordered him to the mountains for his health. Campbell joined one of Ashley's fur trading expeditions. A warm friendship developed between Campbell and William L. Sublette. A partnership was formed. Campbell and Sublette, while with Ashley, were mountain fur traders. When they went into business for themselves they had the temerity to establish posts on the Missouri River. For several years they gave the American Fur Company the most serious competition it had. They accumulated handsome fortunes. Sublette lived in a large stone house on the hill south of Forest Park. He maintained a private zoo of wild animals he had tamed. His house was full of curiosities gathered in his mountain career. At the store which Sublette and Campbell conducted in St. Louis an Indian tepee was set up and inhabited by an Indian family. Captain Sublette surrounded himself with Indian retainers. When one of them died a grave was made in the private burying ground of the Sublettes.

Captain Sublette was a man of sentiment. He avoided conflict with the Indians with rare skill. When it was necessary to fight he did his full part. Famous in fur trading history is the battle of Pierre's Hole with the Blackfeet. There Sublette and Campbell, with their shirt sleeves rolled up, grasping their pistols, charged a breastwork. Just before doing so, each of these close friends made a will remembering the other. Sublette was severely wounded. It was after this battle and the ensuing season that Sublette and Campbell returned to St. Louis; heading a train of pack horses loaded with furs, and attended by hunters, guides and Indians. As the outfit entered the city it made an imposing procession a mile long. After his retirement from active business, Captain Sublette had political aspirations. He wanted to go to Congress from St. Louis. He wrote to Senator Benton asking him for the appointment of superintendent of Indian affairs, and died in 1845 while on the way to Washington to see about it.

Andrew Sublette was a mighty bear hunter. The pelt was the smallest part of the consideration. Whenever Andrew Sublette found himself in new territory he tried the temper of the bears. He was in California with the '49ers, listened to stories of the ferocious grizzlies and went after them. He had a dog that liked bear fighting as well as he did. In the vicinity of Los Angeles, Andrew Sublette came upon a grizzly and wounded it. The mate of the bear

rushed out of the bush and attacked. Sublette was caught with an unloaded gun. He drew his knife, and, with the dog beside him, fought until he had killed the two bears. Man and dog were frightfully torn. Sublette lingered and died of the wounds. The dog remained by the bedside throughout the illness, followed his master's body to the grave and lay beside it, refusing to eat or drink until he died.

William Waldo described William L. Sublette as "a prudent, economical man." "Milton, Solomon and Andrew Sublette," he said, "were reckless of life and money." Milton Sublette's Indian fighting exploits won for him the name of "Thunderbolt of the Rocky Mountains." Andrew Sublette could shoot a wild horse through the neck so as to graze the vertebrae and paralyze temporarily but not permanently injure the animal. This was the method of capturing wild horses by creasing. The Boston man who told this of Andrew Sublette said, "I give it as true because I saw it done."

The War Experiences of Stephen B. Elkins.

When Stephen B. Elkins was Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Harrison he told how the war in Missouri divided his family. Elkins graduated at the State University in 1860. The address to his class was by Sterling Price and the theme was devotion to one's country.

"My father left everything and went into Sterling Price's army; my brother John, who should have gone to college, succeeding myself, wheeled about and instead went into the Rebel army at 16. I met him on the prairie when the first horns of the war blew, carrying a gun at his saddle string, and he said he was going to kill the Yankees. Said I: 'John, you won't be out three weeks before you will wish you were home in your mother's bed; there is no excuse for going to war against the government. Everything I have read and reflected teaches me that.' He said he would not discuss the question; that he was going to kill some Yankees. Afterward he told me that when he got into the first fight around Lexington, Mo., and bullets commenced to fly past his ears, he did wish he was home in his mother's bed. Had he been educated he would have made considerable of a man, and probably would have been governor of Colorado, in which State he arrived at distinction, being a state senator before he died. My brother surrendered with Dick Taylor at the close of the war in Louisiana. My father never came into the new situation gracefully."

Before he joined the Union army Elkins had a thrilling experience with the guerillas:

"I was going along the road one day when I came upon three men wearing the Yankee blue, playing cards at the roadside. One of them said: 'Them boots is too good for him;' another said, 'I am going to have his jacket.' I thought I should be shot right away. Those fellows cared nothing more about taking a man's life than killing a rat or a cat. I asked them to take me to their commander. They marched me along and we got to Quantrell's camp. There I saw Cole Younger, Dick Yager and Todd, and several others afterward known for desperate deeds. Those I have mentioned were farmers' sons around where I lived. They identified me and said: 'Here comes Steve Elkins.'

"All the way along I had been afraid that those fellows who had captured me would shoot me in the back, for I had on the watch which I am carrying

now in the office of the Secretary of War. Those boys said that I must be all right, as my father and brother were in the Confederacy; that I myself was a little off on the subject, but must come right at last, etc.

An Intimate View of Quantrell.

"I asked them to show me Quantrell. I took a look at him. He had dark sandy hair, the eye of a leader, was young and wiry and taciturn. Said I, 'Boys, where is he going to take you?' 'We never know,' said Younger and Todd. 'He never tells anybody where he is going.' They started out in an hour or so with no order given but 'saddle up,' which spread around, commencing with Quantrell's lips. I told these persons not to be in a hurry, but let the others go on. 'Now,' I said, 'let me go home to mother, as there is nobody to look after her. Father has gone off with Price and somebody must take care of her.' So I started off on my horse, which I had been allowed to keep, and as soon as I got to the first foliage you can be sure I went fast.

"The next time I saw Quantrell he had come with a part of his band to a farm house where I was stopping. Those fellows were perfect dare-devils. The moment they were called to halt they were down, with their horses tied, singing, dancing, playing cards, reviving the sports of the buccaneers. Being in the house, I thought I had better put on a bold face, and I went to where they were getting dinner and exchanged some words with Quantrell. He was not a large man, but you could tell that he was a leader.

"I had a hard experience staying at home at the commencement of the war. There was nowhere else to go except into the army. I can hardly tell now how I drifted to the opposite side from father and brother. I suppose that it was education; a disposition for peace, instead of fighting. I finally entered the militia, and we had a meeting and formed a company of which I was elected captain. Kansas City was the only place in Missouri then that had Union people in it, at least in that part of Missouri. The colonel of the regiment to which I became attached was Kersey Coates, who built the big opera house and hotel in Kansas City. I was in continual danger of being killed, and was marked by Quantrell's men as a renegade who was to be shot as soon as taken. I saw one battle while in the service, that of Lone Jack, and a most awful battle it was. Col. Emory S. Foster had a Union regiment which was attacked by the brother of Senator Cockrell, but Foster thought the Confederates were the guerilla bands who raised the black flag, and never gave any quarter. So he refused to surrender, and every one of his officers was picked off. The guerillas were victorious. I went over the battlefield afterward, and the blood, the cries for water and death, the naked bodies stripped of their clothing, the dead horses which served for ramparts, gave me a disgust for war, which makes it seem strange that I am here at the head of the war department of this great government."

A Missouri Colony that Came to Grief.

The case of Juan Gid is one of the misadventures of Missourians in the winning of the West: Juan Gid is Mexican for John G. Heath. In 1820 Heath was a Missourian of such prominence that he was one of the leading actors in the constitutional convention which paved the way for the admission of Missouri as a State. Perhaps Heath was disappointed politically. For some reason, not-

withstanding he had many valuable possessions scattered along the Missouri River from St. Charles to Boonville, he promptly wandered away to Mexico, and in 1823 was a member of the city council of El Paso. That was the period of Mexico's turbulent deliverance from Spain. Hidalgo had raised the "Grito de Dolores," the "Cry of Dolores." After a struggle of eleven years the revolution had won, when, at Cordoba in 1821, the Spanish Viceroy signed a treaty of peace with the insurgents. Iturbide, the leader of the revolution, had set aside the constitutional authorities and had had himself crowned emperor. That was in July, 1822. The Iturbide dynasty lasted only until March, 1823, when a revolt forced the abdication of the emperor. But in the eight or nine months of his reign Iturbide issued a colonization decree. That was in January, 1823. News traveled very slowly in those days. The decree didn't reach El Paso until the month of abdication. Under it the city council went ahead with a grant to John G. Heath of a valuable tract of land on which to found a colony, and Heath proceeded with his arrangements in unhappy ignorance of the fact that Iturbide was out and the colonization decree repealed. When the city council learned months afterward what a blunder had been made the information was sent to Missouri. It came too late. Heath had sold his possessions, had recruited and outfitted his colony, even to the extent of a printing press and type. He was floating down the Missouri and the Mississippi to cross the gulf and to make his way to El Paso through what is now Western Texas. Just when Heath learned that Iturbide had been shot and that the grant had been repudiated the information now possessed does not show. But the pioneer had burned his bridges and he did not turn back. He went forward with his plans and settled on the grant. The Mexican authorities drove him away and confiscated his effects. The fate of Heath is only shadowy rumor. Later grants covering the now famed Mesilla Valley were made, and 3,000 people have vineyards, alfalfa meadows, apricot orchards where Heath expected to establish his colony. The court of private land claims decided that, however unfortunate Juan Gid may have been, he was the victim of indisputable legal circumstances and left no rights to this land to survive him. His papers were all in proper form, but, Iturbide having been set aside and his colonization decree having been repealed, the council of El Paso had no authority to make any such grant.

In Pettis County there is still a reminiscence of Juan Gid in the name of Heath's Creek. Juan Gid and his brother Robert Heath, built salt works at the mouth of the creek and gave it its name.

Oregon's First Senator.

The battle of Ball's Bluff sent a shock through the north. For numbers engaged it was insignificant. The time was the first year of the Civil war, before great engagements had inured the people to the consequences of fighting. That which made Ball's Bluff, the Virginia landmark, long remembered was the death of Edward Dickinson Baker, at the head of a regiment which he had raised. At the time of his death Baker was a United States Senator from Oregon. Thirty-five years before he was a boy driving a horse and cart in St. Louis. His father had come from Lancaster in England, bringing a large family and little means. The boy was put to work with the horse and cart, hauling dirt and doing such express errands as could be found. One day he left the horse stand-

IN SOUTHEAST MISSOURI

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ing at the corner of Third and Market streets, and, while waiting for a job, went into the circuit court then held in the building erected for the Baptist church. Edwards Bates was addressing a jury. He was a gentle, quiet mannered man. When he arose to speak, he had a power which was peculiarly his own with an audience. There was not the slightest tendency to bombast. There was no effort to be impressive. Bates was a winning speaker. He charmed all who listened. The boy, uneducated and unformed in character, forgot his horse and cart, remaining in the courtroom to the end of the speech. He went home and told his father that was the end of cart driving for him. "I'm going to be a lawyer," he said in reply to the question what he meant.

The boy picked up education in scraps. His father, who had been a schoolmaster, taught him as well as he could. Almost before he reached manhood, young Baker got a school to teach in Illinois. He lost no opportunity to practice public speaking. On Sundays he preached in the Baptist church. It is tradition that he picked up some medical knowledge and did a little doctoring. But the law was his goal. He read as opportunity permitted. In 1837 he was elected to the Illinois legislature and in 1840 he became a state senator. After that he ranked with Lincoln and Douglas as a political speaker. There is a story of ambition handed down from the Illinois campaign of 1840 in which Baker was one of the leading participants. It is said that, referring to the fact his foreign birth debarred him from aspiring to the Presidency, he declared "it is a great calamity and misfortune to me," and shed tears. Four years later an Illinois district sent Baker to Congress. The Mexican war came on. Baker went in command of an Illinois regiment. Then he settled in California when the discovery of gold prompted the flood of immigration there. He moved to Oregon and was elected a Senator when that territory was admitted to the Union in 1860. At the outbreak of the war, Baker went to Pennsylvania and, appealing to returned gold seekers, raised a command which was called the "California Regiment." In October, 1861, he fell on the battlefield. At that time the lawyer whose speech in the court at St. Louis had captivated the English boy and had furnished the inspiration of his career was a member of President Lincoln's Cabinet.—Attorney General Bates.

Missouri in Statuary Hall.

By the terms under which Statuary Hall at Washington is gradually filling with figures in marble and bronze of eminent Americans, each State in the Union is allowed two representatives in the collection. But Missouri has three former Senators in the hall. The bronze figure of Gen. James Shields was put there by another State. Yet the last public service of the gallant Irishman "hero of two wars and Senator from three States," was for Missouri in the Senate chamber. He died a Missourian. The statues of Benton and Blair stand on the east side of the hall. That of Shields is immediately facing them on the west side. The memory of Shields is perpetuated not alone in bronze. His figure has its conspicuous place in the great historical painting of the battle of Chapultepec which hangs in one of the grand staircases of the Senate wing. In his shirtsleeves, sword in hand, the general stands in the foreground directing the movements of the American troops on that most picturesque of the Mexican battle-fields.

"When Price made his raid into Missouri in 1864," Capt. John Rudd, one of Gen. Jo Shelby's subordinate commanders, said: "I was sent ahead to recruit a regiment for Shelby's brigade. I crossed the Missouri and established a camp in the woods of Carroll County, near the river. There I received recruits and gathered horses and arms and ammunition. In a short time I had between 150 and 200 men, and by skirmishing about after the militia, we got enough horses to mount them. One afternoon I rode across a prairie, and came to a young fellow breaking sod with three yoke of oxen.

"'Are you Captain Rudd?' he asked.

"I said I was.

"'I want to go with you,' he said.

"'How old are you?' I asked.

"'Never mind about that,' he said 'I'm old enough to go.'

"We had some further conversation, and I went to the house. There I saw the young man's mother, and she expressed her willingness to have him join Shelby. I went back and told him the result. He unyoked the oxen, told the negro to take them to the house, and went with me. He didn't even return to the house to get his coat. When we got into camp I found that John Croker, a guerrilla, had just brought in the horses and equipments of fifteen militiamen. We fixed the young recruit with a pair of cavalry boots, a Federal overcoat and a pair of pistols. We let him pick his choice of the captured horses. And that is the way Joseph E. Kenna became a Missouri soldier. A few days afterward we swam our horses across the Missouri and camped on Old Man Galbreath's place. There had been some fighting, and, as we started southward to join Shelby, we encountered a force under Major Emory S. Foster, as brave a man as ever drew a pistol in Missouri. The Federals were on their way to Warrensburg with their dead from the previous battle. Young Kenna went into the fight with us, and behaved gallantly. He was shot in the leg. As soon as we got clear of the Federals we bathed the wound and tied it up with bandages. The boy rode his horse through Missouri to Arkansas, and, when we went into camp at Fulton, his wounded leg had swollen to double its normal size. But in all that ride, every moment of which was torture to him, he never uttered a whimper. He was then just sixteen years old. He remained in the service until the surrender at Shreveport, where the war west of the Mississippi ended. From there he returned to his home about ten miles from Carrollton. Shortly afterward his mother moved to West Virginia, which State Mr. Kenna was representing in the Senate when he died."

The statue of the late Senator Kenna stands on the west side of Statuary Hall. Its location is close by that of Gen. James Shields, who lived in Carroll County when he represented Missouri in the Senate. The body of General Shields rests not ten miles from where Kenna left his breaking plow in the furrow when, without a coat, and without saying good-by to his mother, he went to join Shelby. One Missourian's career ended in the locality where the other's began. And now their statues stand almost side by side where the nation honors its great. Three States acknowledge in this most conspicuous form the services of four men who were Missourians.

Pat Donan's Claim.

Among the Missourians who went to develop North Dakota was Col. Pat Donan. At the mention of that name there arises before the mental vision an erect figure about which the black Prince Albert fits without a crease. The long brown beard, the fresh-colored cheeks, the light blue eyes and inevitable soft black hat are before you. And in a moment you seem to see the lips move and hear the well-modulated, distinct tones utter:

"Excuse me a moment; there goes a lady down the street I know."

And Donan vanishes. In 1873 Donan was editor of the Lexington Caucasian and was carrying on a fierce war against the holders of Missouri county bonds. When the excitement over fortunes in wheat and cattle drew Col. John Ely, the Larimores, Oscar M. Towner and many other Missourians to Dakota, Donan caught the fever and migrated. He took a claim and for some years thereafter his autograph appeared on hotel registers as "Pat Donan, Devils Lake, Dak." The idea of that cosmopolitan Missourian being able to establish a permanent residence anywhere! But he picked out his claim and set about fulfilling the conditions of residence and improvements. The location was magnificent. A feature of it was a promontory which jutted out from the shore line and gave a ten miles' sweep of the lake west as well as east. This headland was given the name of Chilhoa, which was supposed to mean something appropriate in the Sioux language. Donan would go into rhapsodies over his beautiful home, in telling people about it, but some way there was a fatal hitch about his residence upon it. The Devils Lakers said that the train would come in and Donan would alight, coming from where nobody knew. He would shake hands in his breezy way with everybody, congratulate them and himself on the future of Devils Lake, and then announce that he was going down to his claim, about three miles from the city. In a day or two he would be off for another indefinite absence, only to return after a few weeks, perhaps, and repeat his visit to the shack. The Devils Lakers had their doubts as to whether Colonel Donan ever spent a whole night in his shack. There were some fine young ladies from St. Paul and Minneapolis who had come out with brothers and relatives to take up claims and have a jolly time while proving up. Donan was a general favorite, and when he started for his shack he often stopped to call upon some of these congenial people, and was persuaded to accept their hospitalities. At one time Colonel Donan had a scheme to get Eugene Field, Joaquin Miller and Page M. Baker to visit him on his claim and be his guests for a couple of weeks. He even issued the invitations and laid in supplies, mostly liquid, for the entertainment. The people got ready to give the literary men a genuine Devils Lake reception, but for some reason the scheme fell through.

The sequel is the saddest part of the story of Donan's claim. A brawny blacksmith of Devils Lake cast envious eyes upon Chilhoa, and quietly collected evidence to show that Donan was not fulfilling the requirements of the law and was not making his residence there. When he thought he had the necessary amount of proof against the colonel he took the claim. A contest dragged itself through the circumlocution of the general land office, and the blacksmith won.

Missouri's Greatest Poet.

Eugene Field was "a student at three universities and a graduate of none." He first entered Williams College, but after eight months was called back to

St. Louis by the death of his father. That year, 1869, he entered Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois, and remained about a year. In 1870 he joined his brother, Roswell, in the junior class at the University of Missouri, but did not complete the course.

"Missouri's greatest poet" is the tribute accorded Eugene Field by Walter Williams. Of Field as a student at the University of Missouri, Dean Williams, several years ago, wrote the recollections current in Columbia. Field was famous for poetry and pranks. He started the University Missourian, having at that early day a predilection for journalism. The first number was issued March 23, 1871:

"On the editorial page appeared the name of the editorial staff: Editor in chief, H. W. Ewing; assistants, J. N. Baskett and James Cooney; literary editor, Eugene Field; local and news editor, J. S. Dryden; treasurer and business manager, N. W. Allen.

"This is what the Columbia Statesman said of the new student paper in its issue of June 30 of that year: 'The University Missourian is a college monthly paper, issued by the students of the State University of Missouri, the first number of which (for June) is on our table. It is creditably printed and brimful of editorial and other original matter, prose and poetical, which can not fail to interest all who feel any concern for the prosperity of our university. We heartily wish the students great success with their newspaper.'

"Of the little group of students who started the University Missourian, several later won more than local fame. "Gene" Field, well beloved of all who love pure humor and quaint and sparkling rhymes, has an enduring place in American literature. James Newton Baskett of Mexico, Mo., is a writer of national reputation. Among the best known of his books are 'At You-All's House' and 'As the Light Led.'

"James Cooney, whom the students of that day still remember for his red hair and his wit, paid his expenses in the university by teaching a school in the country. He later was elected to Congress from the Columbia district. He died several years ago. Henry W. Ewing, also now dead, was graduated in 1875 with the degree of Ph. B. and Ph. M. He became editor of the Jefferson City Tribune and later clerk of the Missouri supreme court.

"One of the stanchest friends of 'Gene' Field in Columbia was E. W. Stephens, at whose plant the first University Missourian was printed.

Field, the Student.

"The most studious designer of pranks that ever idled on the university campus at Columbia was Eugene Field. During the term of 1871-72 he was matriculated—no one would dare say, as a student—in this institution. Field was seldom bothered with text-books and lectures until the examination period was approaching. Then he would pitch in and make the best grades in his class. It is remarkable that his poem containing the lines, ' 'Cept just before Christmas, when I'm as good as I can be,' was suggested by his own mental state just previous to his final hour of reckoning with the university professors.

"The poet had a high ideal of what might be called the 'delightfully funny,' and endeavored almost constantly while in school to realize this end. For him the ridiculous or grotesque never failed to call forth his unswerving support. He

was the acknowledged leader in all college pranks, being daring, full of fun and endowed with a remarkable faculty of originality. His wit was so real and ingenious that the university faculty never found sufficient grounds to punish him. Stories are told that Dr. Daniel Read, then president of the school, often in the midst of a censorious lecture, turned from this modern Mercury to repress a smile, while the bad Field, nothing daunted, sat stiff and rigid as if it were deserved.

"Field's first literary work was done while in Columbia. This consisted in writing orations and in contributing to the college paper. He was the acknowledged orator of the university. In 1872 he was awarded the junior medal for oratory. On all occasions of college burlesque or mock trial Field was pressed to assume the important part. The University, then the college publication, furnished an excellent opportunity for the embryo poet to develop his talents. To this paper Eugene Field and his younger brother, Roswell, contributed profusely, signing themselves as 'Ager Primus' and 'Ager Secundus,' the Latin for Field First and Field Second. Their contributions were mostly songs, sometimes new, sometimes old, and so revised as to have local references; parodies and numerous rhymes which were often illustrated by grotesque drawings.

"While at the university Field also developed a deep feeling for nature, for the reverential and sublime. It was his delight to wander along the banks of 'classic Hinkson,' a little stream that flows close to Columbia, and which abounds in much natural and picturesque scenery. 'Sniping on Hinkson,' a descriptive poem of the sport indulged in by many of the students at that time, was composed along the banks of this stream. Two places on this creek are pointed out by an old companion of Field where the poet used to loiter and meditate. One of these is known as the 'Ashland Bridge,' on the Ashland gravel road. The other is at a point about one mile south of the university grounds, where the overhanging cliffs fall 100 feet almost perpendicularly to the water's edge.

Field, the Lecturer.

"Many stories are still told of Field's pranks, and the parts that he took in burlesque programs which always followed every regular college entertainment. During those days the late Dr. John D. Vincil, at one time a curator of the university, was pastor of the Methodist Church at Columbia, and on one occasion aroused Field's sarcastic spirit, the vituperative features of which were well known. The offended gentleman proceeded straightway to exhibit his feelings. He caused an audience to be assembled to hear a lecture on the 'Comparative Greatness of Asia and America,' which was delivered by himself. This was the most witty and sarcastic effusion that ever came from the tongue or pen of Mr. Field, with Dr. Vincil the subject.

"On another occasion, when the Boone County Fair was being planned for the season, Field bought yards of white muslin and stretched it across the streets, first painting on it certain attractions to appear at the fair grounds. A lecture was to be delivered on farming by Horace Greeley, impersonated by Hon. James Cooney. A large number of visitors were in Columbia that week, and the occasion was looked forward to with considerable anticipation. The lecture was given and a large crowd was present, but the audience was not long in discovering that Greeley was not the speaker.

"So bright and witty, however, was the lecture that it was allowed to continue, and the allotted time was devoted to the discussion of the Columbia College campus farming and the management of this industrial branch by members of the faculty. After an hour or so was spent, in which a considerable part was taken up in digressions, the speaker allowed that if his audience would study a text-book on agriculture for fifteen or twenty minutes it would know more about the subject than he did.

"Field's most successful prank while he was at the university, though hardly so laudable, was of an entirely different nature. Dr. Read, then president of the school, had a large, fine, dignified-looking carriage horse, of which he was justly proud. Eugene Field took this animal in custody one night and proceeded to roach its mane and to shave its tail. The next day he disguised himself, and appeared before the doctor, wanting to buy his 'big gray mule.' Another horse belonging to Dr. Read was decorated by Field with paint, and was left so unrecognizable the good doctor, upon seeing it, had it docketed 'stray.'

"Tradition tells a story, however true it may be, that Field and some of his companions secured a donkey one night and tied him to a tree not over twenty-five feet from the doctor's bedroom window, which ungracious animal wailed his plaintive intonations until the early hours, when a janitor appeared and led him away."

Field, the Actor.

Congressman James N. Burnes occasionally told, with much satisfaction to his keen sense of humor, a story of Eugene Field's newspaper career in St. Joseph. Field was city editor of the Gazette. William Lightfoot Visscher, who was no mean second to Field in adding to the gaiety of the community, had a like position with the Herald. Field was a singer as well as a writer. He with other musical amateurs had formed an organization to produce light operas for the entertainment of St. Joseph.

"The guiding spirit of the venture," said Congressman Burnes, "was Litt Lancaster, a prominent attorney and a man who probably knew more about music, art and literature than any other man in Missouri. Lancaster had a very beautiful and talented sister who afterward became well known on the stage as Louise Manfred, and who, of course, was the prima donna of the company. The remainder of the organization consisted of the best amateur talent in that exceedingly rich and aristocratic community. The production fixed upon for the occasion of which I speak was 'The Two Cadiz,' and Field was cast for one of the characters.

"Just before the performance, Field approached Lancaster and said: 'It will never do for me to write a criticism of a production in which I am to take a prominent part. Now, there is no man so well qualified to do it as you, and I want you to dress it up for me for tomorrow's Gazette.'

" 'I'll write a criticism of you and Miss Lancaster, and also of the male members,' replied the critic, after a short reflection, 'but I'll be blanked if I'll write a line about the other ladies. If I did, and it wasn't just what they thought they deserved it would be charged to my prejudice for my sister, and the devil would be to pay. So I'll leave the criticism with you to finish.'

EUGENE FIELD

MARK TWAIN UNVEILING TABLET ON HOUSE
WHERE EUGENE FIELD WAS BORN

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"This was agreed upon, and they parted. Field had not been gone an hour when Visscher appeared. He had identically the same request to make, and Lancaster promised to do his share, as in Field's case, and Visscher promised solemnly to do the rest.

"The performance was given, and both Field and Visscher hunted up Lancaster to get their criticisms. The latter had faithfully and conscientiously performed his share of the contract, and the two humorists pocketed their manuscripts and went away delighted.

"Now it happened that Field was so excited over his artistic triumph of the evening that in his haste to join a midnight supper party, he scandalously neglected to write a criticism of the other ladies, while Visscher, on the way to the office, happened to meet the advance agent of a fake show that was billed at the theater for the next night, and took several drinks with him. This villain professed to be the retired musical critic of the New York Sun, and so impressed Visscher with his ability to finish up the criticism to suit the high musical cult of St. Joseph, that when they dashed off their thirty-fifth glass of beer, the latter intrusted the sacred manuscript and the histrionic reputation of those unfortunate ladies to the tender mercy of that stranger's scalpel.

"The next morning the whole town arose early to get copies of the Gazette and Herald to devour what that sphinx-like personality, the local critic, had to say of the performance of St. Joseph's leading society stars. Imagine, if you can, the feeling of these ladies when they read in the Gazette an elaborate and carefully analyzed criticism of Eugene Field's resonant barytone and of the prima donna's beautiful soprano, and not a word about their own sympathetic contraltos, mezzo sopranos, and charming grace of action?

"But, oh! what a shock when they picked up the Herald and read an equally elaborate review of Mr. Field's performance and that of Miss Lancaster, while as for themselves—Well, that villain of an advance agent, retired critic of the New York Sun, had sat down in mad glee and ground out a column of humorous diversion at the expense of those contraltos and mezzos that would have adorned the laureled brow of Bill Nye. It was simply awful. That Mephistopheles of the New York Sun slid out of town at dawn, laughing in his sleeve, leaving his victims to writhe in their agony, and as a very natural result of the whole affair, several indignant husbands called at the Herald and promptly stopped their papers. They were looking for Visscher, but that worthy had been made aware of the approaching storm, and discreetly kept out of the way, but in the course of the day the truth leaked out, and then the wrath of those broken-hearted women and their friends and protectors centered upon Lancaster. Of course, all was quite plain to them. They reasoned precisely along the lines forecast by that gentleman when he declined to write his opinion about the lady members of the company, and denounced him as an unprincipled and corrupt critic who perverted his prerogatives in the interest of selfish relations. Field and Visscher concluded that it was better that one man should suffer than that they should both be helplessly sacrificed upon the altar of public condemnation, and pretended to express great sympathy for the offended stars. Lancaster, of course, never got a chance to explain. The secret remained locked in his bosom of how Field and Visscher betrayed his confidence, and he gradually settled

down to a morose contemplation of the perfidy of mankind, and never smiled again except in sardonic contempt of public opinion."

Mark Twain's Biography in Brief.

Edward Marshall epitomized Mark Twain's biography in these words: "He was pulled out of the Mississippi River nine times before he was fifteen, so he was evidently not born to be drowned. He was born in Florida, Monroe County, Mo., November 30, 1835, and was soon taken to Hannibal, Mo., by his parents. While yet of a tender age he ran away from home and got work in a New York printing office. One day he met a man from Hannibal and ran back again. He became a Mississippi River pilot at seventeen, earning $250 a month, and kept at it until he was twenty-four years old. It was then, despite Mr. Tom Sawyer's interesting barroom fiction, that he got the name 'Mark Twain.' It is an expression used by river men as they take soundings. He enlisted in the Confederate army, but soon left to become private secretary to his brother, who was lieutenant governor of Nevada Territory. It was the resulting journey across the plains that gave us 'Roughing It.' Then he tried mining. Then he tried journalism on the coast and in the Sandwich Islands. Finally, against the enthusiastic discouragement of his friends, he began to lecture, and was an instantaneous success. In 1867 he went to Europe with a party of Philadelphians, and there came 'Innocents Abroad.' His real name was Samuel L. Clemens."

Professor of Anecdote.

Mark Twain told the girls of the class of 1894 at Bryn Mawr College, after they had elected him an honorary member, that he had a great ambition to be a member of the Bryn Mawr faculty. "I should like to be," said he "a professor of anecdote. It's a very useful art. I'll give you a lesson. One kind of anecdote contains only words. You talk till you're tired and then ring in a laugh—if you're lucky. I'll illustrate this plan by an anecdote of a Scotch-Irish christening. In this Scotch-Irish village a baby had been born and a large number of friends had collected to see it christened. The minister, thinking this a good opportunity to display his oratorical powers, took the baby in his hands, saying:

" 'He is a little fellow, yes, a little fellow, and as I look into your faces I see an expression of scorn that suggests that you despise him. But if you had the soul of a poet and the gift of prophecy you would not despise him. You would look far into the future and see what it might be. Consider how small the acorn is from which grows the mighty oak. So this little child may be a great poet and write tragedies or a great statesman or perhaps a future warrior wading in blood up to his neck; he may be—er—what is his name?'

" 'His name?' asked the mother, who had been carried away by the preacher's eloquence. 'Oh, Mary Ann, sir.' "

Some time after Mark Twain became famous, the real Tom Sawyer was discovered. He was keeping a cigar and liquor store on Missouri street in San Francisco. To a newspaper reporter he gave these reminiscences of the author:

"Yes, it was after me that Sam named his book, and I told him lots of things that he put in it, too. You see, we used to knock around a good deal together, me and Sam, and we was always tellin' each other stories. Sam was a dandy. He could drink more and talk more than any other feller I ever seen. He'd set

down in a chair and take a drink, and then he'd begin to tell us some joke or 'nother, and then somebody'd buy another drink and he'd tell us another joke. Once he got started he'd set there all night. The crowd would always stay as long as he did, too. Yes, sir; I tell you that Sam was the greatest story teller the world has ever produced. I am not prepared to say how he sizes up as a liar, but I think that he could hold his own that way, too. But there was so many liars floatin' around them days you never could exactly place 'em. I used to lie some myself. You see, I had to be in the game. But I never tried to compete with Sam.

"He was workin' on the Call. He never had a cent, and most of the time his shoes were worn out and his clothes needed patchin'. But he didn't care. They'd send him out down at the paper to write something up, and he'd go up to the Russ House and sit around telling stories all day. Then he'd go back to the office and write up what he'd been sent out for. Most times it was all wrong, but mighty entertainin'. But I believe his city editor said he was unreliable.

"He used to cost me about $50 a month. You see, he was such a good fellow, and he didn't seem able to look out much for himself, and I sorter took care of him. He never had a cent, and I used to pay for most of his clothes. I often hear from him now. He's comin' out here some time, he says.

"I suppose you know how he come to get the name of Mark Twain? No? Well, it was up in Virginia City, away back in 1860. Tom Peasley was keepin' a saloon there then and Larry Ryan was tendin' bar. Sam had been drinkin' some and spent all his money. Maybe he'd gone against faro bank a little, too, but, anyway, he was busted and thirsty. He knew Tom and Larry both just as well as anybody, and he'd hung up many a drink there, too. They was both getting a little tired of it, but whenever they'd kick he'd tell some joke or other and walk off while they was laughin' at it. Well, this time he come in with a friend and ordered two cocktails.

"After they was drank Sam just held up two fingers at Larry and winked. Larry made out as if he didn't understand what Sam was drivin' at, so Sam just leaned over the counter and says in a stage whisper, I believe they call it, 'Mark Twain,' meanin' for Larry to put two chalks on the slate. Well, Tom Peasley heard it and wasn't going to have it that way, but Sam he started in to tell some ridiculous thing or other and Tom had to laugh and say 'All right.' But always after that he called Sam 'Mark Twain,' and when Sam commenced writin' books he signed that name. Sam was a dandy, you bet. He was his own original in 'Huckleberry Finn,' you know, and I recognized many an incident in that book as having happened to Sam himself."

A Young Reporter's Shock.

In his later years Mark Twain, with his wavy mane of hair and his peculiarities of attire, was distinguished looking. But in middle life, even after he became famous, his appearance and manner were not especially impressive. A young newspaper man had this experience:

"It was when I was very young and correspondingly fresh. I had secured a position as reporter, and felt that I held the destinies of nations in my hands. I was taking hotel arrivals one day, when a stranger lounged up to the register and asked with a drawl: 'Editor of a paper here?' I nodded patronizingly, and

he observed that it was a great responsibility. He said that he had tried hard to become a great editor, and once secured a position on a Western weekly, but had been ingloriously discharged. He seemed quite heart-broken, and I proceeded to tell him that journalists were born, not made, and to make an egregious ass of myself generally. He lounged away, the clerk told me his name was Mark Twain, and I made a sneak out the back way."

One of the traditions of Salt River relates to Mark Twain's brief service in the Confederacy. Early in 1861 Sam Clemens, as he was known then, joined a company of Monroe County horsemen who called themselves "rangers." The self-recruited group started to join Price. On the way it was necessary to ford Salt River. There had been heavy rains and Salt River was out of the banks. The horses were obliged to swim. Mark Twain's mount was a mule, an "ornery" mule, that refused to go into the water. A rope was hitched to the neck of the mule and three or four of the party took hold of the loose end and went ahead. As they neared the opposite shore they looked back. Mark Twain and the mule were out of sight but the pull on the rope was still strong. As the company climbed the bank, Mark Twain came in view and then the mule.

"That cussed mule," said Clemens, "waded every step across the river."

Missourians in State Making.

Ten Missourians had a hand in the making of Washington's constitution. Judge Turner, of Spokane Falls, one of the ablest lawyers of the new State was a Missourian. He was a telegraph operator to begin with, and when scarcely more than a boy he went from Missouri to Alabama. Gen. Grant made him United States Marshal of Alabama, and for several years he was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. President Arthur appointed him to the bench of Washington Territory, and he served until he resigned, during the Cleveland Administration. Trusten Polk Dyer, nephew of Judge David P. Dyer, was a member of that constitutional convention. Mr. Dyer had settled in Washington only fourteen months before the State was formed. Somebody raised the point that it was rather rushing things to elect such a recent arrival as a framer of the constitution. This was met by the explanation that Mr. Dyer had equalized matters by marrying the daughter of one of the most respected and wealthiest pioneers of Seattle. Mr. Dyer's case was a double illustration. It went to show that this was a young man's State, and that newcomers need not wait until they were baldheaded for recognition, political or matrimonial. Mr. Dyer was 33 years of age.

Another of the Missourians in the convention was George Comegys, of Oaksdale, a lawyer and a stockman. He was older and had been there long enough to have served in the territorial legislature. Mr. Comegys was a Republican, as also was F. M. Dallam, the editor of the Lincoln County Times, of Davenport. The other Missourians were Democrats. They were S. H. Berry, a real estate man of Chehalis; J. T. Eshelman, of North Yakima, who, when at home, traded real estate week days and preached in the Campbellite Church on Sundays; B. B. Glasscock, a real estate dealer of Sprague; N. M. Godman, a lawyer, of Dayton; J. M. Reed, who combined the vocations of a farmer and Presbyterian minister at Oaksdale, and G. H. Stevenson, of Cascades, the only fisherman in the body. All of these Democratic Missourians were young men, under 40, with the single

exception of Mr. Reed, who was 47. Mr. Godman was only 32, but he had distinguished himself as one of the leaders on the Democratic side. Altogether, Missouri was doing well in Washington.

Missourians in Montana.

Governor Samuel T. Hauser of Montana was a Missourian. He went there early in the war. As he told it, some of his friends were going North and some were going South. It seemed to be the proper thing to go somewhere, so he started West. He was at Alder Gulch when mining operations began. His start in life came from that place and nearly everything he has went into afterwards "panned out" well. When the Democrats came into power Mr. Hauser felt a throb of political ambition, and went on to Washington. He was appointed governor of Montana, but tired of office-holding after a couple of years, and broke the Democratic record by resigning.

So many Missourians went to Montana that it was said to have been "settled by the left wing of Price's army."

Ashley's Exploration of Utah.

In 1823 General William H. Ashley led an expedition across the plains from St. Louis. He met with resistance from the Indians and lost fourteen men. In 1824 General Ashley discovered a southern route through the Rocky Mountains. He led his expedition to the Great Salt Lake and explored the Utah valley. He established a fort. Two years later a six-pound cannon was drawn from the Missouri across the plains and through the mountains 1,200 miles to Ashley's fort. A trail was made. Many loaded wagons passed over it. A new trade territory for Missouri was opened. Between 1824 and 1827 Ashley's men sent over $200,000 worth of furs to St. Louis. The general retired from the business of exploration and fur trading. He sold out to a St. Louis organization in which J. S. Smith, David E. Jackson and William L. Sublette were the leading spirits. Their chief clerk was Robert Campbell. The Rocky Mountain Fur Company pushed its trade across the mountains and into what are now Nevada, California and Southern Oregon.

Ashley was a slender man, rather tall, thin faced, with a prominent nose and chin. He came west from Virginia when he was eighteen, sold goods, manufactured saltpetre and surveyed lands before he engaged in the fur trade. He was a man of boundless activity, at the same time a mild-mannered, serious, and silent man. With knowledge of the force of character behind those peaceful appearing features, the organizers of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company selected Ashley as the leader. Early in the spring two boats were loaded with goods for the Indians. Major Henry recruited and armed one hundred men, picking those who had seen service in the fur trade. The destination was the mouth of the Yellowstone far up the Missouri, in what is now Montana. Very complete, not to say elaborate, were the preparations. Perhaps no other expedition in the history of the fur trade was better planned. On the way to Ashley's boats a wagon load of powder exploded at Washington avenue and Ninth street. The owner of the wagon, a Mr. Labarge, and two of his men were killed. This was the beginning of misfortunes. When the expedition reached the Arickarees' country, General Ashley met the chiefs of that tribe. He gave them pres-

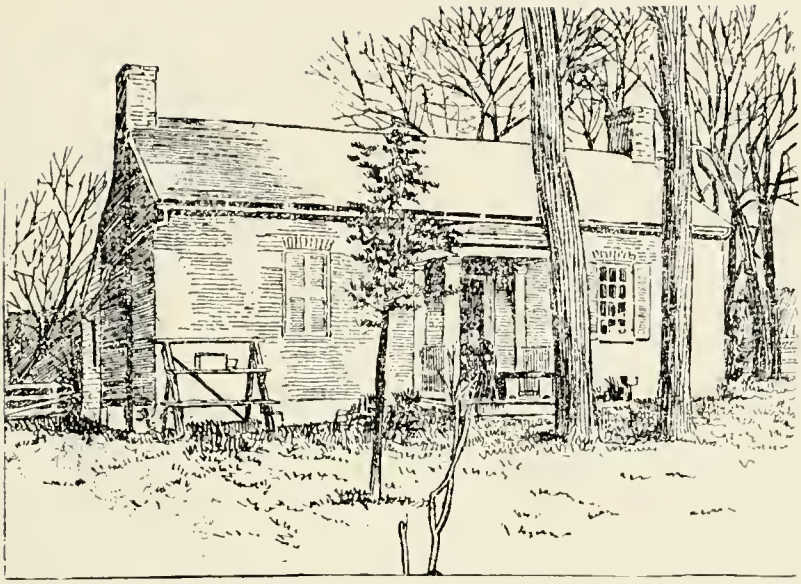
ents. He bought fifty horses from them. When his men went to the place where they were to receive the horses they were attacked. Fifteen of them were killed. The horses were stampeded. The boats were driven away from the bank. War was declared. General Ashley had sent part of his force with Major Henry overland to the Yellowstone. This detachment encountered the Blackfeet Indians and lost four men and the goods it was transporting.

Ashley met the desperate situation with iron nerve. He waited until the United States troops had dispersed the Arickarees who were blockading the Missouri. With more men and goods from St. Louis, he went on to the mouth of the Yellowstone. In his mind Ashley had no doubt as to what had prompted the Indian hostility. As soon as he had established his base, he began a series of raids on the traders and Indian allies of the Hudson Bay Fur Company. The property stolen from him Ashley found scattered among these traders and Indians. While pursuing a band of the rival fur company's Indians, Ashley made a geographical discovery of great importance. The pursuit led him into the great South Pass of the Rocky Mountain range. Ashley brought back to Missouri the first knowledge of the vast interior between the Rocky and the Sierra ranges. He lost one-fourth of his men and half of his goods in the contest for trade supremacy in the Northwest. He came back to St. Louis in June, 1825, after fifteen months' hardships, the boats piled high with packs of beaver and other furs. The company's venture had been immensely remunerative. Beyond this, the traders of the Hudson Bay Fur Company had been driven out of the country and the Indians had been cowed. But of still greater importance to the coming generations was the fact that an easy way through the Rocky Mountain range had been found.

On the strength of his prestige Ashley, who had been lieutenant governor, was a candidate for governor of Missouri. He was beaten by Frederick Bates. His opportunity came a little later. Almost without opposition General Ashley was elected to Congress in 1830 to take the place of Spencer Pettis killed in the duel with Major Biddle. The controversy between the United States and Great Britain over the Northwest boundary was becoming acute. General Ashley had personal knowledge of that part of the country and the fur trade conditions there. His information and opinions carried much weight with those at the head of the national government, and had influence in the shaping of the boundary policy of the United States.

Jim Bridger, the Blacksmith Apprentice.

Jim Bridger was a St. Louis contribution to the winning of the West by the fur trading route. He was a boy from Virginia who was apprenticed to a St. Louis blacksmith. When Ashley and Henry recruited their expedition in 1822, Bridger joined the party. He developed in the field an extraordinary aptitude for topography, in the pioneer sense. He was never lost. Father DeSmet said Bridger was "one of the truest specimens of a real trapper and Rocky Mountain man." Jim Bridger never came back to St. Louis to live. "The canyons of the city," he called the streets, and he didn't like them. He built Bridger's Fort. Few knew the mountain country as did he. Bridger's Peak was the name given to a landmark. In the dome of the new capitol of Minnesota is a trapper for whom Bridger was the original. Dr. Whitman, the Oregon missionary, took an



HOME OF JAMES McGEE, FIRST BRICK HOUSE IN JACKSON COUNTY

A WESTERN MISSOURI ROAD

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

iron arrowhead out of Bridger's shoulder. Nevertheless the trapper entertained no grudge against the red race; he married a Shoshone wife.

Bridger is said to have been the first white man who looked on Great Salt Lake. He became famous for his knowledge of Rocky Mountain geography. When the engineers were seeking the best route for the Union Pacific they sent for Bridger, then an old man. Major Bridger, as he was then called, traveled to Denver. When the engineers presented the problem, he took a coal from the camp fire and drew a map showing the lowest place on the range with the explanation,

"Thar's where you fellers can cross and nowhere else without more cutting and digging than you think of."

Duke of Cimarron.

A Missourian made for himself fame and fortune as the "Duke of Cimarron." Lucien B. Maxwell lived in that part of St. Louis long known as Carondelet. He went West about 1830 or a little earlier. For a long time he was the companion of Kit Carson. Together they hunted and trapped all through the mountains. And the information they had gathered in their years of wandering subsequently made John C. Fremont famous as the Pathfinder. The most notable period of Maxwell's career, however, came when he married the daughter of Don Carlos Beaubein and settled down. Don Carlos was fond of his son-in-law. He gave him a part of the great Beaubein and Miranda land grant and stocked the tract with cattle and horses. From that time, which was about '48, until after the war, Maxwell wielded great power all through that country, and 'Maxwell's ranch' was a famous place. The hospitality of the owner was without bounds. Everybody who came that way was entertained. Maxwell never thought of charging for such a small matter as board or lodging. He had a large rambling house, or, rather, a collection of them, for the kitchen and the dining rooms were separate from the sleeping rooms. Then there was the store, the mill, the stables and other buildings, giving to the place the appearance of a town. But Maxwell owned all, and the country as well for miles and miles in every direction. He had so many sheep, cattle and horses that he did not know within thousands the number of them.

The Title Conferred by Stephen B. Elkins.

"Duke" was the title which Stephen B. Elkins conferred upon the head of this lordly establishment. Maxwell was well satisfied with American citizenship. He kept the Fourth of July as his chief holiday. A 6-pound cannon was part of the equipment of Maxwell's ranch. It had been hauled across the plains when Doniphan's expedition eclipsed Xenophon's Anabasis. During the rest of the year this piece of artillery rusted in the weeds, but on the glorious Fourth it was hauled out and, at a safe distance from the window panes of the ducal palace, thundered for liberty. The government recognized the Duke's importance by making his place the station of troops. On Independence Day, 1867, the cannon was brought into position and Maxwell, as the greatest honor he could show the official representative of the United States, invited the captain of the cavalry troop on duty there at the time to assist in firing the national salute. The Duke took his station at the breach and covered the old-fashioned touch-hole

with his thumb. The captain, at the muzzle, rammed home the charge. Several rounds had been fired. Suddenly there came a flash while the two men were in the act of reloading. Maxwell reeled one way and the cavalry officer went another. The old gun had gone off prematurely. It had taken away an arm and an eye from the captain. Maxwell ruefully contemplated a mangled thumb. The nearest surgeon was fifty-five miles away, at Fort Union. A sergeant was mounted on the fastest horse in the Duke's stable of thoroughbreds. He made the fifty-five miles in a little more than four hours. As he rode into the fort the horse which had carried him staggered and dropped dead. The surgeon started at once and reached the ranch in time to save the officer's life. He then turned his attention to Maxwell and dressed the thumb, which seemed like an inconsiderable matter compared with the cavalryman's dangerous injuries. But the shattered thumb grew worse. There were symptoms of blood-poisoning. In a few days it became evident that an amputation would be necessary. In Maxwell's stables was kept every kind of a vehicle from a huge stage coach down to a buckboard. The coach was chosen for the trip. The Duke was put into it and, with his best friend, Kit Carson, he made the trip to Fort Union. There, with Carson holding a big lamp, the Duke sat in a chair, refusing to be put under the influence of any drug, and saw the surgeon cut away. The perspiration stood in great drops on his forehead, but he never allowed a sound to pass his lips. As the surgeon completed the work a glass of whisky was handed to the patient. Before it reached his lips Maxwell slipped off his chair in a faint. There were physical limits to the pain endurance of even such a man.

The standing order at Maxwell's was that the table should be set for thirty. This was the daily provision for "the Duke" and guests. The women of the household had another dining room. Transient comers and goers saw very little of the women. Even the waiters in the dining room were boys. The table service was of solid silver.

Across one entire end of the house was a room big enough to be called a hall. In that the Duke held his receptions, sitting in feudal state, and transacted business according to his own peculiar methods. In this hall the furniture was very plain. It was limited to a few chairs and tables. In the diagonal corners were huge fireplaces, where the logs crackled winter nights. But the chief object of interest in this room was a great bureau, which stood against one of the side walls. It did duty as the receptacle of the Duke's cash on hand.

The Duke's Business Methods.

"Many a time," said Col. Bergman, an intimate of Maxwell, "I have seen Mack—that was what we usually called him—go to that bureau, pull out the lower drawer, and toss in a roll of bills. Gold, silver, paper currency, vouchers and drafts went in there all together, and the drawer was left unlocked. It was said that the bureau drawer often contained as much as $30,000, and I have no doubt of it. But money came easily, and it went freely. At the time we were partners in the Aztec mine I used to bring down to the ranch every Saturday night from 400 to 500 ounces of gold to divide with him, and at that time it was worth $22 an ounce. He furnished supplies to the government, ran a mill and a store, had flocks of sheep, from which he got a great wool-clip, and drew on

herds of cattle which were unnumbered. Yet he was always more or less embarrassed financially.

"Just to show you how things went with him, let me tell you a little story," continued Col. Bergman. "At the time I was operating the mine I speak of in partnership with him he had another mine running, which wasn't paying expenses. He told me how much the other mine was losing, and I asked him one day:

"'Mack, why don't you close down that mine?'

"'I can't,' he said.

"'Why?' I asked.

"'I haven't got money enough to pay off the men.'

"'How much are you behind?'

"'About $3,000.'

"I told him that I could probably raise him the amount, and in a few days I laid out before him six packages of $500 each. He took up one package, put it in his inside coat pocket, carried the other to the mine, paid off the men and stopped work. A few days afterwards I was down to the ranch when Mack's daughter came in and said:

"'Father, I want some money.'

"'Money,' said he in his quick way. 'I haven't got any.'

"'I must have some,' said she.

"'I don't know where you'll get it, unless Bergman will let you have it,' he said.

"I asked the young lady how much she wanted. She said $100 would do, and I gave it to her. Mack sat there in silence for a few moments, and then asked suddenly:

"'Didn't I get $500 from you the other day?'

"'You got $3,000,' said I.

"'I don't mean the $2,500 I paid to shut down the mine. What did I do with the other $500?'

"'You put it in your coat pocket.'

"Mack ran his hands into his coat pockets and looked puzzled.

"'That ain't the coat you had on the other day,' I suggested.

"He jumped up like a shot and went into another room. Pretty soon he came out holding a coat. There was a broad smile on his face. In his hand was the package of $500. The money had worked through a hole in the pocket and down between the lining and the cloth of the coat.

"'Isn't it lucky the woman didn't find that first?' he said with a laugh."

The Vassals of the Duke.

This hall of the castle was the gathering point of the Duke's numerous retainers. He had cowboys to look after his herds. He had trainers and jockeys about his stable of thoroughbreds for racing was his chief sport. In the valleys of his principality Mexicans lived and raised grain, which gave business to his grist mill. But strangest of all his vassals were the Ute Indians. As a companion of Kit Carson, Maxwell had spent years among the Indians, especially this savage tribe. When he set up his establishment at Cimarron his dusky friends "returned the call." There was seldom a time that a band of Utes was

not loafing about the ranch, living on the bounty of the Duke. The head men of the tribe would come down and stop for days. They would gather in the hall at night, the wood fires lighting up the strange scene. For hours not a word would be spoken, but Kit Carson and Maxwell would sit there carrying on continuous communication in the sign language. An occasional "Ugh!" from some chief was the only sound save the snapping of the pine boughs. And when the soiree was over Indians and white men would lie down in their blankets on the floor, so thick it was almost impossible to turn, and sleep.

The influence of the Duke over the Utes was wonderful. It was recognized by the government, and the agency for this tribe was located at the ranch a long time. In recognition of his good services as mediator the Duke received indirect but munificent compensation. He was paid hundreds of thousands of dollars by the United States for supplies for the army and for the Indian agency. The time came when this close relationship with the Indians proved of great value to Maxwell. In return for the food and the drink the Duke had given them the Utes became protectors of the rights of property he claimed. The white man, prospector or settler, who came upon the Maxwell grant without the consent of the Duke was in danger of losing his scalp. Yet Maxwell was not a desperado, a "killer," as they say out there. Very few, indeed, are the reminiscences of bloodshed about the feudal hall on the Cimarron, at least so long as its palmy days lasted. Later on, there were conflicts between the purchasers and the would-be settlers on the Maxwell grant. It is said that 500 men lost their lives before the title was quieted. But the Duke's reign was singularly free from homicides.

In Maxwell's retinue of servants there were white cowboys, Mexicans, Indians and half-breeds. In some way he maintained harmony among them. Perhaps it was by the other excitement he furnished. Something was always going on. If there was nothing else the Duke would plan a trip, and away he would go with his coaches and buckboards and cavalcade, making dashes of hundreds of miles, and for no apparent purpose other than the entertainment of motion.

The Duke's Code.

He had a code of morals of his own—this Duke. If he liked a man he could forgive much.

"I remember," said Col. Bergman, "one who came out into New Mexico as an Indian agent. His name was Jack and he formed the acquaintance of Mack, who took a liking to him. Jack spent much of his time at the ranch and was engaged in some mining enterprises with Mack. One day he asked for a horse, saying he wanted to go down to Santa Fe on some business. Mack gave him a horse. As Jack was starting off Mack went to the bureau, drew out some vouchers and said:

"'Here, Jack, take these vouchers along with you and get them cashed for me.'

"Jack took the papers and rode off. In the course of a couple of weeks he returned and handed Mack a roll of bills, saying:

"'Here's the money on those vouchers.'

"'All right,' said Mack. He didn't stop to count the bills, but just crumpled them up in a bunch and threw them into the lower drawer of the bureau.

"Some days after that a visitor came to the ranch. He was sitting under the portal talking to Mack, when Jack passed by.

"'Who is that?' asked the visitor.

"Mack told him.

"'What does he do?'

"Mack explained that Jack was an Indian agent.

"'Ah,' said the stranger, 'that accounts for it.'

"'What do you mean?' asked Mack.

"'I saw him in a game at Vegas the other night,' was the reply. 'He dropped $2,000, and he didn't turn a hair.'

"Mack sat there reflecting a few minutes, got up, went to the bureau, pulled out the drawer, picked up the roll of bills and looked at it. Coming out of the door, he called:

"'Jack, come here.'

"Jack responded.

"'Jack,' asked Mack, 'how much money did you give me the other night when you got back from Santa Fe?'

"'I gave you $3,000. There should have been $5,000, but I used $2,000,' was the ready reply.

"'Huh,' said Mack. He put the roll of bills back in the bureau, returned to the conversation with his guest and never referred to the $2,000 transaction again."

Great sums of money slipped through the Duke's fingers. He played at cards, but it was for amusement rather than for gain. His favorite games were poker and old sledge, but he was not a gambler, and he did not play with gamblers. It might be supposed that a man so careless in money matters would be reckless in his stakes. Here was where one of the peculiarities of the Duke came in. No matter what the limit or who the players were, Maxwell would insist on the strictest accounting of the game. He exacted to the penny all he won while the game was in progress. The next day, if applied to for a loan, he would hand out perhaps five times what his opponent had lost the night before.

The Fall of the Duke.

The time came when Maxwell could no longer maintain the pace of a New Mexican Duke. Settlers were crowding in and encroaching on the great estate. Capitalists saw the opportunity for a profitable deal. The far-reaching Beaubien and Miranda grant, when Maxwell set up his dukedom, was magnificent in its measurements, but land was worth very little. Maxwell had gradually acquired the interests of other heirs. Toward the end he went in for mining. Gold, silver and copper were found on the grant. His interests in the mines are said to have yielded the Duke $20,000 a week at one time. But he wanted still greater returns. He joined in a scheme with lesser lords of the land of grants to wash out the placers in the Moreno Valley with water from the melted snows from the Old Baldy Range. A ditch, big enough to carry a river, was dug, forty miles through mountain and plain. And when it was finished there was no snow left for that season.

Then came the tempter telling the Duke how much more comfortable he would be if he turned his dukedom into cash and "lived on the interest of his money."

Maxwell harkened. He parted with all his interest except a homestead for $650,000. The homestead he sold a little later for $125,000, receiving $75,000 in cash. And when he gathered up his belongings and followers to move out it was like a caravan taking the road.

The men who bought out Maxwell went to London and sold the title to the great block of land fifty miles across and sixty miles long for $5,000,000. And the English buyers went across the channel and took in Dutch investors at Amsterdam on a basis of $10,000,000.

Maxwell went to New York to close the deal. He received credit for $750,000. As he started to leave the bank the cashier asked:

"Mr. Maxwell, would you like some of this in currency for immediate use?"

"Yes," said the Duke, turning back, "I believe I would."

"How much will you take with you?" asked the official.

"You may give me $50,000," was the reply.

The cashier looked at the Duke a moment and then handed out the packages of bills. Maxwell stuffed them into a pair of saddle bags hanging on his arm and walked out on Wall street. He went uptown to his hotel. Placing the saddle bags on the counter he asked the clerk to put them away for him. That functionary, with a careless glance at them, took the bags and buried them under a desk. Ten days went by. One morning Maxwell came downstairs from his room, ran his thumb and forefinger into his vest pocket and found it empty.

"Give me those saddle bags will you?" he said to the clerk.

The bags were fished out from under the desk and put on the counter. Maxwell opened them, drew out package after package of bills before the eyes of the astonished clerk. Then he handed back the bags. Before he left New York City he had spent $30,000 in presents for friends in New Mexico.

"How long do you give him to spend that money?" a brother-in-law of Maxwell asked a personal friend when it was known the sale had been made.

"Five years," was the response.

"He'll get rid of it in less time then that," said the relative with a shake of the head.

And he did. From the day the Duke had $700,000 put to his credit and walked out of the bank with $50,000 in pocket money, it was less than five years until he died in Las Vegas, leaving a few thousand head of cattle as all that belonged to him. Had he lived another year he would have died a pauper.

When the Maxwell grant was confirmed to the company by the United States Supreme Court, many Missourians who had settled on the lands were disturbed. Among them were John Young, Judge Butler, who was formerly probate judge of Cooper County, and his sons. The Gentrys, the Gillams and the Brannins were represented on the grant. Shys, of Pettis County, Mo., who made one of the most gallant single-handed fights in the pioneer history of New Mexico against Indians and saved his wife and children, was one of the settlers.

Kit Carson and John Colter.

Kit Carson, made historic by General Fremont's reports, was a Howard County boy. When he was seventeen years old he joined a Santa Fe wagon train. From that time he traveled the trail, fought Indians, acted as guide for

government expeditions, was a mediator between Indian tribes, and was the central figure in a hundred wonderful adventures on the great trail, before the fiction writers adopted him as a hero for their best sellers.

When John Colter came back to St. Louis about 1809 or '10 he told such stories of his adventures that he was called "The monumental liar of the Rocky Mountains." He described the region visited by him where the whole country was afire and where great springs of boiling water threw streams high in the air while the earth seemed to smoke in every direction. Many years afterwards it turned out that John Colter's stories were, in the main, truthful. A locality in Yellowstone Park is known to this generation as "Colter's Hell." It requires little strain of the imagination to fancy that there is an entrance to the infernal regions.

John Colter had gone from St. Louis with the expedition of Lewis and Clark, leaving in the spring of 1804. In August, 1806, he was discharged at his own request, going back to his old business of hunting and trapping on the head waters of the Missouri. He had a companion named John Potts. The two men were captured by Indians, who killed Potts. They stripped Colter naked and, allowing him a start of a few yards, gave him a race for his life over ground that was covered with prickly pear. Almost miraculously he escaped, and made his way to a trading post, which had been newly established on the Yellowstone by Manuel Lisa. Subsequently he pursued his travels toward what is now the northwest corner of Wyoming and entered the park, being the first white man to behold that strange region. It was he who discovered Yellowstone Lake, the central feature of the park, which has fifty miles of shoreline.

Missourians in Siam.

A singular fact about public service was the relationship between the State of Missouri and the Kingdom of Siam. General John A. Halderman was appointed minister to that country. He was a man of fine presence and of natural diplomatic gift. Later another Missourian in the person of Jacob T. Child, the editor of the Richmond Conservator, was sent to Bangkok. After Mr. Child a third Missourian, an ex-Congressman, Sempronius H. Boyd was accredited. The King of Siam thought so much of Missourians that he gave to the State two flags, the royal standard and the national ensign, as tokens of his esteem. These flags were placed on exhibition in the state armory at Jefferson City. The appreciation of the king went even further. It found expression in the gift of a place at the capital of Siam to house the United States legation.

The Court of Alder Gulch.

A Missourian presided over "the people's court" which was established by the vigilantes of Alder Gulch. He was Alexander Davis. Henry Plummer, after a career of crime which included everything in the decalogue, had found California, Oregon, Washington Territory and Idaho too hot for him. He was on his way across the country to the head of navigation on the Missouri, intending to take a boat for the States. Miners were pouring into Montana from Colorado and Utah. Plummer grasped at the opportunity and went no further. He got himself elected sheriff by a mass meeting vote at Bannock, the first of the Montana mining camps, and organized his band of road agents. Passwords, grips, a

peculiar way of tying the cravat and a uniform fashion of wearing the mustache and whiskers were part of the plan. Through the last half of 1862 and almost to the end of 1863 Plummer ran his course unchecked. The murders perpetrated by his band along the lonely roads ran up to 102, which were positively known. Of mysterious disappearances, which might as well have been classed as murders, there were more. Treasure to the value of nearly $1,000,000 was taken by the robbers. These things were done with such impunity that often when a party left the gulch it would be known to many a robbery would take place. Once when Samuel T. Hauser started to the Missouri with a lot of gold dust Plummer gave him a red woolen comforter by which, as became known afterward, Hauser was to have been identified and robbed. Representatives of the road agents inquired at the stage office who was going out, and then sent word to the other members of the gang, who did the work. On one of the trips of the Peabody & Caldwell coach Bill Bunton, a saloon-keeper who was in the band, took passage for Bannock and acted as stoolpigeon. He kept one of the stations on the road where the horses were changed. When the stage arrived on this particular trip it was discovered that all of the stock had been turned out of the corral. The start was made, after considerable delay, with a worn-out team. Bunton got on the box and plied the whip furiously. The horses soon gave up, and could not be pushed out of a walk. Then Bunton climbed down and got inside of the coach. A few minutes later the road agents appeared beside the road. Bunton hopped out, crying, "Oh, for God's sake don't kill me!" Then he offered to hold the horses, gave up a pocket-book, which he said was all he had in the world, and made himself generally useful. The road agents gathered in $2,800, and the stage went on to Bannock. On another occasion three of the road agents stepped into the stage office at Virginia and asked who was booking. On being told they laughed, remarked that they guessed that they would go, too, and went out. Late in November of 1863 the Salt Lake coach was held up by three of the band, after they had ridden past it two or three times on the road. When the stage got into Bannock Plummer was waiting, and wanted to know if it had been robbed. That night the leader of the band turned up in a dance house at Virginia City and said: "I am the Bamboo chief that robbed the coach." There were hundreds who knew about the doings of the band, but they were afraid to tell. The camps strung along the gulch were without organization. There were no courts.

But the reaction to this reign of lawlessness came, and the remedy was awful. Before the end of 1863, when Alder Gulch was not yet six months settled, the vigilantes of Montana organized. On the 21st of December they hung George Ives with as much show of ceremony and good order as a mass-meeting trial and an amateur hangman could furnish. In twos and threes and fives the members of Plummer's band were gathered in as fast as the executive committee could collect the evidence. The twenty-second and last member of the band was hung just after breakfast on the 3d of February, 1864. The executions averaged two every three days as long as the band membership lasted.

Death Penalty for Contempt of Court.

The vigilance committee decided to establish a people's court. They did this that the machinery might always be ready for trial by judge and jury. Alex-

ander Davis was made judge of the court. How terribly in earnest the people were to have law and order was illustrated by the hanging of Sheriff Plummer and his chief deputies. But a still stronger warning to the lawless was conveyed a few weeks later by the execution of Capt. J. A. Slade. That is perhaps the only instance on record where contempt of court was punished by the death penalty. The court's existence was the result of an order of the executive committee of the vigilantes. Slade was not in any way connected with the Plummer band. He had been identified with the punishers of crime rather than with the perpetrators. His home was in Clinton County, Ill., where his people were as well thought of as any in their community. It was true that he came to Montana with the reputation of having "killed his man" several times over, but the vigilantes molested nobody for what had been done "on the other side," as the common expression was. During the organization of the vigilantes and the extermination of the road agents Slade was emphatically on the law and order side. When sober he was a model citizen. When drunk he was a dare-devil. Those who knew him only as Slade sober were never reconciled to his fate. They insisted that it was the one great blunder of the vigilantes. "Taking the town" was Slade's favorite amusement when drunk. He would get two of his friends upon his horse with him and gallop up and down the streets shouting and shooting. Frequently he would ride his horse into a store, drive out the proprietors and smash things. An uncontrollable fury seemed to take possession of him. But he was not altogether out of his mind. He never went into the store of the Lott Bros., who had served notice that they would kill him if he attempted any of his freaks with them. When he sobered up he was the model citizen again, and would go around apologizing and paying damages. One day he rode his horse into a saloon, bought a bottle of wine and tried to make the animal drink it. Then he went to Dorris' store, and, upon being requested to leave, drew his revolver and threatened to shoot the man who had spoken to him. That night Slade continued his spree until he and his followers had made the town "a perfect hell." In the morning the sheriff met Slade and commenced reading a warrant for his arrest and appearance before the people's court. On two or three previous sprees Slade had, when sobering up, submitted to arrest and had paid fines for his fun. This particular morning he was in an uglier mood than usual. He waited to hear a few words, snatched the paper from the sheriff's hands, tore it into bits, threw them on the ground and stamped upon them. At the same moment his followers drew their pistols. The people's court was defied. The sheriff did the most proper thing under the circumstances. He walked quietly away. But that was not the end of it.

A little later a leading member of the executive committee met the drunken man and in an earnest tone said to him:

"Slade, get your horse at once and go home or there will be —— to pay."

The warning was understood. For a few moments the drunken man stared at the member of the committee.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You have no right to ask me what I mean. Get your horse at once and remember what I tell you."

Partially sobered, Slade got his horse, mounted and was seemingly on the point of starting for home. But he fell in with one of his followers and took

another drink. Then he began to curse the vigilantes. Getting off his horse, he went to Alexander Davis, who had been made judge of the people's court. Presenting a derringer to the head of the judge, he told him he would hold him responsible for his safety. For that act Slade died.

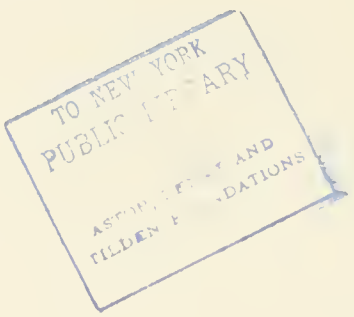
Execution of Slade.

The judge stood perfectly quiet and said nothing in reply to Slade's threat. But in less than half an hour the executive committee was in session at Virginia, and a messenger was riding down the gulch to Nevada. The miners dropped their shovels, armed themselves and formed a column 600 strong. So prompt was the action that the procession was on the way to Virginia almost before the committee was ready. There was hurried consultation. In all their history the vigilantes never faced a duty so disagreeable. Slade had committed no robbery. He was not accused of murder. But he had outraged and set at defiance the simple machinery of law which the community had set up. He must be punished. Fining had been tried and had done no good. The decision was reached by the committee. In a very few moments afterwards the 600 miners marched up Wallace street. Somebody carried the news to Slade. It brought him to his senses instantly. He went at once to Pfouts' store and tendered an humble apology to Judge Davis, saying he wanted to take it all back. But while he was talking the head of the column reached the store and halted. The executive officer of the committee came in and told Slade he was wanted. Friends stepped forward and asked the doomed man if he wished to leave any business instructions. He seemed not to hear them. He was dazed. He kept saying to himself: "My God! My God! Must I die? Oh, my dear wife!" More than one man turned his face away and wiped his eyes, but nobody protested or tried to argue against the sentence. As a final plea Slade asked for delay until he could say farewell to his wife. Mrs. Slade was well known to the miners. She was a woman of pleasing appearance and of determination. The committee knew that to wait until she could be brought was to risk a reaction and an attempt at rescue. She was twelve miles away upon the ranch where Slade made his home. One of Slade's friends had, at the moment of the arrest, started on a fleet horse to notify Mrs. Slade. The committee refused all entreaties for delay and proceeded at once to make ready the gallows. Back of Pfouts & Russell's store was a corral with high gate posts. A beam was laid across the tops of the post and a rope was fastened to it. A dry goods box was placed beneath. The main body was informed that everything was ready. The procession moved at once to the corral. Some remarks were made by Judge Davis. Several gentlemen were sent for and received messages from Slade. Just before the noose was put in place a friend of the prisoner dashed off his coat and declared that he would die before he would see Slade hung. Half a dozen shotguns covered the rash man. He turned to run, but was seized, brought back, made to put on his coat and required to pledge good behavior.

The final scene was delayed no longer. Slade was put upon the box and the rope was arranged. At the usual form of command, "Men, do your duty," the box was removed. The body had hardly been cut down and caried to a darkened room in the Virginia Hotel when Mrs. Slade dashed into town, having ridden twelve miles at full speed. The miners dispersed with the frantic woman's

PEACH HARVEST IN SOUTH MISSOURI

FOX HOUNDS FROM A MISSOURI KENNEL


TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
AND

screams ringing in their ears. No man after that defied or insulted the people's court of Alder Gulch.

A Possible Missouri Home Coming.

In 1908 when St. Louis was preparing to celebrate the centennial of incorporation as a town, Emily Grant Hutchings wrote of the possibilities which a Missouri home-coming week presented. In her graceful, human-interest style, Mrs. Hutchings told of some Missourians who in that day were sustaining the good repute of their State in many parts of the world. Her suggestion was: "Let Missouri, in honor of the centenary of St. Louis, invite her exiled sons and daughters to come home and partake of the fatted calf, the while she points out to them what marvels she has accomplished, not only in the hundred years since her principal city was born, but since they forsook the city and state of their nativity."

The suggestion is even more timely as applied to the coming centennial of statehood. Comprehension of what this gathering would mean is offered in the invitation list of the "departed but still vivant" Missourians in 1908, which Mrs. Hutchings presented with her suggestion.

"A blanket invitation would have to be sent to all the States west of the Missouri River, for that whole country was explored, subdued and populated by Missourians. Our own Walter Williams—who was wise enough not to leave his home State—has collected some interesting data on Missourians abroad. One of the most convincing points, for the Missouri pride, is the statement that at one time there were in the House of Representatives, Biggs of California, Duray of Arizona, Hainer of New Mexico, Pickler of South Dakota, Burnham of California, Shafroth of Colorado, Peters of Kansas, Ogden of Louisiana and Callahan of Oklahoma, all born in Missouri. One of the New York repreRentatives in that same Congress, Hendrix, was also a Missourian by birth. The native Missourians in the present Congress are Senator Ankeny of Washington and Representatives Marshall of North Dakota, Ferriss of Oklahoma and Mondell of Wyoming. This, of course, does not include the Representatives from Missouri, most of whom are native born.

"In the bunch of invitations that have California for their immediate destination there will be one for Thomas Jefferson Jackson See, the great astronomer in charge of the United States Naval Observatory on Mare Island, in San Pablo Bay, north of San Francisco. Another will go to Dr. H. L. Young, the celebrated alienist of the state asylum at Sacramento, himself a Missourian and the husband of a once celebrated Missouri beauty, Miss Eleanor Roberts. And then there will be a great exodus from Los Angeles, including Nathan Cole, son of former Mayor Cole of St. Louis, himself a political leader and prominent business man of the Southern California city. Along with him will come Robert M. Yost and Sam Carlisle and a score of others who have 'made good' in the fair city of the Southwest.

"The men who have gone out from the State University at Columbia to fill distinguished positions in other great institutions are almost too numerous to mention. Among them are Milton Updegraffe of the Naval Observatory at Washington; Dr. William Benjamin Smith, Walter Miller and Dr. E. B. Craighead of Tulane University, New Orleans; W. R. Dobson of Louisiana and

C. L. Willoughby of Mississippi; J. F. Paxton, professor of Greek in the University of Oklahoma, and Dr. C. F. Hicks of Cincinnati. Dr. Frank Thilly, who held the chair of psychology at the state institution for many years, and is now a member of the faculty of Cornell, is surely enough of a Missourian to come to our birthday party, inasmuch as he married one of the charming Matthews girls of Columbia.

"Among the great educators of the country there should be reckoned John J. Jacobs, who transferred his allegiance to West Virginia and was there elected governor; James Allen Smith, professor of political economics at the University of Wisconsin, and E. E. Bass, George L. Brown, Raymond Weeks and others too numerous to mention by name. One Missourian, however, must not be omitted. That one is B. T. Galloway of the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

"When it comes to inviting the Missourians in New York City, the committee on invitations will find itself with a rather large job on its hands. The Missouri Society of the metropolis, second in size only to that of Ohio, numbers 182 members.

"Bounding our invitations by the western ocean, we should see to it that one of them reaches Judge Louis L. Williams of Juneau, John Yantis Ostrander of Valdez and John H. Duckworth of Treadwell, all in Alaska. Along with them should come Miss Stella Dunnaway, the M. S. U. girl whose little schoolhouse is on the most northwesterly border of Alaska, the very most remote point on the continent. Two other former Missourians of that remote territory ought to be remembered for what they have achieved in the terrific pioneer work of that new country. These are Henry W. Miller and W. H. McNair of Copper Mountain. And there is no doubt that these six could handle hundreds of invitations, to be forwarded to other Missourians in various parts of Alaska—and Judge Williams insists that all of them are Missourians still, toiling to amass a fortune that they may return to Missouri and live in comfort on the fruits of their long, hard exile from home.

"From such a home coming we should learn how important Missouri is in the upbuilding of America."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISSOURI IN THE WARS.

Battle of the Everglades—The Gentry Family—When the State Compelled Military Service—Benton's Mexican Plan—A Political Ballad of '46—Missourians Start for Mexico Without Orders—The Army of the West—Doniphan's Marching and Fighting—Sterling Price's Memorable Part—The Revolt of the Pueblos—Sergeant Drescher's Ride for Mercy—Execution of the Revolutionists—The Battle at Rosalia—William Cullen Bryant's Tribute to Doniphan's Expedition—New Mexico Annexed by Kearny—The Nerve of the Rangers—Homeward Bound—A Missouri Welcome—Long Live Governor Lane—The Historic Brass Twelve-Pounders—Troubles on the Kansas Border—John Brown's Invasion of Missouri—William Hyde, War Correspondent—The Southwest Expedition—Trophies of the Civil War—Shelby's Story of His Expedition—What Lincoln Planned for the Confederates—Negotiations with Maximilian—Missouri and the War With Spain—Bland, Dockery and Cochran—Sedalia's Object Lesson in Loyalty—Grant and Doniphan on Mexico—Mullanphy and the Cotton Bales—The American Spirit in Upper Louisiana—George Rogers Clark's Tribute—Francis Vigo, the Patriot—Battle of Pencour—The British Plans to Take the Mississippi Valley—St. Louis in the American Revolution—Captain Beausoleil's Expedition.

And this is Colonel Doniphan, who made the wild march against the Comanches and Mexicans. You are the only man I ever met whose appearance came up to my prior expectations.—*President Lincoln to Doniphan at the White House.*

A few days before Martin Van Buren was inaugurated in 1837, he talked to Senator Benton about the trouble the Seminoles were giving in Florida. Missouri's Indian problems had been settled so successfully and so easily that public men at Washington had often marveled. The President-elect sought an opinion from the Senator as to what should be done with the Florida situation which was grave.

"If the Seminoles had Missourians to deal with their stay would be short in Florida," the Senator said.

Mr. Van Buren asked Mr. Benton if he thought Missourians could do better in Florida than the regular army had done.

The Senator said he certainly did think so, and told why. There the conversation ended. After the inauguration bustle had passed by President Van Buren one day asked Senator Benton if it was practicable to get Missourians to go to Florida and make a campaign against the Seminoles.

"The Missourians will go wherever their services are needed," was Senator Benton's reply.

Thereupon the United States Government did the extraordinary thing of calling upon the governor of Missouri for two regiments of mounted men to go to Florida and fight the Seminoles. The governor issued the call, and the

rough riders and scouts of the Missouri valley headed by General Richard Gentry, Colonel John W. Price and Major William H. Hughes, twelve or fourteen hundred strong, came marching into St. Louis. They camped at Jefferson Barracks. Benton made a speech. Men and horses required several steamboats for transportation. They were taken to New Orleans, and thence to Tampa Bay. On the gulf a storm drove some of the vessels aground. Many of the horses were lost. The Missourians got ashore, and under the direction of General Zachary Taylor marched into the Everglades. At Okee-cho-bee lake they found the whole body of Seminoles under Sam Jones, Tiger Tail, Alligator and Mycanopee. The Missourians fought on foot. They depended upon the tactics and knowledge of Indian character which had never failed them. Gentry, shot through the body, and fatally wounded, kept his feet for an hour directing the movements of his men. The victory over the Seminoles was complete, but the ranks of the Missourians were decimated. Early in the following year, the object of the campaign having been accomplished, the Missourians returned to St. Louis.

The Fighting Gentrys.

The Gentrys came to Missouri from Kentucky in 1816 after Richard Gentry had served in the war of 1812. They passed on to the Boone's Lick country where the head of the family participated in laying out Columbia, the county seat of Boone. The Gentrys were of Kentucky fighting stock. They "had no fear of man or beast, the British redcoats or the savage Indian," according to one of a later generation. After the war of 1812 several Gentrys came to Missouri. They were some of the nineteen children of the Richard Gentry who fought in the Revolution. Richard Gentry, best known in Missouri history as General Dick Gentry, came in 1816, passed through St. Louis and sought the famous Boone's Lick country. He made one of the welcoming speeches when the first steamboat reached Old Franklin, was one of the founders of Columbia, voted for Benton, served in the state militia as captain, colonel and major-general, made trips over the Santa Fe Trail, and raised the regiment of rangers which he commanded in the Seminole war. The Missouri rangers carried a silk flag presented to them by the patriotic women of Columbia. On the flag was painted:

"Good, good, for the conflict, our banner was high,
For our country we live, for our country we die."

Boone County contributed five of the companies of rangers which went to Florida to fight the Seminoles. The captains were Thomas D. Grant, David M. Hickman, Sinclair Kirtley, Elijah P. Dale and Michael Woods.

Mrs. Richard Gentry was the first woman put in charge of a postoffice. She performed the duties at Columbia more than thirty years, holding commissions under nine Presidents. The appointment was obtained by Senator Benton as a partial recognition of the services of General Richard Gentry in the Everglades.

Gentrys have been in every war fought on American soil. The Missouri Gentrys were in the Blackhawk as well as the Seminole war. They were in Mexico. They fought on both sides in the Civil war. N. H. Gentry was on the Confederate side and fell at Wilson's Creek. Captain Henry Clay Gentry was

on the Federal side and captured Gen. Jeff Thompson, the swamp fox of Southeast Missouri fame. A president of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad was Joshua Gentry. There have been Gentrys in the pulpits of both Baptist and Christian churches. The historian, Thomas Benton Gentry, in what he called "a confidential talk to the Gentry family," said a few years ago: "They have made good soldiers, good preachers and teachers, good lawyers, good legislators, good surgeons, good county court judges, good civil engineers, good justices of the peace, good city councilmen, good road overseers, good jurors and good citizens generally."

And then he cautioned the Gentrys "not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, but soberly." He reminded his relatives that "we have never yet furnished this country with a President, a Cabinet officer, a United States Senator, a governor, or a federal judge." And then he lectured briefly and excellently on eugenics. "The secret is, my dear relatives, we have not paid enough attention to education, and to keeping up and improving our stock. Our young women are often too thoughtless in the matter of selecting partners for life. And our men when not engaged in war have been busy with their farms, their stock raising, their fine horses, cattle, sheep and hogs and money making, and have too much neglected education and cultivation of the intellect. I most earnestly call your attention to these matters, and as a brother urge you henceforth to be exceedingly careful and wise in the contracting of matrimonial alliances. Choose none but the very best stock, and then with the proper education and training, you may expect to raise statesmen, orators, great preachers, lawyers, inventors, and men of genius, as well as the well balanced, solid farmer and man of business. The early training of your children is a most important matter. You cannot be too careful to teach and train them with the highest standards of morality and religion."

The Militia Law.

Missouri's militia law in early days required all able bodied men between eighteen and forty-five to organize in companies and elect captains. Battalions, regiments, brigades and divisions were formed with majors, colonels, brigadier-generals and major-generals. Once a month the company mustered in each township. Semi-annually the battalions were formed and drilled at the most convenient places. Yearly the regiment of the county was called together at the county seat. The regulations required all who had arms to bring them in good order to the muster. Those who had no arms drilled with sticks. The officers were compelled to buy their own uniforms, the honor of election by their commands and of commissions from the governor being considered sufficient inducement to do this. Under the operation of this law every Missourian learned something of the tactics and every part of Missouri acquired a fine assortment of men with military titles. Courts martial were held to try officers and men for failure to attend drills. The general muster at the county seat was the great day of the year. About the time of the Mexican war the militia establishment of the State became unwieldy. There were too many colonels. The privates grew tired of the muster calls. The legislature repealed the law.

Missourians in the Texas Struggle.

No other part of the United States had such close ties with Texas as did Missouri. Even before it had obtained statehood, Missourians in colonies were migrating to the land of unlimited range and no taxes. The Austins were leaders in the movement. It is tradition that a Menard founded Galveston. Flint in his travels about 1818 found many Missourians talking about emigration to Texas.

During weeks of suspense in 1838 all St. Louis excitedly watched for boats from New Orleans. A crowd flocked to the levee to meet each arrival. "What's the news from Texas?" was the eager question. In the fight for Lone Star independence St. Louis had more than the interest of a city of the American republic. Members of St. Louis families, scores of them, had settled in Texas while it was under the Mexican flag. Austin had led a colony from Missouri. At the opening of hostilities forty young men had gone from St. Louis to help the Texans establish independence. Boat after boat brought bad news. At Goliad there had been slaughter. Houston was retreating, retreating with his front to the enemy. He was covering the flight of the fugitive women and children from Western Texas. He was nearing the San Jacinto. A Mexican army, three times as large as that of the Texans, was pressing eastward. That was the situation on which the interest and mpatience of St. Louis reached the crisis. The levee swarmed when the next New Orleans boat came in. A man with a broad brimmed hat leaned forward from the deck and waving his hand shouted:

"Sam Houston has whipped Santa Anna and got him a prisoner."

Did they cheer? One who was there said that joy coming so suddenly upon anxiety, the first response was a great "Ah!" of relief. The throng pressed forward for details. Texas was free. The Mexican leader was a prisoner. His army had gone back to Mexico. St. Louisians had given good account of themselves in the fighting. Then came the cheering. "Hurrah for Steve Austin!" "Hurrah for Sam Houston!" "Hurrah for Texas!" And they sang:

"When every other land forsakes us,
This is the land that freely takes us."

The lid of suspense was off. St. Louis celebrated the good news far into the night.

In the 1844 Presidential campaign the burning issue with Missouri was immediate annexation of Texas. Polk, who was committed to that policy, carried the State by 10,000 over Clay, who owned land in Missouri, visited here and was very popular. There were few of the old Missouri families who did not have representatives in Texas.

Benton's Plan to Avert War.

Benton believed in 1846 he could settle quickly the trouble with Mexico. His proposition was that he be made lieutenant-general in command of all forces and that he be given $3,000,000 to obtain peace. The proposition met with favor to the extent that the Missouri Senator was given the commission of major-general. General Winfield Scott was a Whig. The Benton movement was political on the part of the Democrats who feared that Whigs might gain prestige by the war

and that Scott might become a successful candidiate for President. Congress failed to give the higher rank. Benton refused to serve under Scott and resigned his commission. He blamed members of Polk's Cabinet for the failure of his plan and charged them with personal jealousy of him. The whole affair was made the subject of a ballad by D. Edward Hodges of New York:

"There was a man, so runs the story,
A Senator from far Misso'ri,
Who, as a soldier, fain would go
To try his luck in Mexico;
And oh! the way he raved and went on
As if grim death or vict'ry bent on.

"And so it chanced, that Congress kind,
Would not do all to suit his mind;
But, after votes which seem'd quite funny,
They granted much, in men and money.
Then, oh! the way he raved and went on,
This Senator, brave Mister Benton.

"Next, a commission was made out,
To put the Mexicans to rout;
By which our Senator became
A major gen'ral, seeking fame;
And lo! th' executive intent on
Further exalting Gen'ral Benton.

"To 'conquer peace,' it was agreed
That he some other force would need
Than that of cannon, bullet, bomb;
And so was furnish'd, quite a sum;
Dollars three millions to be spent on
Buying a peace, by Gen'ral Benton.

"All being ready, surely now
Th' ambassador had made his bow;
Then off, his duties to fulfill,
By means of powder, purse or quill,
But no; he stops, as though not sent on,
He stops, brave Major Gen'ral Benton!

"'Old Zach,' and Gen'ral Butler, too,
And Patterson, have naught to do;
All three, their victories forgot,
Must homeward hie with Gen'ral Scott;
And not a soul of them pitch tent on
The battle field with Gen'ral Benton.

"Nay; but we are not quite such fools
As to give up such glorious tools.
Benton had urged, but urged in vain,
And then resigned, in furious pain,
And how he storm'd, and raved, and went on,
Ex-Major Gen'ral, Mister Benton!

"A Senator, behold him now,
No martial honors on his brow;
His late commission cancell'd, done;
No treaty made, no vict'ry won,
In ages past, was ever gent on
Earth, half so brave as Mister Benton?"

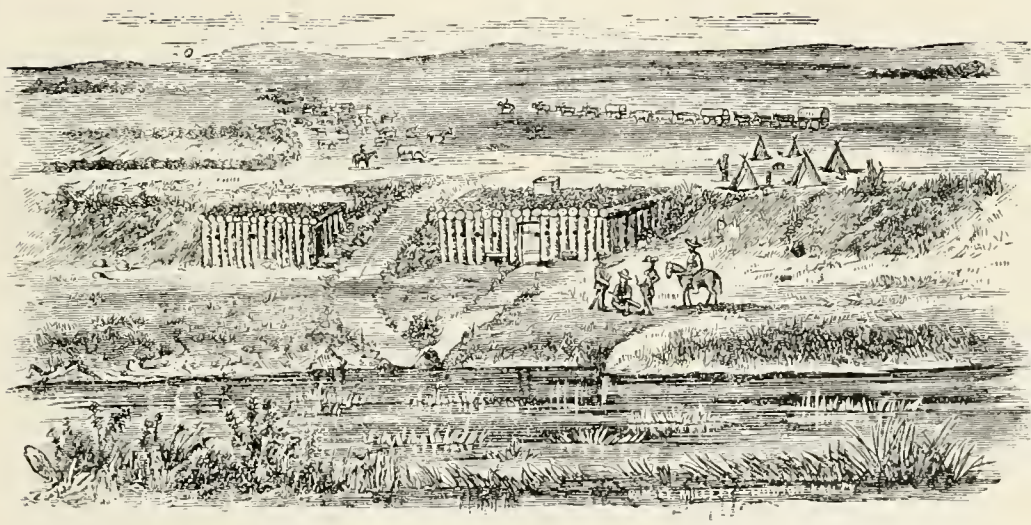
The Mexican War.

When General E. P. Gaines in the spring of 1846, thought old Rough and Ready Taylor needed reinforcements on the Mexican border and called for volunteers, Missouri had a regiment of 650 men on the way within two weeks. The government at Washington did not approve the act of General Gaines. The Missourians were sent back after three months service. But the enthusiasm with which Missourians went into the Mexican war was irresistible. It ignored red tape. After the crack Legion had marched down Olive street to take the big steamer Convoy for New Orleans, Lucas Market place became the scene of more recruiting and mobilizing. Benton wrote from Washington that the "Army of the West" was to be organized to march overland to New Mexico. Then came the order to Stephen Watts Kearny to get together at Leavenworth 300 United States dragoons and 1,000 mounted volunteers, the rough riders of 1846. St. Louis was not asked to furnish any part of the Army of the West. Thomas B. Hudson and Richard S. Elliott, two young lawyers, began to organize a company of 100 mounted men. They called them the Laclede Rangers. As soon as the ranks were full the Rangers were sworn in as a state organization, uniformed and mounted. Samuel Treat, Charles Keemle, Joseph M. Field and Peter W. Johnson took the officers down to "the Empire," on Third and Pine streets and presented to them swords. No commissions had come, but the Laclede Rangers marched on board the Pride of the West and started up the Missouri to join Kearny. As the boat passed Jefferson City, the state commissions for the officers were sent on board. When the St. Louisans reached Leavenworth, there was no provision for their reception. General Kearny ordered that quarters be provided and that the command be sworn in at daylight. But no rations were issued. There was grumbling until Captain Hudson made a speech. He talked of the patriotism which had prompted the recruiting, of the rapid organization, of the trip up the river, of the acceptance of the company by General Kearny as a part of the "Army of the West" and he concluded: "Yes, we shall knock at the gates of Santa Fe, as Ethan Allen knocked at the gates of Ticonderoga, and to the question, 'Who is there,' we shall reply, 'Open these gates in the name of the great Jehovah and the Laclede Rangers!' But suppose the fellows inside should call out, 'Are you the same Laclede Rangers who went whining around Fort Leavenworth in search of a supper?'" The Rangers gave the captain a mighty shout, rolled in their blankets and went to sleep supperless.

The Rangers from St. Louis made such an impression on General Kearny that he made them a part of the regiment of dragoons. They were turned over to a young lieutenant to be drilled and made fit for regular troopers, graduates of the "school of the soldier." This lieutenant was Andrew Jackson Smith, who became a major-general in the Civil war—"Old A. J."—settled in St. Louis and held office in the city government for some years.

DAVID D. MITCHELL

Who led the advance against Chihuahua in the Doniphan Expedition



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Colonel Robert Campbell's activities did not stop with the shipping of the Laclede Rangers to Kearny. The recruiting and the drilling on the open country around Lucas Market, as Twelfth street was to be known for half a century, went on. There was no market. Mr. Lucas had built the long narrow brick structure down the center of the wide space, but the city's growth had not reached Twelfth Street. The country was open all around the market house, except for a row of dwellings in course of construction on Olive street. St. Louis had sent her old and well drilled militia, the Legion and her Laclede Rangers. The city now offered artillery. Two companies, each 100 strong, the first captained by Richard H. Weightman, and the second by Waldemar Fischer, were accepted, with Meriwether Lewis Clarke as major. The artillerymen were made ready by the tireless Robert Campbell and sent up to join Kearny. Thus it came about that the city was represented by 300 patriots in the famous marching and fighting of the Army of the West.

The Army of the West.

Missouri sent 6,000 soldiers to the war with Mexico. Only two other States did more—Kentucky with 7,392 and Louisiana with 7,011. In his Army of the West, as at first organized, Kearny had two Missouri regiments under Doniphan and Price. There were four companies too many—those from Marion, Ray, Platte and Polk counties. These were formed into a battalion under David Willock.

The march across the plains to Santa Fe was only the beginning of the wonderful deeds of the Missourians. The Army of the West proceeded to occupy a domain that is now four States. Kearny, with a small force, went on to make sure of California. Colonel D. D. Mitchell, the former fur trader and Indian agent of St. Louis, was ordered to take a picked force of 100 men and "open communication with Chihuahua, hundreds of miles to the southward in the enemy's country across the Rio Grande." Did he hesitate? Not an hour. Major Meriwether Lewis Clarke, Captain Richard H. Weightman, Clay Taylor and one company of the St. Louis artillery had gone with Doniphan to the Navajo country. Mitchell and Doniphan joined forces just above El Paso. They had an army of 900 men. They fought the battle of Brazito, captured a cannon and marched on. At Sacramento, just above Chihuahua, an army of Mexicans got in the way, occupying a strong position, outnumbering the invaders five to one. What did those Missouri artillerymen do but, ignoring all of the rules and science of warfare, run their howitzers up within less than two hundred feet of the Mexican earthworks and fire away at pistol shot range! Mitchell and Hudson charged at the head of the rangers. The enemy fled, leaving seventeen cannon, some of which were brought to Missouri. The invaders entered Chihuahua to discover that General Wool, whom they had expected to find there, was seven hundred or eight hundred miles away. Headed by Mitchell with his 100 picked men the army of less than nine hundred marched over the tableland of Mexico toward Saltillo, found General Taylor and asked for more fighting.

Doniphan's Battles.

Of Doniphan's fighting and marching Colonel W. F. Switzler wrote this account:

"The battle of Brazito, or Little Arm, of the Rio del Norte on Christmas day, December 25, 1846, on a level prairie bordering on the river, was fought by Col. Doniphan and was very disastrous to the Mexicans, 1100 strong, under Gen. Ponce de Leon. Missouri troops, 800. The Mexicans were defeated with a loss of sixty-one killed—among them Gen. Ponce de Leon—five prisoners and 150 wounded; Missourians, eight wounded; none killed. The Mexicans were completely routed and dispersed. Two days afterward Col. Doniphan took possession of El Paso without resistance.

"On February 28, 1847, Col. Doniphan, with 924 men and ten pieces of artillery, fought and vanquished, in the pass of the Sacramento, 4000 Mexicans under Maj. Gen. Jose A. Heredia, aided by Gen. Garcia Conde, former Mexican minister of war. The battle lasted more than three hours, resulting in a Mexican loss of 304 men killed on the field, forty prisoners, among whom was Brig. Gen. Cuilta, and 500 wounded; also eighteen pieces of artillery, $6000 in specie, 50,000 head of sheep, 1500 head of cattle, 100 mules, twenty wagons, etc. Americans killed, one—Maj. Samuel C. Owens, of Independence, who voluntarily and with courage amounting to rashness, charged upon a redoubt and received a cannon or rifle shot which instantly killed both him and his horse; wounded, eleven. The rout of the Mexicans was complete, and they retreated precipitately to Durango and disappeared among the ranchos and villages.

"But Col. Doniphan did not follow the example of Hannibal after the battle of Cannae, who loitered on the plains of Italy when he might have entered Rome in triumph. On the contrary, he immediately followed up his successes by ordering the next morning (March 1, 1847) Lieut. Col. D. D. Mitchell, with 150 men, under Capts. John W. Reid and R. A. Weightman, and a section of artillery, to take formal possession of the City of Chihuahua, the capital, and occupy it in the name of the Government of the United States. On the approach of Mitchell's force the Mexicans fled from the city, and he entered and occupied it without resistance. On the morning of the next day Col. Doniphan, with his entire army, and with colors gaily glittering in the breeze, triumphantly entered the Mexican capital to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' and fired a salute of twenty-eight guns in the public square.

"Col. Doniphan had been ordered by Gen. Kearny to report to Brig. Gen. Wool at Chihuahua, and hoped to find him there, but instead received the intelligence that he, and Gen. Taylor also, were shut up at Saltillo, and hotly beleaguered by Santa Anna with an overwhelming force. This, however, turned out to be untrue, and in a few days he heard of Taylor's great victory at Buena Vista, and not long afterward of the battle of Cerro Gordo. Nevertheless, Doniphan believed it his duty to report to Gen. Wool, wherever he might be found, and render him all the assistance in his power. Therefore, on the 20th of March he dispatched an express to Saltillo, hoping thereby to find Gen. Wool, and open communication with the army of occupation under Gen. Taylor. By this express, consisting of J. L. Collins, interpreter and bearer of dispatches, and thirteen others—among whom was Capt. John T. Hughes, author of Doniphan's Expedition—he sent an official report of the battle of Sacramento. Saltillo was nearly 700 miles from Chihuahua and the country intervening was occupied by the enemy, thus rendering the duty of Doniphan's express extremely difficult and dangerous. Yet they accomplished it in safety, reaching Saltillo on the 2d of April. Doniphan's official report, the only writing that could have betrayed them to the Mexicans, was sewed up in a pad of the saddle of one of the soldiers. Gen. Wool was at Saltillo, and on the 9th of April the express left on its return trip to Chihuahua, bearing orders to Col. Doniphan at once to march to that place. On the return trip the express was re-enforced by Capt. Pike, of the Arkansas cavalry, with twenty-six men, among them Mr. Gregg, author of Commerce of the Prairies. They reached Chihuahua on April 23, and on the 25th the battalion of artillery commenced the march, followed on the 28th by the balance of Doniphan's command. We can not record the incidents of the march to Santa Rosalea, Guajuquilla, Santa Bernada, Hacienda Cadenas, Palayo, San Sebastian, San Juan, El Paso, City of Parras (where Col. Doniphan received a communication from Gen. Wool), Encantanda (near the battlefield of Buena Vista), and other places, to Saltillo, which Doniphan's command reached on May 22, 1847, and were reviewed by Gen. Wool. The ten Mexican cannon captured at Sacramento, Doniphan's regiment was permitted to retain as trophies of its victory. These were afterward presented to the State of Missouri. The Missouri

GEN. S. W. KEARNY.

Of Mexican War Fame.

GEN. ALEXANDER WM. DONIPHAN.

Commander of Doniphan's Expedition in the Mexican War.

COLONEL DONIPHAN'S ARMY OF MISSOURIANS MARCHING THROUGH THE JORNADO DEL MUERTO, THE "JOURNEY OF DEATH"

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troops, Col. Doniphan leading them, left Saltillo for Gen. Taylor's camp near Monterey, which they reached on May 27, were received with demonstrations of the warmest enthusiasm, and were reviewed by Gen. Taylor. Col. Doniphan's command then took up the line of march for home, via Camargo, to the mouth of the river, or Brazos Island, where it embarked on the sailship Republic for New Orleans, which was reached on June 15, 1847, thus completing a grand march of nearly 4000 miles by land and water through the Mexican Republic, and winning for its commander the honorable title of Xenophon of the Mexican War."

Sergeant Drescher's Recollections.

William Drescher, son of an officer under Napoleon, was one of the young Missourians who enlisted in the Army of the West. He was a farmer's son and living in Marion County, joining the company raised there. At the age of ninety, he gave a Globe-Democrat writer his recollections:

"The long march across the plains to New Mexico was in August and September. The sun, heat and dust were very severe and we suffered untold miseries. Many took sick and some died on the march. We had a long string of wagons, with ox teams, four and six yoke of oxen to the wagon. Some days we would hardly march out of sight of the place where we had camped the night before. Occasionally we would strike a deep ravine, when we would have to double and treble teams to every wagon to get them across.

"At this rate we finally reached Santa Fe in October, 1846. In August, before our arrival, Gen. Kearny had arrived at Santa Fe and taken possession, without opposition, of New Mexico. A political programme had been instituted for a territorial government.

"After Doniphan left for the south, and during the winter, while our company was at Santa Fe, the Mexicans and the Pueblo and other Indians combined in an insurrection to throw off the American rule. They killed Gov. Bent, the sheriff and other Americans, and, gathering an army, arrived within twenty-five miles of Santa Fe, Col. Price's headquarters. The revolt was gaining serious proportions, so in January, 1847—on the 24th of the month, I believe—Col. Price separated his troops, leaving about 200 in Santa Fe, of which number I was one, and with about 300 or more marched out and met the Mexicans and Indians at La Canada, and, after an hour's fight, defeated them, killing thirty-six and wounding forty-five or more.

"The Mexicans retreated to El Embuda, where Col. Price again defeated them after a considerable battle. At Pueblo d'Taos the final battle was fought, the Mexicans defeated. The principal Mexicans and Indians were taken prisoners. They were confined at Fernando d'Taos, near the town where the battle occurred, and were afterwards tried for high treason.

An Appeal for Mercy.

"I will now relate to you an incident in connection with this matter which I believe has never been published. I have searched all the histories of the Mexican war for it and have never seen it mentioned.

"These Mexicans and Indians—there were four Mexicans and five Indians—were found guilty of murder and treason and all condemned to be hanged. To condemn and sentence Mexicans and Indians for murder and treason leaves a stain somewhere. I may not have all the facts, but these were half-civilized Indians and Mexicans, intending to recover their country in a savage way, and they paid and suffered a murderer's penalty.

"Col. Willock was ordered with his battalion, which included our company, to assist the sheriff in carrying out the sentence of death. The Indians were large and powerful and the handsomest specimens of brute strength I have ever seen. Col. Willock did not approve of the sentence, and in the kindness of his heart he sent for me and asked me if I would ride to Santa Fe, over eighty miles, and endeavor to secure a pardon for the condemned men. Col. Willock and I were Masons and close friends. There was one other Mason in our regiment. I was in sympathy with Col. Willock's views and readily assented to undertake the journey, though I knew its dangers.

"I selected a good government mule, not caring to trust myself to a horse over the mountainous roads. A mule is slow, but surefooted. Well armed and carrying papers addressed to the lieutenant governor and Col. Price, I started on the hazardous journey alone over the very ground where Col. Price had fought his battles. I was young and strong, yet it was very imprudent to send me and very risky for me to undertake the hazard over valleys, hills and mountains.

"On the way as I came over the top of a hill I saw a Mexican standing directly in my path. He did not move so I drew my pistol. He then dashed into the woods. I learned afterward that he was frightened out of his wits at the sight of my revolver. If he had known how frightened I was perhaps the running would have been done in the opposite direction.

"I proceeded to El Embuda, where Price's battle ground was before me and around me. Night came on and I stayed with a friendly Mexican family. You can imagine how I felt —a Missouri lad hundreds of miles from home, with enemies all about. That night in the Mexican home I shall never forget. The house had one room. We slept on the floor—men, women and children in the same room. I did not take off my clothes, but slept with my saddle for a pillow and saddle blankets beneath me, and my army revolver at my hand.

"The next day I delivered my dispatches to Col. Price and after a council of officials I received orders and dispatches for Col. Willock. The pardons were denied and Col. Willock was ordered to see to the execution of the prisoners.

Execution of the Condemned.

"Two scaffolds were erected, a large one for the five Indians and a smaller one for the Mexicans. Our battalion surrounded the place of execution. The condemned were made to stand on boards placed across army wagons. With ropes around their necks they were driven under the gallows, the ropes adjusted to the scaffolds, the teams started forward, the gallows shrieked and the souls of the unfortunates passed to eternity.

"During the execution the hills around us swarmed with Indians, but we were drawn up in battle formation and none were allowed to approach near the scaffolds, except the wives of the condemned. You should have seen the poor wives of the Indians, heard their moans and observed their despair. They did not cry nor make much noise; their grief was expressed only in whining, subdued sounds. After the executions the poor squaws strapped the bodies of their dead husbands on their backs. None of the executed Indians weighed less than 200 and some, standing far over 6 feet tall, weighed 275 pounds. The women, half carrying, half dragging their dead chiefs, started for Pueblo d'Taos, their homes, three miles distant, to give them Indian burial.

"I do not censure my superiors for this affair. Our government knows its duties and will carry them out. Even on the beautiful and bright sun there occasionally are dark spots.

"In June, 1847, the term of service having expired, the Second Missouri Regiment got ready to start for home. The Third Missouri, not having arrived, Price, now promoted from colonel to general, called for volunteers to hold New Mexico. Eleven of the Marion county company, including myself, enlisted for the war in Company A, Light Artillery, Santa Fe Battalion. We were now New Mexico volunteers. Capt. Hassendeubel, of St. Louis, and Maj. Walker commanded our battery.

Price's Battle at Rosalia.

"After the arrival of the Third Missouri, Col. Ralls commanding, Gen. Price prepared to march south to follow Doniphan, having heard of a Mexican army on the march north from Chihuahua. We started south with our battery, drilling along the way. We halted at El Paso, until March. Receiving orders suddenly, our captain and part of our battery started in the night for Chihuahua to meet the Mexicans.

"The Mexican general, Treas, hearing of our approach, retreated south about sixty-five miles to a fortified town, called Santa Cruz d'Rosalia, to await the Americans. Gen. Price, with 400 men and part of our battery, followed them rapidly, taking up with them in their fortifications. Perceiving the necessity for more troops, Price surrounded the town. On the 16th of March, 1848, more of our troops having arrived, we prepared for battle.

"Gen. Price demanded the surrender of the city, which Gen. Troas declined doing. The battle commenced with a battery fire on both sides. The Mexicans were better supplied with ammunition than we were, and they had some 3,000 men, while we had perhaps 700. The bombardment proving ineffectual, Gen. Price ordered an assault of the city.

"I remember the beginning of that charge vividly. Our sleeves and pants were rolled up and we were in fighting humor—all calm and determined. The assault began at 5 in the evening. The cannon roared, the musketry fire illuminating the heavens and the city. For a short time the Mexicans fought bravely, but could not withstand the assault of the Santa Fe Battalion and the Third Missouri. Giving three great cheers, we finally charged the batteries and captured them. The Mexican officers proved themselves brave men and soldiers; the rank and file were rather frightened and cowardly.

"As a sergeant I had charge of part of our battery. We had been living for twenty-one days on practically nothing but hard tack, our supply wagons having been left far to the rear when we dashed after the retreating Mexicans, and it was certainly good to taste a bit of fresh food, which was abundant after we had taken the city.

"Peace had been declared before this battle was fought, but, there being no telegraph or railroad, we did not hear of it until a month after the two countries had come to terms. We were compelled, therefore, to return the town to the Mexicans, with all the arms and supplies we had captured. We marched back to Independence, and were there mustered out of service."

Mr. Drescher was a judge of the Marion County Court from 1895 to 1903 and mayor of Hannibal from 1876 to 1879.

William Cullen Bryant's Tribute.

Even writers on the Atlantic Seaboard, often chary of tribute to Western heroism, recognized the wonderful achievement of the Doniphan Expedition. William Cullen Bryant wrote: "This body of men conquered the States of New Mexico and Chihuahua and traversed Durango and New Leon. On this march they traveled more than 6,000 miles, consuming twelve months. During all this time not one word of information reached them from the government, nor any order whatsoever; they neither received any supplies of any kind nor one cent of pay. They lived exclusively on the country through which they passed and supplied themselves with powder and balls by capturing them from the enemy. From Chihuahua to Matamoras, a distance of 900 miles, they marched in forty-five days, bringing with them seventeen pieces of heavy artillery as trophies."

Kearny's Annexation.

Missourians did much more than march and fight in that wonderful expedition. Kearny and the Missourians took possession of Santa Fe on the 18th of August, 1846. Four days later was issued that remarkable proclamation. On the 22d of September the "organic law for the Territory of New Mexico, compiled under the direction of General Kearny," was published. Kearney wrote: "I take great pleasure in stating that I am entirely indebted for these laws to Col. A. W. Doniphan of the First Regiment of Missouri Mounted Volunteers, who received much assistance from Private Willard P. Hall of his regiment." The second day Kearny appointed a governor and other officers, among whom was "Francis P. Blair, to be United States district attorney." Charles Bent, of St. Louis, was governor. Stephen Lee, of St. Louis, the brother of General Elliott Lee, was made sheriff; James White Leal, of St. Louis, a Laclede Ranger, was made prosecuting attorney. The Pueblo Indians at Taos rose in revolt and killed these three officials. Retribution was swift.

In a fight with the Indians, John Eldridge and Martin Wash of the Laclede Rangers were compelled to use one horse. A shot struck Eldridge in the corner of the eye, went into Wash's cheek and came out of his neck. When their commanding officer came up these St. Louis boys were still fighting. Wash, who was spitting blood, said:

"Lieutenant, I be hanged if I don't think I'm shot somehow."

That was the kind of nerve the Laclede Rangers carried with them.

When time dragged for the garrison in the ancient city, the detachment of the Laclede Rangers obtained the use of a hall and gave theatrical entertainments. Bernard McSorley, who came back to St. Louis to become a builder of sewers and a power in local politics, was the manager and the star. When the St. Louisans put on Pizarro in Peru, McSorley was Pizarro. Edward W. Shands played Elvira. Another Ranger, William Jamieson, was Cora. James White Leal of the Rangers was the leader of the minstrel part of the performance which followed the tragedy.

Kearny's proclamation annexing New Mexico to the United States reached St. Louis on the 28th of September, 1846. It declared "the intention to hold this department (New Mexico), with its original boundaries on both sides of the Del Norte as a part of the United States and under the name of the Territory of New Mexico."

There was considerable excitement in Missouri over this wholesale acquisition of territory. The Missouri Republican said: "For a strict constructionist of the constitution, the President seems to us a gentleman of about as easy manners as any official we have ever met with, even in these days of a 'progressive locofocoism!'"

The March Homeward.

The Missourians who had been left to hold New Mexico while the other bodies pushed west to California and south to the heart of Mexico marched back across the plains when the war was over. They sang:

SOLO.

"Listen to me! Listen to me!
What do you want to see, to see?

CHORUS.

"A woman under a bonnet,
A woman under a bonnet,
That's what we want to see, to see!
That's what we want to see!"

One Missourian in the Army of the West was destined to be a conspicuous figure in the country traversed. William Gilpin, Pennsylvanian by birth, Quaker by inherited creed, was a major. He saw the plains and the mountains with the eyes of a prophet. He told his comrades in arms they were passing through "a great grazing region"; that it would become "the land of beef and wool." He pointed to the Rockies, called them "the domes of the continent" and predicted discoveries of precious metals in them. There was loud amusement over the major's predictions. But the territory of Colorado was created, becoming in 1876 the Centennial State. Gilpin was the first governor of Colorado.

St. Louisans were conspicuous individually as well as for numbers in the "Army of the West." Henry S. Turner utilized his early army experience in the capacity of adjutant to the commander, Kearny. Francis P. Blair, then a young lawyer, sent west by his doctor for the benefit of the mountain air, was a scout, prowling miles in advance of the column to report signs of Mexicans or Indians. William Bent shared in this most dangerous duty. As the army reached the Raton Mountains, Captain Waldemar Fischer, the St. Louis artilleryman, climbed the peak, to which the government gave his name. Fischer's Peak, it is on the maps.

A Missouri Welcome.

In the summer and fall of 1847 St. Louis was full of "conquistadores," as they were called, strange looking, some with long mustaches, some with full beards, all swarthy. The Mexican war was over. Up to that time Missourians were, as a rule, smooth shaven men. They came back, outlandish in looks, with new speech, the heroes of the most marvelous campaigning the country had known. Senator Benton, at his best, in welcoming the returning volunteers told them they had even outdone ancient history. Doniphan had eclipsed Xenophon. The Senator said: "The 'Ten Thousand' counted the voyage on the Black Sea, as well as the march from Babylon, and twenty centuries admit the validity of the count. The present age and futurity will include with the going out and coming in of the Missouri Volunteers the water voyage as well as the land march and the expedition of the One Thousand will exceed that of the Ten by some two thousand miles. You did the right thing at the right time, and what the government intended you to do, and without knowing its intentions."

A form of celebration which came into much popularity with St. Louis during the Mexican war, was the illumination. Citizens determined to honor the victories which had been won over Mexico. Cannon were placed in the vicinity of the Lucas market, which was at Twelfth and Olive streets, to fire salutes. At a signal lights were displayed in nearly every window of the city. Most of these lights were candles placed upon boards. The papers of that time spoke of the illumination of the market house as being especially fine. The boats at the levee participated in the illumination, displaying rows of candles along the decks. The boys built bonfires at the street intersections and on the commons. One of the events of the illumination night took place at sundown. From the office of the Reveille, the evening newspaper, an eagle was let loose, having attached to one of its legs a brass plate on which was engraved "Buena Vista."

A Missourian Took Mesilla Valley.

After the settlement with Mexico a dispute arose about the Mesilla Valley. This garden spot of wonderful fertility is on the Rio Grande north of El Paso. William Carr Lane, the first mayor of St. Louis, had been appointed governor of Mexico. Without wasting much time on red tape correspondence he "took" the valley. Upon this action the Missourians who had gone to New Mexico based a song which they sang at Santa Fe with great enthusiasm on the 1st of January, 1853. Two stanzas were in these words:

"As friends of the country, around him we'll rally,
Long live Governor Lane.
And 'go to the death' for the Mesilla valley,
Long live Governor Lane.
Look out for your own, Uncle Sam, and beware,
The valley is ours, we'll have it we swear,
And you give it up, Frank Pierce, if you dare,
Long live Governor Lane.

"In sunshine and storm, in censure and praise,
Long live Governor Lane,
He speaks what he thinks and means what he says,
Viva Governor Lane.
No tricks, nor no bribes, nor no silly blunder
Shall steal our worthy old governor's thunder,
We'll stand at his back till the day we go under,
Long live Governor Lane."

The Mexican Trophies.

The brass twelve-pounders which the Missourians dragged home from Mexico were recast some time early in the Civil war. They traveled all over the South doing their part in the restoration of the Union. After the war Fourth of July salutes were fired in St. Louis for a dozen years from those twelve-pounders. They were the pride of the gallant Simpson artillery company. When this company disbanded the guns were returned to the State. General Marmaduke saw the wornout wheels one day and sent them down to the penitentiary, where the convicts built, as a labor of love, entirely new carriages for the old guns. But before the new wheels and new axles had achieved harmonious relations one of the venerable cannon went all to pieces in the hands of some amateur artillerists at Tipton, who were trying to celebrate the Fourth of July. Nobody was killed, but a dozen would have been if they had been in the way of the jagged fragments which went in several directions. After that accident the old brass guns were put on the retired list, and could only be borrowed for the harmless purposes of dress parade.

Missourians and the Kansas Issue.

William Hyde, in his recollections of the period, printed by the Globe-Democrat in 1892, said:

"History will never balance the account between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery agitators on the Missouri border, from the organization of Kansas Territory down to the date of actual emancipation. None of the rigors of war, as seen 'at the front,' could exceed or equal the direful visitation brought upon the helpless settlers in this then sparsely populated region. It is a mistake to suppose that the emigration to the new Territory from Missouri was composed entirely, or even in large proportion, of slave-holders. They were mostly men attracted thither by the cheapness and fertility of the lands, whereby they could acquire good homesteads and indulge the hope that by their own toil they might eventually secure competence. Of Kentucky and Tennessee lineage to a considerable extent, those who were even not of Missouri nativity had been brought up with a slavery bias and a strong antipathy to the abolitionists; but, except in rare cases, they were not well enough to do to own slaves, and those that were so realized that Kansas was not a safe place to take them. The heavy slave-holders were interested, not so much in populating Kansas with slave negroes, as in pushing the line of anti-slavery feeling as

far west as possible, to protect slavery in Missouri. It suited Atchison and Stringfellow just as well for pro-slavery Missourians to live in Missouri and vote across the border, and there was not the slightest compunction in advising them to ride over on election days and take the polls, leaving the question of residence to be determined afterward. Fully 50,000 slaves, or one-half the whole number in the State, belonged in the northwest quarter of it, and about 10,000 in the counties conterminous with the eastern Kansas line—chiefly along the Missouri river. But with all the agitation and excitement, all the incentives held out to them to strike for liberty, they showed the same dense indifference as was exhibited later on by the race throughout the South. There were, indeed, cases of slaves leaving their old homes, but in such it was rare, indeed, that they were not coaxed, to the point of actual kidnapping.

"For whilst the Missouri pro-slaveryites were 'colonizing' the new Territory, the anti-slavery men were by no means idle. Neither party claimed indemnity on the ground that the other had begun hostilities. The situation seemed to each to proclaim war of itself. The long line of battle-field, for so it may be called, extended from the northern point of the 'Platte Purchase' to the then unorganized county of Barton, through Bates, Vernon and Cass, on the Missouri side, and the region from Fort Scott to the lower line of Johnson county in Kansas was the principal seat of the predatory operations. It will astonish many readers, no doubt, to learn that as late as 1855 the total real population of Kansas was not more than 3,000, though the Missourians on occasion polled more than twice that number themselves. Of the actual settlers the Missourians had from one-third to one-half. The free state people not having the advantage of a double residence were naturally obliged to camp on the ground, whilst many of their opponents could breakfast and sup on the eastern side of the line and have plenty of time to do their voting in the interim.

"Of course it presently developed there were two territorial governments, though Mr. Buchanan promptly recognized and continued to recognize the one established by the pro-slavery men, whose Delegate to Congress was admitted without question. The more courts that were established the more lawlessness there was, as conflicting processes brought even the officers into belligerent attitudes. Raids from Kansas into Missouri and from Missouri into Kansas were of nightly occurrence. Kidnappings followed robberies. Dwellings were fired without compunction. Eternal vigilance was the price of human life. Questions of popular sovereignty were overwhelmed and lost sight of in the prevailing chaos of retaliation and anarchy."

John Brown's Raid.

In the last month of 1858 John Brown made one of his raids into Bates and Vernon counties. He "impressed," as he called it, several horses, induced ten or twelve negroes to leave their masters and carried a lot of household goods back to Osawatomie. This was one of the boldest and most extensive raids made into Missouri from Kansas up to that time. It created a panic along the border. Governor Stewart offered a reward of three thousand dollars for the capture of Brown. President Buchanan offered $250. In January, 1859, Brown left Kansas, going into Iowa and thence to Canada. He appeared later among the anti-slavery people of Ohio and sold his Missouri horses.

After Brown's departure matters along the border became more quiet. Governor Stewart of Missouri and Governor Denver of Kansas exchanged expressions of regret and hopes for peace. At St. Louis and Jefferson City a proposition was advanced to raise a force of militia and patrol the Kansas border. The people of Bates and Vernon opposed this plan of sending militia, arguing that it would have the effect of increasing the excitement and would possibly lead to bloodshed. Nevertheless, a petition was laid before the legislature and a bill was passed appropriating $30,000. The governor was authorized to expend this amount in the capture of raiders from Kansas or in such ways as he deemed best

to prevent further invasion. Nothing occurred for some months to require action by the governor. Harney, who was in command at Fort Leavenworth, sent some regulars to the old military post at Fort Scott and put Captain Nathaniel Allen in charge of that post. In November, 1860, Judge Williams of the Third District in Kansas sent a message to Washington saying that Montgomery's band of jayhawkers had broken up the court, compelling officers, including the judge, to flee for their lives. He stated that a grand juror named Moore had been murdered and that two men who had been engaged in returning fugitive slaves had been killed. The judge's report and his appeal for protection revived the alarm on the Missouri side. Invasions by Montgomery and Jennison were feared. The governor immediately acted under the authority given him to send militia to the border.

The Southwest Expedition.

Thus came about the famous "Southwest Expedition." William Hyde, as war correspondent for the St. Louis Republican, accompanied the expedition. In 1892 he wrote this account of it:

"It was in the last week of November, 1860, when an order was directed to Gen. D. M. Frost, commanding the 1st Brigade, Missouri militia, to proceed forthwith to the western border with men and arms enough to put an end to the troubles there. In forty-eight hours the general and his staff, with his brigade of 630 men, were at the Missouri Pacific depot ready to embark for the seat of war. On the general's staff the names are recalled of Capt. Hamblin, adjutant; Capt. Nick Wall, commissary; Dr. Cornyn, surgeon; Maj. John J. Anderson, paymaster, and Capt. Sam Hatch, quartermaster. The brigade consisted of a regiment under Col. John Knapp, and battalion of infantry under Col. John N. Pritchard, and a battery of artillery, Capt. Jackson. Mr. Weed, of the Democrat, and the undersigned had complimentary assignments on the staff of the commanding general, it being expected of us to enlighten the readers of the journals with which we were respectively connected with thrilling accounts of all the battles, descriptions of the different fields of war, narratives of individual feats of valor, etc.

"The western terminus of the Missouri Pacific Railroad in 1860 was Sedalia, a little town with one street parallel with the track, and embracing not much more than the customary hotel, drug store, blacksmith shop and post office. Its principal product was George R. Smith, who used to figure to an extent in Missouri politics. Debarking there and unloading the train of quartermaster and commissary stores, the column took up its march to a point a little distance away from town, where at about dark the first serious work of the campaign began—pitching tents and issuing and receiving supplies, blankets, rations, ammunition, etc. It was great 'fun' the first night, but the weary soldiers went to bed half fed, to sleep on springless and mattressless couches.

"The line of march lay very nearly along the route of the present Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad—though that improvement had not been so much as thought of then—passing from Sedalia through Pettis, Henry, Bates and Vernon counties, to a point about four miles east of Fort Scott, which was reached about December 1. Nothing could surpass the magnificence of the weather. The roads were in excellent condition, and after the fatigue of the first few days had worn off, the troops were in fine spirits. At night around the camp fires the various messes sang and related adventures, and many a friendship was cemented to last through life. A finer country for agriculture never the sun shone on. Miles and miles stretched away in rolling prairie, fringed at the edge of water courses by the yellow leaves of grateful foliage. The whir of covies of quail was frequently heard, as the birds were startled in the underbrush. In the long grass grouse and woodcock, with occasionally a pheasant, hid from common observation. Where forest and prairie joined it was no unusual sight to see groups of deer, sometimes as many as a dozen together. It was too fair a country to be despoiled by civil feuds and torn by internecine strife.

Truth to say, though the six hundred wore the uniforms and accoutrements of war, and were probably as valiant a troop as ever marched to battle, yet they regarded the whole affair as a prolonged parade and their nightly encampments but a school of military instruction. With them secession was a myth, a fevered dream of overheated Southern brains. Their folks were mostly Union people. Whilst the names of John Brown, Montgomery and Jennison were frequently on their lips, and boyish threats were made of what would be done with them and their exaggerated forces, the thoughts of a real engagement rarely entered their heads.

"The command reached a point east of Fort Scott about the 1st of December. Capt. Nathaniel Lyon had been ordered to Fort Scott with a company or two of regulars from Fort Leavenworth, at that time the headquarters of Gen. Harney. On his way thither Mr. Weed and the writer called upon the captain in camp near Mound City. There was not at that time nor had there been any evidence whatever of disturbance since John Brown departed for Canada. Montgomery had retired to the Pottawatomie country and Jennison to his law and real estate office. Lyon could not find harsh words enough to condemn Judge Williams and Governor Stewart, and it did not appear to us that his language relative to the President of the United States kept within the limits prescribed by the articles of war. Capt. Lyon was an evident sympathizer with the free state idea for Kansas and not at all displeased that the 'old public functionary' would be displaced in about three months from that time by Abraham Lincoln.

The Southwest Battalion.

"Gen. Frost, finding no enemy, started north through Vernon county to Papinsville, in the southeast corner of Bates, and having now marched up the hill, proceeded leisurely to march down again. Previous to this, however, orders were issued for the formation of a battalion to remain on the border for the protection of the citizens. Three companies of cavalry were raised, composed chiefly of volunteers from the returning brigade. One company was commanded by Capt. W. C. Kennerly, one by Capt. Emmet McDonald and another by Capt. (Dr.) Staples. These, with the battery of artillery commanded by Capt. Jackson, formed what was known as the Southwest Battalion, Col. John S. Bowen commanding. Col. Bowen, with the battery and two companies of cavalry, proceeded south to Balls' Mills, in Vernon county, where he established his headquarters. Capt. Kennerly was ordered to a point on the extreme border known as the Jackson farm, the dwelling on which had, the year before, been burned down and Jackson, with his son, killed by jayhawkers, the place at this time being unoccupied. On the ruins of the homestead Capt. Kennerly built a block house of hewn logs, winter quarters for the troops, stables for the horses, rifle pits and redoubts, putting the place, in short, in a complete state of defense. The border was patrolled by scouting parties every day for miles north and south of Garrison Jackson, but without particular incident.

"Col. Bowen was ordered to report at St. Louis and was directed to cause an election to be held for a major for the command of the Southwest Battalion. To this position Capt. Kennerly was elected. Maj. Clark Kennerly belonged to the old family of that name in St. Louis. He was in the Mexican war in the battery of Capt. R. H. Weightman, attached to the Doniphan expedition. It was Weightman who killed F. X. Aubrey in Santa Fe, and who, being a colonel under Price, was himself killed in the fight at Wilson's creek. Maj. Kennerly was a cousin of Mrs. Gen. Bowen.

"Capt. Emmet McDonald, after the capture of Camp Jackson in St. Louis, May 10, 1861, went south. He was in McCulloch's command on the invasion of Missouri and he, too, like Col. Weightman, lost his life at Wilson's creek.

"The battalion of which Clark Kennerly was major was, about the 1st of May, 1861, ordered to report at Camp Jackson in St. Louis. It reached that camp on the 9th, and the following day shared the fate of Gen. D. M. Frost's brigade, which was captured and marched to the United States arsenal. The greater part of the brigade which went to the borders returned to St. Louis about the 24th of December, 1860.

"Dr. Corwyn was the same who, as major of artillery, gallantly lost his life at Shiloh commanding a Union battery. Col. Hatch became a distinguished Federal officer. Gen. Bowen was a conspicuous officer on the Confederate side, in whose service he lost his life.

"The expedition from its very inception was absurd and chimerical. It was antagonistic to the views of the border people, as given in their petition for relief, and on which the bill was passed putting the defense fund in the control of the governor. The policy the people of Bates and Vernon counties had advocated of pursuing the ring-leaders of lawlessness by rewards for their capture had done great work for pacification. And now, on the crazy and unverified statement of an old woman of a district judge to set an army in the field to create new alarms, was the quintessence of unwisdom. For the young men of the excursion—for such it was—it was just the thing in the way of military tuition, and such, let us suppose, was the thought uppermost in the minds of warriors like Banker Anderson and Capt. Wall of steamboat memory, not to speak of the West Point graduates."

The Beer Keg Battery.

A relic which Missourians brought home from the Civil war was "the Beer Keg Battery." Everybody has heard how big wooden guns, painted black, were mounted on breastworks and fulfilled the purpose of bluffing the enemy in the '60s. But how many people know that wooden guns were employed in active warfare, and were very effective? When the battery was deposited in the state armory at Jefferson City, the guns looked as harmless as fire logs. But in the stub end of each log was a hole and a clenched fist might be thrust in the length of the arm. The history of these wooden guns is told officially:

"This mortar was a part of what was known as the Sweet Gum Battery, composed of six 6-pounders and one 12-pounder, under the command of Capt. A. J. Campbell, Company C, 33d Regiment Missouri Volunteers, and were used at Spanish Fort, Ala., from March 27, 1865, to April 9, 1865. They were made of sweet gum wood, and banded at the muzzle and breech with a band of iron about one inch wide and one-quarter of an inch thick. The gun and carriage were separate, the carriage being a block of wood, with a socket for the breech of the gun, giving the gun an elevation of about 45 degrees. The ordinary 6 and 12-pound shells were used, the surface being coated with turpentine to secure ignition of the fuse. The usual charge was 5 ounces of ordinary rifle powder. The men became so expert as to be able to burst a shell within the size of an army blanket at 500 to 600 yards distance. They were dubbed the Beer Keg Battery."

The nickname was well chosen. The chunks were about the size of beer kegs and of nearly the same shape and color. At a little distance they might be taken for kegs.

The Banner at Charleston in 1860.

But the greatest curiosity in the form of flag or banner brought home by Missouri troops was that which hung in the first Secession Convention. This banner was square, of heavy silk, blue on one side and white on the other. On the blue side were the words, "South Carolina Convention, 1860."

On the white side was the palmetto tree, with an expanse of ocean and the sun just rising. At the foot of the tree were grouped bales of cotton, barrels of turpentine and a great open book. The book was the Bible, and it was open at this quotation:

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. The Lord of hosts is with us. The God of Jacob is our refuge."

Above the palmetto was emblazoned in large letters, "Separate State Action."

Missouri troops found this banner at Columbia, S. C., when they marched with Sherman to the sea. They took it as a trophy, and doubtless saved it from burning. It was hung in a very conspicuous place in the state armory hall. Perhaps the banner found a fitting place to rest. Political history maintains that Missouri held the balance of power at the National Democratic Convention in Charleston and might have used that power to prevent the split which occurred in the democratic party there, and which insured the first national success of the Republican party and the election of Mr. Lincoln. The Missouri member of the committee on platform at Charleston cast the deciding vote on a principle which drove the southern and northern wings of the democracy apart.

Shelby's Story of His Expedition.

"Shelby's Expedition to Mexico" is worthy of prominence in the chapter on "Missouri in Wars." When Lee surrendered, the trans-Mississippi army of the Confederacy numbered fifty thousand men, under Kirby Smith. There was held at Marshall, Tex., a council attended by the leading officers of the west. It was decided that Smith should be asked to resign; that General Buckner should assume command; that the army should concentrate and march to Mexico, there to ally itself with Maximilian or Juarez, as should be determined after negotiations.

The plot seemed ripe enough until the last moment, when Kirby Smith backed out of the arrangement, Buckner began to have hopes of recovering some Chicago property, and the order went out calling in division after division to Shreveport, where arms were laid down. Shelby had nursed the Mexican project from the first, and when he saw the plans given up he issued an address to the Missourians, which, for want of anything better, was printed on wall paper. It was circulated in the ranks, and when Shelby called for volunteers to go to Mexico, a thousand men responded. They helped themselves to the best there was left of the Confederate commissary and arsenal stores, and marched away to Mexico. In 1868-69 the exiles began to find their way back to Missouri.

In 1877 Shelby had reestablished himself. He had become farmer and was cultivating 700 acres near Page City in Lafayette County. Revolutionary conditions were again prevalent in Mexico. Along the Rio Grande border was much disturbance. General Ord was there with United States cavalry but the raids and the cattle stealing by Mexican bandits on the Texas frontier continued. There was not a little talk in the newspapers of an invasion of Mexico by Americans looking to conquest and annexation. The seeming inability of the Mexican government to maintain peace along the Rio Grande offered the provocation. The suggestion was especially interesting to Missourians. Naturally! Had not this State been foremost in the Mexican war? Recruits from every community had gone to join Scott. The glory of Doniphan's Expedition still flamed. Mexican veterans were local heroes. As the talk of an invasion in 1877 grew, Shelby's name was mentioned freely as the most eligible leader of it. Rumor was that he knew of the movement; that secret organization had already made progress; that Missouri ex-Confederates were actively planning. What were the facts? An authoritative interview was desired. It was obtained through Major John N. Edwards who had accompanied Shelby through Mexico, as a staff officer, immediately after the Civil war, and who had been the historian of that expedi-

tion. Major Edwards was at the time editor of a St. Louis newspaper. In reply to several questions General Shelby said, with emphasis: "I know of nothing being done in the way of enlistment. I have never been approached directly with any proposition looking to the inauguration of such an enterprise. I am no longer a soldier, as you may see, but a farmer and a man of peace."

"But you led an expedition in Mexico once, general."

"Yes, an expedition of a thousand men. It could have been fifty thousand just as well."

"Tell me something about the first expedition then."

"There were several things which led to that. Some have been told and others haven't. Perhaps the time is as good as any to make them known, inasmuch as the attention of the people and the government is diverted somewhat toward Mexican matters. There were a thousand men in my division who did not want to surrender. If there had been but two I would have felt it my soldierly duty to have stood by those two and to have gone with them into the unknown. Then again I had ideas, or dreams, or ambitions. I saw or imagined I saw an empire beyond the Rio. This river they call the great river.

Lincoln's Plan for the Confederates.

"Through Gen. Frank P. Blair I had received, long before the killing of Lincoln, some important information. It was to the effect that, in the downfall of the Confederacy and the overthrow of the Confederates of the east, the Confederates of the west would be permitted to march into Mexico, drive out the French, fraternize with the Mexicans, look around them to see what they could see, occupy and possess lands, keep their eyes fixed steadfastly upon the future, and understand from the beginning that the future would have to take care of itself. In addition, every disbanded Federal soldier in the trans-Mississippi department, who desired service of the kind I have indicated, would have been permitted to cross over to the Confederates with his arms and ammunition. Fifty thousand of these were eager to enlist in such an expedition. On my march south from San Antonio to Pedras Negras I received no less than two hundred messages and communications from representative Federal officers, begging me to wait for them beyond the Rio Grande."

"Do you mean to say, General, that President Lincoln was in favor of the movement you have outlined."

"I do mean to say so most emphatically. I could show nothing official for my assertion, but I had such assurances as satisfied me, and other officers of either army had such assurances as satisfied them. There was empire in it, and a final and practical settlement of this whole Mexican question."

"Why did the scheme fail?"

"I will tell you why. Before marching into the interior of Mexico from Pedras Negras, a little town on the Rio Grande opposite Eagle pass, I called my officers and men about me and stated to them briefly the case. Gov. Blesca, the Juarez governor of the state of Coahuila, was in Pedras Negras. I had sold him cannon, muskets, ammunition, revolvers, sabres—munitions of war which I had brought out of Texas in quantities—and had divided the proceeds per capita among my men. Gov. Blesca offered me the military possession of New Leon and Coahuila, a commission as major general, and absolute authority from Juarez to recruit a corps of fifty thousand Americans. All these things I told my followers. Then I laid a scheme before them and mapped out for the future a programme which had for a granite basis, as it were, that one irrevocable idea of empire. But to my surprise and almost despair nearly the entire expeditionary force were resolute and aggressive imperialists. I could not move them from the idea of fighting for Maximilian. They hated Juarez, they said, and they hated his cause. Maximilian had been the friend of the South, so had the French, and so had Louis Napoleon. They would not lift a hand against the imperial government. I did not argue with my soldiers. They had been faithful to me beyond everything I had ever known of devotion, and so I said to them, 'You have made your resolve, it seems—so be it. I will go with you to the end of the earth, and if Maximilian wants us we will bring him fifty thousand Americans.' That afternoon late I thanked

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Gov. Blesca cordially for all he had done and all he wished to do, and marched with my men toward Monterey, where there was a heavy French garrison under Gen. Jeanningros. Jeanningros had heard of the sale of the war munitions to the Mexicans, and he was furious in his wrath and threatenings. We marched, however, to within two miles of Monterey, drew up in line of battle in front of the cuirassiers covering the northern road, dispatched a flag of truce into the town to know whether it was to be peace or war, and Jeanningros made haste to send back word that it was peace. Then we entered the French lines promptly, and were known from that on until the evacuation as being in full sympathy and accord with the French."

Negotiations with Maximilian.

"And how did Maximilian receive you, General, and what did he say in answer to the proffer you made to him of your services?"

"There is another feature of those plans which were never fulfilled which might be mentioned. Gen. Preston, of Kentucky, was our negotiator, sent forward to represent to Maximilian and Marshal Bazaine the necessity of organizing for immediate service a corps of fifty thousand Americans. Preston talked eloquently and well, but received simply courteous attention for his pains. Neither yes nor no was said to him. Three times he was accorded an audience by the emperor, and three times he came out from it as he went in. Meanwhile we were marching rapidly and fighting our way toward the capital. Guerrillas beset us night and day. There was an ambushment in front and sometimes on both flanks at once. We whipped everything that encountered us from the Salinas river to Queretaro, losing in killed on the rugged march over one hundred of my best and bravest soldiers. I never left a wounded man except in a town where there was a permanent French garrison. Of wounded there were over one hundred more. On reaching the City of Mexico I sought an interview with the emperor at once, and obtained it through Commodore Maury, then Maximilian's commissioner of immigration. It was a brief but emphatic one. The emperor was gracious yet reticent. He asked me what my men and myself desired. I told him service under the empire. He enquired further of the number of men I had with me, the number I could recruit in six months, and the uses that could be made of them after they were recruited. In six months I promised him fifty thousand veterans. As to their uses my answer was about in substance this: 'I speak as a soldier, and I ask your majesty's pardon for so doing; but my men expect me to bring them back word of this interview. Without foreign help you cannot keep your crown. The French will be forced to evacuate Mexico. Mr. Seward has sworn it, and a million of men in arms are anxious to begin today the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine. The Mexicans are not for you. The church party will not fight; the priests—ostensibly your friends—are as enemies working against your secretly; your Austrian and Belgian troops are too few to hold even your capital, and your native regiments are worse than militia. With fifty thousand American soldiers who are devoted to you and who have been schooled in either army to arms, you can hold your own, consolidate your power, develop this empire of yours, and finally get upon the most amicable terms with your naturally selfish, grasping, and unscrupulous neighbors of the United States. Otherwise, if you do not lose your life, you will surely lose your adopted country.' Maximilian listened attentively as I told him this and much more like it, evidently pleased at my frankness and directness. He asked but one other question before the interview terminated."

"What was that question, General?"

"It was this: 'Cannot diplomacy do for me what you propose to do with arms?' I answered: 'It cannot, your majesty,' and I bowed and left him. Afterward, with Gen. Magruder, I called upon Marshal Bazaine and made almost the same kind of a speech to him. Bazaine was a thorough soldier. He saw the situation exactly as we saw it. He knew that he would soon have to get out with all of his army. He knew that without foreign aid Maximilian was lost beyond redemption. He knew of what stuff the imperial Mexican soldiers were made. He knew that out of nine millions of people eight millions were for Juarez and the republic as against Maximilian and the empire, and that of the other million, who were imperialists from sentiment and aristocracy, not fifty thousand would take guns

in their hands and stand about their king as became men true to honor or brave for the right. But Bazaine was powerless. His business in Mexico was, primarily, to collect through Maximilian the debt owed the French by the Mexicans. Afterward he was left there because Napoleon believed he might establish an empire if the Americans kept on cutting one another's throats until there were left but few throats to cut. Napoleon, however, made the fatal mistake of fighting his battles for empire on the Rio Grande instead of on the Potomac. He landed his expeditionary corps at the wrong place. Instead of sending soldiers inland from Vera Cruz, Tampico, and Metamoras, he should have sent them inland from Charleston, Wilmington, and New Orleans. I said this plainly to Bazaine, and Bazaine shrugged his shoulders and bowed his head."

Missouri and the War with Spain.

True to the traditions of their State Missourians in Congress supported President McKinley when the time came on the 8th of March, 1898, to vote millions for war preparation against Spain. Three of the Missouri democrats spoke words ringing with patriotism.

"I have confidence, Mr. Speaker, in the chief executive of this nation and that he will do right in this emergency," Mr. Bland said. "I care not whether he be republican or democrat or a populist, he is an American and we are all. I am willing to trust him and his discretion and patriotism, not only with this fifty millions, but twice that if it is deemed necessary. We have no jealousies in this government like that which comes from the crowned heads of Europe, where plots and counterplots are entered into for the purpose of overthrowing the dynasty. While we may have our domestic differences of opinion, while we may be divided in politics and as to policies, yet we can trust our President because we know that if he is not faithful to his trust it requires no plot or counterplot to remove him from office every four years; for this is a republic, and all abuses can be remedied at the polls. But, Mr. Speaker, while we don't favor war, and hope war may not come, yet if it should come we are appropriating the means to prepare for it.

"I hope this is a peace measure; still, it may be necessary as a war measure. Mr. Speaker, the present situation and the situation for some time past has shown the strength and power of this government. We don't move in a hysterical way. Our people demand nothing but what is right. They rely implicitly upon themselves in their belief that right will prevail, and the right policy will be pursued. We are not in a hurry to go to war with any one. We know our strength, and, relying upon the strength and patriotism of this people, we can wait and bide our time. But when war does come, and God forbid that it should, yet our people make a swift and victorious decision of the contest. (Applause.) I am glad to know, Mr. Speaker, that we have the means in the treasury to furnish the appropriation without taxation. I am glad to know that if we must go to war we can engage in the contest without bonding our people to the money changers of the world."

"The time for discussion has passed, and the hour for action arrived," said Mr. Dockery. "Confronted as we are with the present emergency, I believe that no American citizen will falter or hesitate. Divided we may be among ourselves upon questions of domestic policy, as to our relations toward other nations we present an unbroken front. (Applause.) Party lines fade away, and we are ready on this side of the chamber to join the other side in support of all proper

measures to protect the country and to uphold the national dignity and the national honor. This bill places at disposal of the President, for the national defense, $50,000,000. I supported it in committee; it was reported unanimously, and I give it my hearty and enthusiastic support now. I am willing now and at all times to vote to maintain the majesty of this government and to promote its vigor and power.

"Mr. Speaker, we have inherited through great tribulations the priceless blessing of liberty and self-government from the illustrious military and naval heroes of this republic. Let us show ourselves worthy of our forefathers of the revolution and of our other patriots who, in all the later wars, have upheld upon land and sea the principles of republican government. Sir, let there be no discordant note in our response to the universal voice of the American people summoning us here and now to stand by the government and support this appropriation."

"I shall vote for this bill because I regard it as another step in the attainment of manifest destiny," Mr. Cochran, of the St. Joseph district, said; "because I believe it is another step in the direction of dedicating this new world to liberty and republicanism as tradition and history have dedicated the old world to monarchy; because I believe it is but signalizing the passage of another of the great powers that has wrecked and accursed and incumbered the earth, and the building up of another commonwealth so that men may be happy in the sunlight of liberty. I vote for it because I believe that it is an admonition to Spain that Cuba is forever lost—a notice to the world that this great country has at last arrayed itself on the side of liberty and against the murder, the rapine and barbarity that characterize the oppression of the Cuban patriots. I know it sounds well to the ear to say that this is a peace measure. It is an admonition to Spain to let go of Cuba, or it is a war measure; and we had as well understand it that way. The history of the Cuban struggle is one long succession of abuses, outrages, murders and unheard-of atrocities. The forbearance, the patience with which the American people have witnessed its struggle signalized their devotion to peace. This is the signal that they are at the same time prepared for war."

Missouri Loyalty Illustrated.

The orator of the day at Sedalia in September, 1898, began: "Veterans of the Confederacy of the Division of Missouri, soldiers of the present war, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, citizens all of the greatest nation of the world, I greet you." The scene was inspiring. A long column had marched from the center of the city out to Liberty Park. Mark the name! In blue service uniforms a company of the Fifth Missouri was the escort. The commanding officer of these United States volunteers, Capt. J. J. Fulkerson, wore the badge of his camp as a Confederate veteran. Following were the men who had been with Price and Shelby. After the Confederates marched the Sedalia Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. Probably in no other State of the Union was there witnessed just such a scene at the close of the Spanish-American war. One of the Confederate veterans was Rev. Thomas M. Cobb of Lexington, presiding elder of the Methodist Church. His son, Thomas M. Cobb, Jr., was the adjutant of the Fifth Missouri. A poll of Fulkerson's company showed that of the eighty-seven members in the escort all but five were sons of fathers who had served on one side or the other in the Civil war.

In the Spanish-American war the northwestern section of the State furnished the Fourth Missouri, which went down to Camp Alger and marched by the President the day after it arrived as an object lesson in citizen soldiery right from the stores, the shops and the farms without waiting for arms, uniforms or equipment. The Fourth created a great sensation on its first appearance. Its energetic officers got it equipped to perfection and then worked it into one of the very best regiments in the service. The Fourth was the first Missouri regiment under orders to go to the front, and was about to move when the war suddenly collapsed. When the war was over and public attention was diverted from fighting and big things to minor incidents and details of camp life, the Fourth Missouri didn't contribute extensively to the harrowing tales of hardships. At the time the wave of fault-finding, helped on by partisanship and by sensational publications, was highest, an old Confederate stood up in St. Joseph and announced his position:

"I've got a boy in the Fourth Missouri," he said. "If he'd make one of these fool complaints about the hard lines of soldiering I'd travel all the way to Camp Meade and I'd warm his anatomy so that he wouldn't sit down to his meals with comfort for a week. I fi't in the Wilderness a week on one ear of corn."

Grant and Doniphan.

The difficulty with Mexico in 1914 and the talk of possible annexation prompted Judge D. C. Allen of Liberty to give for publication this reminiscence of an interchange of opinion between U. S. Grant and A. W. Doniphan, both of whom had been in the war with Mexico: "Near 1880 they were summering in Colorado, and while there, at Denver or Colorado Springs, they were several times in the society of each other. As all know, the annexation of Mexico has been in discussion among Americans, off and on, for more than fifty years. It was so when these eminent men met in Colorado. At one of their meetings the following interchange of opinion occurred between them:

"General Grant: 'What do you think, Colonel Doniphan, of the annexation of Mexico?'

"Colonel Doniphan: 'I think, General, that there is now as much black blood on the stomach of the American people as they can well digest.'

"General Grant: 'I think so, too.'

"This interchange was communicated to me by Col. D. a year or so before his death, which occurred on August 8, 1887."

Mullanphy at the Battle of New Orleans.

The story of John Mullanphy and his cotton bales belongs to the record of Missouri in foreign wars. Mullanphy was the first Missouri millionaire. At the time of the war of 1812 he was speculating in cotton. He had on hand a considerable quantity at New Orleans. General Jackson took this cotton to make the breastworks behind which he waited for Packenham, the English general. Mullanphy went to "Old Hickory" and protested. "This is your cotton?" said General Jackson. "Then no one has a better right to defend it. Take a musket and stand in the ranks." When the war was over, Mullanphy tore the breastworks to pieces, shipped his bales of cotton to England and cleared a million dollars. In the biography of General Andrew Jackson this version of Mr. Mullanphy and the cotton bales is given: "An additional number of bales was taken to defend

the embrasures. A Frenchman whose property had been thus without his consent seized, fearing of the injury it might sustain, proceeded in person to General Jackson to reclaim it and demand its delivery. The general, having heard his complaint and ascertaining from him that he was employed in no military service, directed a musket be brought him and placing it in his hand ordered him on the line, remarking at the same time, 'that as he seemed to be a man possessed of property he knew of none who had a better right to fight to defend it.' "

The error of the biographer in calling Mr. Mullanphy a Frenchman may be easily explained by the fact that the Irishman had obtained a good knowledge of the French language and might easily have passed for a Frenchman. The most accurate version of the New Orleans experience was undoubtedly that which Mr. Mullanphy gave to John F. Darby and which Mr. Darby made public:

"After the battle was over, Mr. Mullanphy said he could hear people on all sides saying they would look to the government for their cotton; and he knew it would take a long time to get money out of the government. Great delay, much expense, and an act of Congress would have been required. He went to General Jackson, and said if he would order the same number of sound bales, not torn by cannon balls or damaged in any way, returned to him as had been taken from him, he would give a release for all claims upon the government. General Jackson directed his quartermaster to do this, and Mullanphy received the same number of sound bales as had been taken from him. All the balance of the cotton used in the breastworks was put up at auction and sold for a mere trifle.

"No cotton could be sold for more than three or four cents a pound. After the battle Mr. Mullanphy seemed to have a premonition that peace would be made soon. The mails were carried to New Orleans at that time all the way on horseback via Natchez. No steamboats were running there at that date, and no mail coaches ran in that flat swampy country. Mr. Mullanphy hired a couple of men to take a skiff and row him up the Mississippi river to Natchez. They ate and slept in the skiff. No one knew the object of his visit; the men with him knew nothing of his purpose, and were left in charge of the skiff on their arrival at Natchez, with injunctions to stay in the boat all of the time, as he did not know what minute he might want to return. He went up into the town of Natchez and sauntered around, when late in the evening the post rider came riding at full speed, shouting, 'Peace! Peace!' having, it is said, got a fresh horse every ten miles to hasten the glad tidings and prevent the further destruction of life. Mr. Mullanphy ran down to the river, jumped into his skiff and ordered his men to row with all their might for New Orleans, as he had important business there to attend to. The men knew not what had occurred, and rowed all night and all next day with the swift current of the Mississippi, reaching New Orleans in good time. Mr. Mullanphy was the only man in the city who had the news of peace. He was self-composed—showed no excitement. He began purchasing all the cotton he could buy or bargain for. He had about two days the start of the others. Late in the evening of the second day, from the large amount of cotton purchased by him, people began to talk and to suspect that he had some secret information. The third day, in the morning, the whole town was rejoicing; the news of peace had come, and cannon were announcing it, but Mr. Mullanphy had the cotton. Mr. Mullanphy chartered a vessel and took the cotton, which he had purchased at three or four cents a pound, to England, where he sold it, as was reported, at thirty cents a pound. And a part of the specie and bullion brought back with him as the returns from his cotton was sold by him to the government of the United States on which to base the capital for the Bank of the United States."

The American Spirit in Upper Louisiana.

Long before Missouri was known by name, the American spirit was there. It was indigenous. "Our friends, the Spaniards, are doing everything in their power to convince me of their friendship," George Rogers Clark wrote from St.

Louis in July, 1778. Here the Hannibal of the West found money, gunpowder and clothing secretly stored and awaiting delivery to help the American cause. The wonderful exploits of George Rogers Clark and his 350 Virginians and Kentuckians in 1778 and 1779 are thrilling chapters of American histories. Scarcely mentioned in these histories is the fact that before he started on his campaign, Clark sent two of his trusted lieutenants to St. Louis to sound sentiment toward the American colonies and to determine in what degree the leading men of the community could be depended upon for cooperation. After he received the encouraging reports from St. Louis, George Rogers Clark started down the Ohio to make his bloodless capture of the British post, Kaskaskia, July 4, 1778.

Very practical was the sympathy with which St. Louisans redeemed the promises they had given to George Rogers Clark's advance agents. A St. Louisan, Francis Vigo, made the trip to Vincennes and brought back to Clark the information he needed to make the expedition against that British post successful. As Vigo was leaving Vincennes to return the British stopped him. He asserted his right as a resident of St. Louis. A pledge that "on his way to St. Louis he would do no act hostile to British interest" was required. Vigo came back direct to St. Louis. He had barely landed when, having fulfilled the pledge, he jumped back into his boat and went as fast as he could to Kaskaskia with the news that the French were waiting to welcome the Americans and that Vincennes could be taken. Clark made repeated visits to St. Louis before he started in February, 1779, across the Illinois prairies. He needed money and provisions. St. Louis raised nearly $20,000 for the little American army. Father Gibault, the priest who alternated between St. Louis and Kaskaskia, gave his savings of years—$1,000. When the expedition, with recruits from St. Louis and Cahokia and Kaskaskia, marched away to the eastward, Father Gibault and his Kaskaskia parishioners knelt and prayed for American success at Vincennes. Fifteen months later the firing line of American independence ran along the stone, brush and log ramparts of St. Louis.

The St. Louis of 1764-80 came well by its Americanism. For two or three generations, the governors-general at New Orleans had been writing home to the French government about the growth of a republican spirit. The youth who came out to New France with the intention of bettering their material condition brought with them the theories and the arguments that were spreading in France. Governors-general complained and warned that the tendencies threatened to make trouble. Laclede came from the Pyrenees with companions at a time when revolt against monarchy was in many minds. As he grasped the opportunity to found his settlement he drew to him some of the lower Louisiana people who had become imbued with republican ideas, but more of Canadian and Illinois parentage, to whom the ties with the mother country were traditional rather than positively loyal. St. Louis in the first six years of its existence progressed farther than any other community of the continent toward what were to be American ideals.

St. Louis and the Revolution.

The late Bishop C. F. Robertson, of the diocese of Missouri, became deeply interested in what St. Louisans did to aid the American colonies during the Revolution. He was especially impressed with the services rendered in 1778 by Francis Vigo, of whom he wrote:

MERIWETHER LEWIS

Of Lewis and Clark Expedition

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

Commander of Kaskaskia and Vincennes Expedition

INDIAN VILLAGE NEAR FUR TRADING STATION

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"There had been resident in St. Louis for several years Colonel Francis Vigo, an Italian by birth, but one who had been in the Spanish military service. He had, however, left the army and was engaged in the Indian trade on the Missouri and its tributaries, much respected in St. Louis, and enjoying the confidence of the governor in the highest degree. A Spaniard in his allegiance, he was under no obligation to assist us, but, on the other hand, as his country was at peace with Great Britain, any breach of neutrality on his part towards that country would subject him to loss and vengeance. But in spite of all this, from his attachment to republican principles and sympathy with a people struggling for their rights, Colonel Vigo overlooked all personal consequences, and so soon as he had heard of Clark's arrival at Kaskaskia, he left St. Louis, crossed the line, went down there and tendered his means and influence, both of which were gladly accepted. Knowing Colonel Vigo's influence with the inhabitants of the country, and desirous of gaining some information from Vincennes, from which he had not heard for some months, Colonel Clark proposed to Vigo that he should go and learn the actual condition of things at the post. Colonel Vigo immediately started with but one servant, but on approaching Vincennes was captured by a party of Indians and brought to Governor Hamilton, who was then in possession of the place. Being a Spaniard and non-combatant, he could not be confined, but was only compelled to report himself every morning. He learned the condition of the garrison, its means of defense, and the position of the town.

"In the meantime, Hamilton was embarrassed by the detention of Vigo, and the French inhabitants threatened to stop the supplies unless he was released. The governor consented, on condition that Vigo should sign an article 'not to do any act during the war injurious to British interests.' He refused to sign this, and the pledge was modified, 'not to do anything injurious to British interests on his way to St. Louis.' Colonel Vigo put his name to this, and the next day departed down the Wabash and the Ohio, and up the Mississippi, with two voyagers accompanying him. He faithfully kept the very letter of his bond. On his way to St. Louis he did 'nothing injurious to British interests.' But he had no sooner set foot on shore, and changed his clothes, than in the same pirogue he hastened to Kaskaskia and gave the information by means of which Clark was enabled to capture Hamilton and the most important post of Vincennes.

"A citizen of St. Louis had thus an influential part in bringing to success a result than which few others have done more to shape all the fortunes of the West.

"More than this, when Colonel Clark came to Kaskaskia, it was with great difficulty that the French inhabitants could be persuaded to take the continental paper which alone Clark and his soldiers had with them for money. Peltries and French coins were the only currency used by the simple inhabitants. It was not until Colonel Vigo, the adopted citizen of St. Louis, went there and gave a guarantee on his property for the redemption of this paper that Colonel Clark could, with difficulty, induce the unsophisticated Frenchmen to take the currency. Even then twenty dollars of this continental currency had only the purchasing power of one silver dollar. The douleur, as they called the dollar, meant pain and grief to them.

"It was only by such aid that Colonel Clark was enabled to maintain the posts which he had conquered on the Wabash and the Mississippi until the close of the war, by which he saved to the nation the vast territory lying between the Ohio and the lakes.

"Colonel Vigo, at the close of the war, had on hand more than twenty thousand dollars of the worthless continental money for which he had surrended his property and for which, to the end of his life, he never received one penny. He was given a draft on Virginia, which was dishonored, and died almost a pauper, holding the same dishonored draft in his possession. After his death the State of Virginia acknowledged the justice of the claim, and furnished evidence to prove that it was one of the liabilities assumed by the general government in consideration of the act of cession of the land to it by the State.

"Mention ought also to be made of Father Gibault, who lived at Vincennes, but who had the curacy of Kaskaskia and who was there when Clark took possession of the place. He it was who was influential in procuring the release of Colonel Vigo from his detention at Vincennes, and who joined with him in contributing from his cattle and his tithes for the maintenance of the American troops, without which aid they must either have surrendered or abandoned their enterprise. Judge Law says, that next to Clark and Vigo the United

States are more indebted to Father Gibault for the accession of the States comprised in what was the original Northwestern Territory than to any other man."

The Battle of Pencour.

American historians have given little or no international significance to the British attack upon St. Louis. When they refer to it, they call it an attempted Indian massacre. This is readily explained. Record evidence regarding the attack, from the St. Louis side, is wanting. Recently more has been learned. The source has been the Canadian archives. It abundantly verifies the hitherto doubted assertions of Reynolds in his History of Illinois that the expedition was planned and conducted by the British. By word-of-mouth the St. Louis narrative was handed down. The French settlers had won a great victory, one of far reaching consequences. They did not know it. They realized that they had saved their homes from savages. From this point of view they told their children the story of "the great blow."

In local annals it became "L'anne du grande coup." More than a century was to pass before "the year of the great blow" obtained its full historical significance. In the Carolinas the tide had turned against the British. In 1778-79 George Rogers Clark had occupied Kaskaskia with his Virginians. He had made friends with the Spanish officers and with the French settlers at St. Louis. Francis Vigo, a Sardinian by birth, had brought to Clark the information that Vincennes might be taken by a quick march across the prairies of Illinois. Vigo with Charles Gratiot, the Swiss, and Gabriel Cerre had backed Clark with money and credit. Frenchmen from St. Louis and Cahokia had enlisted for the expedition with the handful of Virginians. The French women of Cahokia had made the flags for the American allies to carry. Vincennes had fallen. Its British commander, General Hamilton, "the hair buyer," they called him because he paid Indians for American scalps, had been sent a prisoner to Virginia. These events in rapid succession preceded the attack of the Indians on St. Louis—"the great blow"—of 1780.

This attack was attributed at the time to British influence, but historians have been inclined to treat the affair as "a raid by the savages inhabiting the northern lake country incited by guerrillas, probably for plunder." Quite recently, within the past few years, copies of important documents from the Canadian archives, coming into possession of the Missouri Historical Society, have revealed the facts about the expedition against St. Louis.

Pencour is the name given to St. Louis in all of these documents. Patt Sinclair, as he signed himself, lieutenant-governor of Michilimackinac, organized the expedition. He reported from time to time the progress and results to the British general, Frederick Haldimand, in command at Quebec. From these documents it is made apparent that the movement directed by Sinclair was to be general against St. Louis, Kaskaskia, and other Illinois settlements. The recovery of Vincennes was even contemplated. Anticipating the easy capture of St. Louis, Sinclair intended the column sent in that direction to proceed down the river capturing and destroying the settlements as far down as possible.

How much Haldimand and Sinclair had staked on this expedition against St. Louis the later correspondence between them showed. On the Atlantic seaboard the British for a year and more had carried on their most active operations

GABRIEL CERRE

The St. Louis merchant who financed General George Rogers Clark's expedition against Vincennes and "Hair Buyer" Hamilton in the Revolutionary war

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against the southern colonies. They held Savannah and had overrun part of Georgia. Their armies were in the Carolinas. The policy was to move northward from Georgia, making use of the slave conditions as an element of weakness to the American patriots. The British leaders thought in this way to subdue colony after colony. Their plan to cut the colonial military strength into parts by taking possession of the Hudson and a line of communication with Canada had failed signally after the defeat at Saratoga.

With the British navy and land forces concentrating about Savannah and Georgia, Haldimand and Sinclair counted upon a naval demonstration against the mouth of the Mississippi and New Orleans, at the same time that their forces of Canadians and Indians swept southward down the Mississippi and the Illinois and over the prairies between the Mississippi and the Wabash. It was a campaign well thought out. It enlisted more than the military element. It appealed to the self-interest of the Canadian fur traders. The savagery and rapacity of the Indians were inflamed.

Had the plans of Haldimand and Sinclair succeeded, had St. Louis fallen, had the naval demonstration by the British fleet been made against New Orleans, the war of the Revolution would have left the west bank of the Mississippi, the whole Louisiana Territory, under the British flag.

But even while Sinclair was informing Haldimand of the details of intended occupancy of St. Louis and other places on the west side of the Mississippi, the expedition had failed, the three divisions were in full retreat. In the correspondence Sinclair refers to cypher messages. He also mentions, significantly, the non-support of this expedition by the expected movement against New Orleans. Treachery among his own forces he gives as the cause of defeat.

The British Plans Revealed.

Of the proposed "reduction of Pencour by surprise" Sinclair wrote confidently to Haldimand in February. He was assembling the expedition. The rendezvous was on the Upper Mississippi, at the mouth of the Wisconsin. Canoes and corn were collected. The Minominies, the Puants, the Sacs and the Rhenards were assembled. The force was not to start "until I send instruction by Sergeant Phillips of the Eighth Regiment." Sinclair contemplated not only the capture of St. Louis. He expected to hold it. He wrote: "The reduction of Pencour, by surprise, from the easy admission of Indians at that place, and by assault from without, having for its defense as reported, only twenty men and twenty brass cannon, will be less difficult than holding it afterwards. To gain both these ends, the rich fur trade of the Missouri River, the injuries done to the traders who formerly attempted to partake of it, and the large property they may expect in the place will contribute. The Scious will go with all dispatch as low down as the Natches, and as many intermediate attacks as possible shall be made."

In his next report, Sinclair told General Haldimand that the expedition had started down the Mississippi. In that body were 750 men, "including traders, servants and Indians." "Captain Langdale with a chosen band of Indians and Canadians will join a party assembled at Chicago to make his attack by the Illinois River, and another party is sent to watch the plains between the Wabash and the Mississippi. I am now in treaty with the Ottawas about furnishing their

quota to cut off the rebels at Post St. Vincents (Vincennes), but as they are under the management of two chiefs, the one a drunkard and the other an avaricious trader, I meet with difficulties in bringing it about. Thirty Saginah warriors are here in readiness to join them, and the island band can furnish as many more."

Sinclair's announcement of the preliminary successes of his campaigns reveals how St. Louis was cooperating with the American rebels: "During the time necessary for assembling the Indians at La Prairie du Chien, detachments were made to watch the river to intercept craft coming up with provisions and to seize upon the people working in the lead mines. Both one and the other were effected without any accident. Thirty-six Minominies have brought to this post a large armed boat, loaded at Pencour, in which were twelve men and rebel commissary. From the mines they had brought seventeen Spanish and rebel prisoners, and stopped fifty tons of lead ore. The chiefs Machiquawish and Wabasha have kindled this spirit in the western Indians."

In a postscript, after the several parties were well on the way to St. Louis and the Illinois country, Sinclair unfolds his plans for permanent possession: "Phillips, of the Eighth Regiment, who has my warrant to act as lieutenant during your excellency's pleasure, will garrison the fort at the entrance of the Missouri. Captain Hesee will remain at Pencour. Wabasha will attack Misere (Ste. Genevieve) and Kacasia (Kaskaskia). All the traders who will secure the posts on the Spanish side of the Mississippi during the next winter have my promise for the exclusive trade of the Missouri during that time. The two lower villages are to be laid under contributions for the support of their garrisons, and the two upper villages are to send cattle to be forwarded to this place to feed the Indians on their return. Orders will be published at the Illinois for no person to go there, who looks for receiving quarter—and the Indians have orders to give none to any without a British pass. This requires every attention and support, being of utmost consequence."

An Account by an Eye Witness.

The Canadian archives preserve a version of the attack on St. Louis by an eye witness. This account written down as soon as the defeated expedition returned to Mackinaw is titled "Information of a William Brown." Although a prisoner of the British, Brown talked willingly. He owned up to having served as a hunter for the British lieutenant-governor, Hamilton, before Vincennes was taken by George Rogers Clark in 1778. Then he volunteered with Clark to fight the Shawnees, but deserted and went to Misere (Ste. Genevieve). In March preceding the attack, Brown reached St. Louis, or Pencour, as his statement to Sinclair has it. Brown was taken prisoner by the British allies about three hundred yards from the hastily constructed defenses of St. Louis. This is what he told Sinclair:

"About the latter end of March John Conn, a trader, went down the Mississippi with the report of an attack against the Illinois by that route. Upon the arrival of Conn, the Spaniards began to fortify Pencour. The report was afterwards confirmed by a French woman who went down the Mississippi. The woman mentioned was the wife of Monsignor Honroe. The post at the entrance of the Missouri was evacuated and the fort blown up, all the outposts called in, and the videttes of their cavalry (for all are mounted except the garrison) were

placed around the village of Pencour. Platform cannon with a parapet were placed over a stone house. An intrenchment was thrown up and scouts sent out. Two days before the British detachment appeared before Pencour, Colonel Clark (George Rogers Clark) and another rebel colonel, we believe named Montgomery, arrived at Pencour, it was said, with a design to concert an attack upon Michilimackinac, but whether with that design or to repel the expected attack by the Mississippi it was agreed that one hundred from the west side and two hundred from the east side should be equipped and in readiness to march when ordered. We believe Clark and Montgomery to have been in the village of Cahokia when the Indians were beaten off. Colonel Montgomery, or some rebel officer, was killed with a private of the rebel troops who wore a bayonet marked 42nd Regiment. They imagined that no others were killed at the Cahokias as they filed off early to a rising ground lower down the river than the village where all of the rebels were concealed in a stone house and could not be drawn out. Indeed, few stratagems were used, owing to Canadian treachery.

"In the Spanish intrenchment numbers were killed, as the Indians occupied a ground which commanded the greatest part of it and made several feints to enter it in order to draw the Spanish from such part of the works as afforded them cover. Thirty-three scalps were taken on the west side and about twenty-four prisoners, blacks and white people. Great numbers of cattle were killed on both sides of the river. The inhabitants were very much spared by all of the Indians excepting the Winipigoes and Scioux. They only scalped five or six who were not armed for the defense of the lines."

This is the story of eye witness Brown, as taken down for the British official records of the expedition against St. Louis.

Acknowledging Sinclair's bad news and accepting his version of the unsuccessful "attacks upon Pencour and the Cahokias" General Haldimand wrote from Quebec the 10th of August, 1780: "It is very mortifying that the protection Monsieur Calve and others have received should meet so perfidious and so ungrateful return. The circumstances of his and Monsieur Ducharme's conduct, you are best acquainted with and to you I leave to dispose of them as they deserve. If you have evident proof of their counteracting or retarding the operations committed to their direction, or in which they were to assist, I would have them sent prisoners to Montreal.

"I am glad to find," continued Haldimand, "that although our attempts proved unsuccessful, they were attended by no inconsiderable loss to the enemy." The congratulation is over the following which appears in Sinclair's report: "The rebels lost an officer and three men killed at the Cahokias and five prisoners. At Pencour sixty-eight were killed and eighteen black and white people made prisoners, among them several good artificers. Many hundreds of cattle were destroyed and forty-three scalps were brought in."

Thus St. Louis received a baptism of blood in the war for American independence. Intimations that this British movement against St. Louis and the Mississippi Valley were directed from London appear in the correspondence. Sinclair speaks of "a copy of My Lord George Germain's letter" as having relation to the expedition. He says "the Winnipigoes and the Scioux would have stormed the Spanish line at St. Louis if the Sacks and the Outgamies under their treacherous leader, Mons. Calve, had not fallen back so early."

Concluding his narrative of defeat, Sinclair adds: "A like disaster cannot happen next year, and I can venture to assure your excellency that one thousand Sioux without any admixture from neighboring tribes will be in the field in April under Wabasha."

The Capture of St. Joseph.

St. Louis did not wait for Sinclair's April campaign. On the second day of January, 1781, Captain Beausoliel, with sixty-five St. Louisans and the same number of Indian allies, left St. Louis to strike a return "coup." Beausoliel was not the captain's real name. Eugene Pouree he had been christened. But he was a bold man, a born leader, who followed the dangerous vocation of operating a bateau between New Orleans and St. Louis. A man who amounted to something in those days, who was admired by his fellow citizens, was likely to be known by a nickname. It came about that Eugene Pouree as a tribute to his popularity was called Captain Beausoliel. The home of the captain was on Market Street. By reason of his qualities of leadership, Pouree had been made commander of the militia company organized among the men of St. Louis.

The expedition made its ways up the Illinois Valley, encountering severe winter weather and suffering hardships. Some distance south of the present Chicago, Pouree led his command to the eastward, passed around the head of Lake Michigan and reached the British post at St. Joseph. The attack was a surprise. The capture was complete. The St. Louis expedition took what furs and other property could be transported, raised the Spanish flag and marched back to St. Louis, delivering the British flag to Governor Cruzat. The expedition was well managed. Leaving St. Louis Pouree carried goods with which he successfully bought his way through the Indian tribes encountered. The route took the expedition near the present city of Danville, where years afterwards bullets of Spanish manufacture were found by American settlers. Pouree's force turned northward near South Bend. The gifts made to the Indians not only secured a peaceful journey, but insured the surprise of St. Joseph, which was complete. The St. Louisans assaulted the fort and took the traders and British soldiers prisoners. They found a considerable stock of furs, which they divided with the Indians. The return was made to St. Louis in March. Sinclair attempted no April campaign. The honors of both defense in 1780 and offense in 1781 were with the St. Louisans.

CHAPTER XXV.

UNTOWARD EVENTS.

The New Madrid Earthquake—Descriptions by Eye Witnesses—Effect on the Mississippi—Two Months of Terror—Senator Linn's Report—Investigations by Scientists—Congressional Act of Relief—The Mormon War—Joseph Smith's Revelations—City of Zion and Land of Promise—Expulsion from Jackson County—Conferences at Liberty—Arrival of a Mormon Army—The Ferry Tragedy—Appeals to Governor Dunklin—A Legislative Investigation—Segregation Planned—A County Set Apart—The Mormon Regiment—Captain Fear Not—The Danites—Battle of Crooked Creek—Militia Ordered Out—Governor Boggs' Instructions—Extermination or Exodus—The Surrender at Far West—Execution of Leaders Proposed—General Doniphan's Refusal to Shoot Them—The Fight at Haun's Mill—John D. Lee's Confession—Eighteen Bodies Buried in a Well—Gen. John B. Clark's Ultimatum—Midwinter Exodus from Missouri—The Slicker War—A Custom Brought from Tennessee—Recollections of Uncle Nattie McCracken—Removal of Tom Turk—The Flood of 1844—Conditions Along the Missouri—The "Head Disease"—Data Preserved by the Government—American Bottom Submerged—The Gasconade Disaster—Recollections of G. B. Winston—Grasshopper Visitation of 1875—The Peralta Claim.

> The people of Missouri,
> Like a whirlwind in its fury,
> And without judge and jury,
> Drove the saints and spilled their blood.
>
> —*By a Mormon Poet.*

A colony from New Jersey came into Upper Louisiana as early as 1788. They laid out the city of New Madrid with wide streets and parks on plans which aroused the astonishment of the French fur traders. Immigrants came from the Atlantic Coast. New Madrid was in a fair way to become the chief city of the Mississippi Valley. Colonel George Morgan of New Jersey was the moving spirit. At a time when the Spanish governor general was encouraging immigration, Morgan went to New Orleans and obtained a large grant of land. General James Wilkinson of the United States Army, who was carrying on secret negotiations with the Spanish officials, made charges against Morgan and prompted the governor general to cancel the concession. Spanish soldiers were sent to New Madrid. Morgan went back to the States.

General Firman A. Rozier said that the New Madrid earthquake followed immediately after the appearance of a great comet. Perhaps the most accurate description of the earthquake was given by S. P. Hildreth.

"The center of its violence was thought to be near the Little Prairie, twenty-five or thirty miles below New Madrid, the vibrations from which were felt all over the valley of the Ohio, as high up as Pittsburg. The first shock was felt on the night of the 16th of December, 1811, and was repeated at intervals, with decreasing violence until some time

in the month of February following. New Madrid having suffered more than any other town on the Mississippi from its effects was considered as situated near the focus from whence the undulation proceeded. From an eye witness, who was then about forty miles below that town in a flatboat, on his way to New Orleans with a load of produce and who narrated the scene to me, the agitation which convulsed the earth, and the waters of the river, filled every living creature with terror. The first shock took place in the night, while the boat was lying at the shore in company with several others. At this period there was danger apprehended from the southern Indians, it being soon after the battle of Tippecanoe; and for safety several boats kept in company for mutual defense in the case of an attack. In the middle of the night there was a terrible shock and jarring of the boats, so that the crews were all awakened, and hurried on deck with their weapons of defense in their hands, thinking the Indians were rushing on board. The ducks, geese and other aquatic birds whose numberless flocks were quietly resting in the eddies of the river, were thrown into the greatest tumult, and with loud screams expressed their alarm in accents of terror. The noise and commotion became hushed, and nothing could be discovered to excite apprehension, so that the boatmen concluded that the shock was occasioned by the falling of a large mass of the bank of the river near them. As soon as it was light enough to distinguish objects, the crews were all up, making ready to depart. Directly loud roaring and hissing was heard, like the escape of steam from a boiler, accompanied by the most violent agitation of the shores and tremendous boiling up of the waters of the Mississippi in huge swells, and rolling the waters below back on the descending streams, and tossing the boats about so violently that the men with difficulty could keep on their feet. The sandbars and points of the island gave way, swallowed up in the tumultuous bosom of the river; carrying down with them the cottonwood trees, crashing and cracking, tossing their arms to and fro as if sensible of their danger while they disappeared beneath the flood. The water of the river, which the day before was tolerably clear, being rather low, changed to a reddish hue, and became thick with mud thrown up from its bottom, while the surface, lashed violently by the agitation of the earth beneath, was covered with foam, which, gathering into masses the size of a barrel, floated along on the trembling surface. The earth opened in wide fissures and closing again threw the water, sand and mud in large jets higher than the tops of the trees. The atmosphere was filled with a thick vapor, or gas, to which the light imparted a purple tinge, altogether different in appearance from the autumnal haze of Indian summer, or that of smoke.

"From the temporary check to the current, by the heaving of the bottom, the sinking of the banks and sandbars into the bed of the stream, the river rose in a few minutes five or six feet, and impatient of the restraint again rushed forward with redoubled impetuosity, hurrying along the boats now set loose by the horror-struck boatmen, as in less danger on the water than at the shore where the banks threatened every moment to destroy them by the falling earth, or carry them down in the vortex of the sinking masses. Many boats were overwhelmed in this manner and their crews perished with them. It required the utmost exertion of the men to keep the boat, of which my informant was the owner, in the middle of the river, as far from the shores, sandbars, or islands as they could. Numerous boats were wrecked on the snags and old trees thrown up from the bottom of the river where they had quietly rested for ages, while others were sunk or stranded on the sandbars or islands.

"At New Madrid several boats were carried by the reflux of the current into a small stream that puts into the river just above the town and left on the ground by the returning water, a considerable distance from the river. A man who belonged to one of the company boats was left for several hours on the upright trunk of an old snag in the middle of the river, against which his boat was wrecked and sunk. It stood with the roots a few feet above the water, and to these he contrived to attach himself; while every fresh shock threw the agitated waves against, and kept gradually settling the tree deeper in the mud at the bottom, bringing him nearer and nearer to the deep, muddy waters which to his terrified imagination seemed desirous of swallowing him up. While hanging here calling with piteous shouts for aid, several boats passed by without being able to relieve him, until finally a skiff was well manned, rowed a short distance above him, and dropped down close to the snag from which he tumbled in as she passed by.

"The scenes which occurred for several days during the repeated shocks were horrible. The most destructive took place in the beginning, although they were repeated for many weeks, becoming lighter and lighter until they died away in slight vibrations, like the jarring of steam in an immense boiler. The sulphureted gases that were discharged during the shocks tainted the air with their noxious effluvia, and so strongly impregnated the water of the river to the distance of one hundred and fifty miles below, that it could hardly be used for any purpose for a number of days. New Madrid, which stood on a bluff fifteen or twenty feet above the summer floods, sunk so low that the next rise covered it to the depth of five feet. The bottoms of several lakes in the vicinity were elevated so as to become dry land and have since been planted with corn."

The Thirty Miles' Flight.

Colonel John Shaw of Marquette County, Wisconsin, was visiting near New Madrid the winter of the earthquake. He said that on February 7, 1812, he felt the most severe shock. Nearly two thousand people fled from their houses. They went to Tywappity Hall, thirty miles north and seven miles back from the river:

"This was the first high ground above New Madrid, and here the fugitives formed an encampment. It was proposed that all should kneel and engage in supplicating God's mercy and all simultaneously, Catholics and Protestants, knelt and offered solemn prayer to their Creator. About twelve miles back toward New Madrid a young woman about seventeen years of age, named Betsy Masters, had been left by her parents and family, her right leg having been broken below the knee by the falling of one of the weight poles of the roof of the cabin, and though a total stranger, I was the only person who would consent to return and see whether she still survived. Receiving a description of the locality of the place, I started and found the poor girl upon a bed as she had been left, with some water and cornbread within her reach. I cooked up some food for her and made her condition as comfortable as circumstances would allow and returned the same day to the grand encampment. Miss Masters eventually recovered. In abandoning their homes on this emergency, the people stopped only long enough to get their teams and hurry in their families and some provisions. It was a matter of doubt among them whether water or fire would be most likely to burst forth and cover all the country. The timber land around New Madrid sunk 5 or 6 feet, so that the lakes and lagoons, which seemed to have their beds pushed up, discharged their waters over the sunken lands.

"Through the fissures caused by the earthquake were forced up vast quantities of a hard, jet-black substance which appeared very smooth, as if worn by friction. It seemed a very different substance from either anthracite or bituminous coal. This hegira, with all its attendant, appalling circumstances, was a most heartrending scene and had the effect to constrain the most wicked and profane earnestly to plead to God in prayer for mercy. In less than three months most of these people returned to their homes, and though the earthquakes continued occasionally with less destructive effects, they became so accustomed to the recurring vibrations that they paid little or no regard to them, not even interrupting or checking their dances, frolics and vice."

Scientific Investigations.

In 1911, on the occasion of the centennial of the earthquake, Walter Williams wrote of the investigation made by scientists:

"The convulsion occurred contemporaneously with one of the most fatal earthquakes of South America, when the towns of Guayra and Caracas were laid in ruins. Humboldt, the great geographer, has remarked that the shocks of New Madrid are the only examples on record of the ground having quaked almost incessantly for three months at a point so far remote from any active volcano. The shocks were most violent in the part of the region called the Little Prairie, to the northward, as far as the mouth of the Ohio river. Some

shocks were felt in South Carolina. Although the country was thinly settled and most of the houses built of logs, the loss of life was considerable.

"The cause of the New Madrid earthquake has never been definitely determined. 'Several authors,' writes L. Bringier, 'have asserted that earthquakes proceed from volcanic causes. But, although this may be often true, the New Madrid earthquake must have had another cause. Time, perhaps, will give us some better ideas as to the origin of these extraordinary phenomena. It is probable that they are produced in different instances by different causes and that electricity is one of them. The shocks of the earthquake of New Madrid produced emotions and sensations much resembling those of a strong galvanic battery. The New Madrid earthquake took place after a very long succession of very heavy rains, such as had never been seen before in that country.'

"L. Bringier, an engineer of Louisiana, was on horseback near New Madrid in 1811 when some of the severest shocks were experienced. As the waves advanced he saw the trees bend down and often the instant afterward, when in the act of recovering their position, met the boughs of other trees similarly inclined so as to become interlocked, being prevented from righting themselves again. The transit of the waves through the woods was marked by the crashing noise of countless branches first heard on one side and then on the other. At the same time powerful jets of water, mixed with sand, mud and bituminous coaly shale, were cast up with such force that both horse and rider might have perished had the undulating waves happened to burst immediately beneath them. Circular cavities, called sink holes, were formed where the principal fountains of mud and water were thrown up.

"Sir Charles Lyell, president of the Geological Society of London, visited the New Madrid earthquake region in 1846. He described one of the sink holes as a nearly circular hollow, 10 yards wide and 5 feet deep, with a smaller one near it. He observed scattered about the surrounding level ground fragments of black bituminous shale, with much white sand. Within a short distance he found five more of these 'sand bursts' or 'sand blows,' as they are sometimes termed, and a mile farther west of New Madrid a more conspicuous sink hole. This sink hole was a striking object, interrupting the regularity of a flat plain, the sides very steep and 28 feet deep from the top to the water's edge. The water standing in the bottom was said to be originally very deep, but had grown shallow by the washing in of sand and the crumbling of the bank, caused by the feet of cattle coming to drink. Many wagon loads of mud had been cast up out of this hollow.

"The British geologist investigated Eulalie lake, which was destroyed by the earthquake shock. The bottom of the lake was about 300 yards long by 100 yards in width and chiefly composed of clay covered with trees. The trees in the lake bottom were cottonwood, willow, honey locust and other species. On the surrounding higher ground, which was elevated 12 or 15 feet, were the hickory, the black and white oak, the gum and other trees of ancient date. Lake Eulalie was formerly filled with clear water and abounded in fish until it was suddenly drained by the earthquake. In the clay bottom Sir Charles traced the course of two parallel fissures by which the water escaped. They were separated from each other by a distance of about 8 yards and were not yet entirely closed. Near their edges much sand and coal shale lay scattered, which were thrown out of them when they first opened. This black, bituminous shale belonged to the alluvial formation and is found in digging wells 15 feet deep or sometimes nearer the surface. It was probably drifted down at a former period by a current of the Mississippi river from the coal fields farther north.

"More striking monuments of the earthquake were found by Sir Charles Lyell in the territory farther to the westward. Skirting the borders of a swamp called the Bayou St. John, he observed a great many fallen trees and others dead and leafless, but standing erect. 'After riding some miles,' said Sir Charles, 'I found my way to a farm, the owner of which had witnessed the earthquake when a child. He described to me the camping out of the people in the night when the first shocks occurred and how some were wounded by the falling of chimneys and the bodies of others thrown out of the ruins. He confirmed the published statements of inhabitants having availed themselves of fallen trees to avoid being engulfed in open fissures, and he afterward heard that this singular mode of escape had been adopted in distant places between which there had been no communication, and that even children threw themselves on the felled trunks. My acquaintance took me to see several

fissures still open, which had been caused by the undulatory movement of the ground, some of them jagged, others even and straight. I traced two of them continuously for more than a half mile and found that a few were parallel, but on the whole they varied greatly in direction, some being 10 and others 45 degrees west of north. I might easily have mistaken them for artificial trenches, if my companion had not known them within his recollection to have been as deep as wells. Sand and black shale were strewed along their edges. Most of them were from 2 to 4 feet wide, and 5 or 6 feet deep, but the action of rains, frosts and occasional inundations, and, above all, the leaves of the forests blown into them every autumn in countless numbers have done much to fill them up.'"

The New Madrid Claims.

Senator Linn in a letter to the Senate committee on commerce wrote of the earthquake: "The earth rocked to and fro, vast chasms opened, from whence issued columns of water, sand and coal, accompanied by hissing sounds, caused, perhaps, by the escape of pent-up steam, while ever and anon flashes of electricity gleamed through the troubled clouds of night, rendering the darkness doubly horrible. The day that succeeded this night of terror brought no solace in its dawn. Shock followed shock, a dense black cloud of vapor overshadowed the land, through which no struggling ray of sunlight found its way to cheer the desponding heart of man. Hills had disappeared, and lakes were found in their stead. One of these lakes formed on this occasion is sixty or seventy miles in length, and from three to twenty in breadth. It is in some places very shallow: in others from fifty to one hundred feet deep, which is much more than the depth of the Mississippi River in that quarter. In sailing over its surface in a light canoe, the voyager is struck with astonishment at beholding the giant trees of the forest standing partially exposed amid a waste of waters, branchless and leafless. But the wonder is still further increased on casting the eye on the dark blue profound, to observe canebrakes covering the bottom, over which a mammoth species of testudo is seen dragging its slow length along, while countless myriads of fish are sporting through the aquatic thickets."

Recovery from the effects of the shock was slow. Timothy Flint, in his "Recollections," said that in 1819, eight years after the earthquake, the New Madrid district, "once so level, rich, and beautiful, still presented the appearance of decay. Large and beautiful orchards, left unenclosed, houses uninhabited, deep chasms in the earth, obvious at frequent intervals—such was the face of the country, although the people had for years become so accustomed to frequent and small shocks, which did no essential injury, that the lands were gradually rising in value, and New Madrid was slowly rebuilding with frail buildings, adapted to the apprehensions of the people."

Congress passed an act to help the residents of New Madrid. Under the provisions, the owner of land that had been damaged by the earthquake was given a right to locate a like number of acres in any other part of Missouri Territory subject to entry. The government was imposed upon. There were taken out 516 certificates. Most of the earthquake sufferers had sold their claims for a few cents an acre. The certificates were passed from person to person. Only a score of those who held the land at the time of the earthquake actually located other lands. Most of the certificates passed into the hands of speculators and were for sale. One man had thirty-three; another had forty; a third had twenty-six. People who had never seen New Madrid bought these certificates

and located land with them in various parts of Missouri. Later it developed that some of these certificates had been obtained by perjury. H. W. Williams, the expert in Missouri land titles, stated that 142 of the New Madrid claims were fraudulent, being granted to persons on lands they had never owned. Holders of the claims, good and bad, went to the best localities in Missouri and filed on land, in some cases attempting to make the New Madrid claims apply on land already entered. Litigation over these claims afflicted two generations of Missourians.

The Mormon War.

When Joseph Smith had "spied out the land" he decided that Missouri was to be the home of the Mormons. He announced to the faithful a revelation claimed to have been received by him in Independence:

"Hearken, O, ye elders of the church, saith the Lord, your God, who have assembled yourselves together, according to my commandments, in this land, which is the land of Missouri, which is the land I have appointed and consecrated for the gathering of the saints:

"Wherefore, this is the land of promise and the place for the City of Zion. And thus saith the Lord your God: If you will receive wisdom here is wisdom. Behold, the place which is now called Independence is the center place and the spot for the temple is lying westward upon a lot which is not far from the courthouse, wherefore it is wisdom that it should be purchased by the saints, and also every tract lying westward, even to the line running directly between Jew and Gentile. And also every tract bordering by the prairie inasmuch as my disciples are enabled to buy lands. That they obtain it for an everlasting inheritance."

Joseph Smith chose Missouri as "the land of promise" for the Mormons after he had traveled through the West. In his decision he showed the excellent judgment of so many other homeseekers in that generation. Jackson County offered the most attractive field for Mormon thrift. On his return to Kirtland, Ohio, Smith sent one of the bishops with an advance colony of one hundred to Missouri. The instructions were to proceed to the borders of the land of the "Lamanites." That is the name Smith bestowed upon the Kaw Indians.

Independence was coming into prominence as an outfitting and starting point of the Santa Fe Trail. It had at that time about 300 population living near a wooden court house. The fertile and watered lands of Jackson County were being taken by planters emigrating from Kentucky and other Southern States. But after Smith's revelation the Mormons came in more rapidly than the other settlers. They were soon strong enough to be aggressive. They talked against slavery. They announced that a great temple was to be erected at Independence. A tract of sixty-eight acres was acquired in the name of the church. This was in accordance with the "revelation" which Smith promulgated.

Smith renamed Independence the "City of Zion." The town was comparatively new. It had been laid out in 1827 on a tract of 240 acres. History has it that there were sixteen fine, flowing springs of clear limestone water on the town site. The men named to locate the town as the county seat of Jackson were David Ward, Julius Emmons and John Bartleson. The first court was held in a log cabin. A new court house was built by Daniel P. Lewis, who got the contract on a bid of $150. To the westward of this court house was the

proposed site of the temple. A temporary structure was built. A store was established. Mormon immigration was so rapid that it threatened to outnumber the Gentiles. The uprising came with charges of depredations made by the Mormons. The temple and the store were despoiled by vigilance committees. A bishop was tarred and feathered. Notice was served that all Mormons must leave Jackson County.

There were lawless elements among the Mormons. They acted on their belief that "the Lord had given the earth and the fullness thereof to his people." They did little work, prowled about the sparse settlements and helped themselves at corn cribs and hog lots of those who were not of their faith. This they called "milking the Gentiles."

Expulsion from Jackson County.

Mormons began to occupy their Missouri "land of promise" in July, 1831. They built their first log house in Kaw Township. Joseph Smith with several leaders arrived at Independence that month. In August he had the revelation that the "great temple" must be erected on a site three hundred yards west of the court house. The next day the leaders proceeded to the site and with great ceremony dedicated it. On the following day more Mormons arrived from Ohio and the first "general conference" in their new "Land of Zion" was held. During the conference Joseph Smith had another revelation to the effect that the whole land should be theirs and that it might come into their possession "by purchase or by blood." After this the Mormons became more numerous and more aggressive. When they saw "Gentiles," as they called the non-Mormon settlers, improving their farms they told them that their work would be useless as the Lord intended the whole of Missouri to be occupied by them. A church store was established in Independence, occupied by Bishop Partridge. In April, 1832, a printing press was set up with religious ceremonies and the Mormon paper given the title of Evening and Morning Star was announced by prospectus. The first issue appeared in June. It contained an article on "free people of color." The slave holders were excited by the publication. They got out a pamphlet which they entitled, "Beware of False Prophets." By spring time of 1833 the Mormons numbered 1,500 in Jackson County. They began to talk of a coming conflict which would be "one gore of blood from the Mississippi to the border." They predicted that in a few months Gentiles would have no place in Missouri.

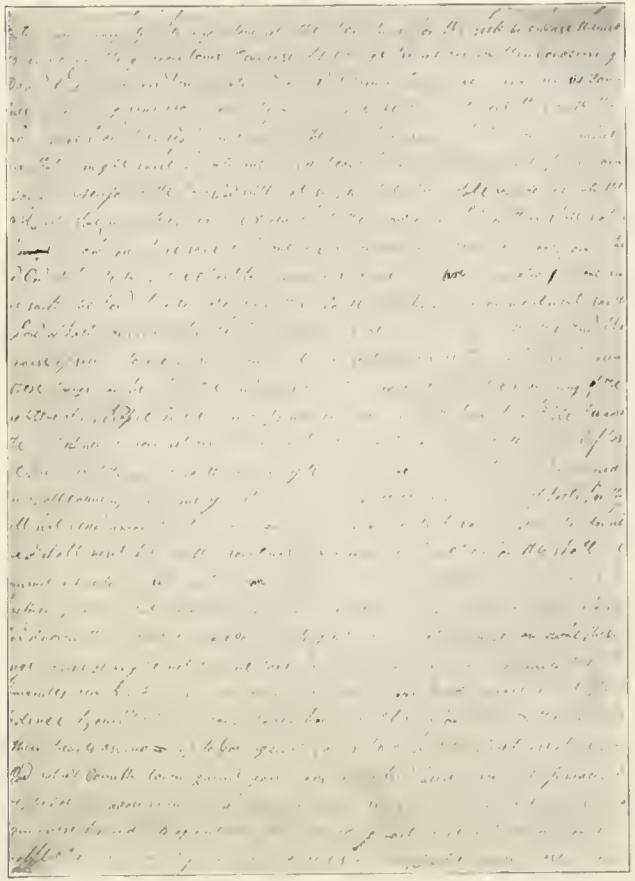
Some stones were thrown at buildings. Here and there fences were broken down. Nothing serious occurred, however, until the 20th of July when four hundred non-Mormons met in Independence and adopted a "solemn declaration in regard to the singular sect of pretended Christians." This declaration ordered that the Star be suspended; that no more Mormons settle in the county; that those then resident give a pledge to remove within a reasonable time.

"It requires no gift of prophecy," the declaration continued, "to tell that the day is not far distant when the civil government of the county will be in their hands; when the sheriff, the justices, and the county judges will be Mormons, or persons wishing to court their favor from motives of interest or ambition." The declaration concluded with this significant and somewhat sarcastic mention of the possible penalty for disregard of it: "That those who fail to comply with these requisitions be referred to those of their brethren who have

the gift of divination and of unknown tongues to inform them of the lot that awaits them."

The Mormons refused to treat the "solemn declaration" seriously and the Mormon War of Missouri, to continue with occasional outbreaks five years, was begun. The Gentiles tore down the printing office and scattered the press, type and papers far and wide. They took Bishop Partridge, the store keeper, and Charles Allen to the public square, tore off their clothes and applied tar and feathers. This occurred three days after the convention. That same day, the 23d of July, the citizens again met in convention and appointed a committee to confer with the Mormon leaders. The result was an agreement on the part of the Mormons that one-half of them would leave Jackson County on or before the first day of January, 1834, and that the other half would be away by the first of April. On the part of the non-Mormons the committee agreed to use their influence against further acts of violence. Richard Simpson was chairman of the citizens' body. The secretaries were S. D. Lucas and J. H. Fleurnoy.

Instead of carrying out their part of the agreement the Mormons sent a delegation to Governor Dunklin at Jefferson City, presented a long memorial and asked for protection. In October, after consultation with the attorney-general, Governor Dunklin answered the memorial, saying the non-Mormons had no right to take the troubles into their own hands. He recommended the Mormons to appeal to the civil courts. On this advice the Mormons engaged four of the most prominent attorneys of Western Missouri, Doniphan, Atchison, Reese and Woods, to defend them and to prosecute the Gentiles. The non-Mormons now decided to expel by force. On the last day of October fifty armed men went to a Mormon settlement on Big Blue River, destroyed ten houses and whipped some of the men. The next day another party of non-Mormons went to a settlement twelve miles southwest of Independence, captured a party of sixty Mormons assembled by Parley P. Pratt after a fight in which two men were hurt. That same night the Mormons in Independence were attacked. Their houses were stoned and doors broken down. The Mormon store was entered and the goods thrown out into the street. A party of Mormons came to the rescue, made charges against Richard McCarty and asked for a warrant. Justice Samuel Weston refused to issue a warrant. Attacks on the Mormon settlers continued. Application was made to the circuit court at Lexington for protection. Sunday came bringing rumors that there was to be a general massacre of Mormons. Large parties of both sides assembled at central points. A battle occurred on the prairie some miles southwest of Independence. Hugh L. Brozeal and Thomas Linville, of the Gentiles, were killed and a Mormon named Barber was fatally wounded. During the early part of November there were frequent encounters between Mormons and non-Mormons. The citizens, to the number of several hundred, from all parts of the county came into Independence. The Mormons assembled an armed body of one hundred men about a mile west of Independence. A battle was impending when the militia was ordered out with Colonel Pitcher in command. The colonel notified the Mormons they must give up their arms, surrender certain of their number to be tried for murder and the rest must leave the county at once. The Mormons yielded and delivered about fifty guns. Colonel Pitcher took the men accused of being in the battle on the prairie, held them prisoners twenty-four hours,



LEAVES FROM THE MORMON BIBLE

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conducted them into a corn field and said to them, "Clear out." The exodus of the Mormons from Jackson County proceeded rapidly, most of the fugitives crossing the Missouri into Clay County.

Appeals to the State Government.

There was a strong disposition manifested at Jefferson City to secure for the Mormons payment by the Jackson County people on account of damage inflicted in the loss of property. The attorney-general wrote to the lawyers employed that in case the Mormons desired to be reinstated in Jackson County there was no doubt the governor would send them military aid. He even suggested the Mormons might organize a force and receive arms from the State for their defense. Some scattered settlements of Mormons remained in Jackson County after the first general exodus but before the end of the year they were driven out.

Encouraged by the position of the state administration the lawyers for the Mormons started suits in Jackson County. Mormon witnesses were summoned. They were met at the ferry by the Liberty Blues under command of Captain Atchison and escorted to Independence. Attorney-General Ira W. Willis was there to investigate in behalf of the governor and to conduct prosecutions. After consultation it was decided that nothing could be done in the way of criminal prosecutions. The Mormon witnesses were intimidated. Public sentiment in Jackson County was overwhelmingly against them. The judge discharged the proceedings. Captain Atchison and the Blues escorting the witnesses marched away to the Missouri River, the fifers and drummers playing Yankee Doodle.

In April, 1834, the Mormons sent a memorial to the President of the United States setting forth their treatment in Jackson County. The Secretary of War, Lewis Cass, declined to interfere. Governor Dunklin wrote that the arms that had been taken from the Mormons in November, 1833, must be returned. About that time a large body of Mormons prepared to move from Ohio to Missouri. This encouraged those who had been driven out of Jackson County to believe they might return and defend themselves with force. In June Governor Dunklin wrote a letter declaring that the Mormons had a clear and indisputable right to return to Jackson County and live on their lands. He said, "If they cannot be persuaded as a matter of policy to give up that right, or to qualify it, my course as the chief executive officer of the State is a plain one." In conclusion the governor suggested and advocated a compromise by which the non-Mormons in Jackson County should pay the Mormons for the lands taken. The governor issued another order for the return of the arms. In the meantime the Mormons from Ohio, with a number from Michigan, arrived at Salt River, Missouri, on their way to the western part of the State. They numbered 205 men, were organized, armed and drilled.

The Ferry Tragedy.

Judge John F. Ryland went to Liberty and met the elders of the Mormons and the citizens of Clay County on the 16th of June. A committee of citizens came from Jackson County. The meeting was attended by nearly one thousand men. A proposition was presented that Jackson County people purchase the lands and improvements of the Mormons, the value to be determined by arbi-

trators. While this was being discussed it developed that there was bitter feeling against the Mormons in Clay County. Rev. M. Riley, a Baptist minister, made a speech in which he said "the Mormons had lived long enough in Clay County and must either clear out or be cleared out." The chairman, Mr. Turnham, replied, "Let us be republicans, let us honor our country and not disgrace it like Jackson County. For God's sake don't disfranchise or drive away the Mormons. They are better citizens than many of the old inhabitants." General Doniphan endorsed this position. Suddenly a fracas started outside the court house door. A man named Calbert stabbed a man named Wales. That broke up the meeting. The Mormons withdrew, stating that they would return an answer in a few days. They pledged themselves that the army headed by Joseph Smith which was on the way from Salt River, Missouri, should not invade Jackson County. Five days after the meeting the Mormons made answer declining the proposition to pay for their Jackson County farms. At the same time they said there would be no invasion. The Jackson County delegation started home by way of the Missouri River ferry. About a dozen men and as many horses were taken aboard. Near the middle of the river the boat suddenly filled and went down. Several of the men were drowned. S. V. Nolan could not swim but he caught the tail of his horse and was hauled safely to the Jackson County side. Samuel C. Owens floated down the river a mile, landed on a sand bar, took off all his clothes except his shirt and got ashore. He found a cow path and walked to Independence four miles. Smallwood Nolan nearly reached the Clay County side and caught a tree which had fallen into the river. Others who had succeeded in getting ashore built a fire and encouraged Nolan to hold on till morning. When daylight came and the men went out to rescue him they found the water was only waist deep. Nolan could have waded ashore with ease if he had known it.

The rumor was that the Mormons had bored holes in the boat above the water mark so that when loaded it would sink to the holes and then fill. No evidence was found to support this.

Arrival of the Mormon Army.

Joseph Smith and his army reached Richmond on the 19th of June. They camped between the branches of Fishing River. There they were informed that non-Mormons from Ray, Clay and Jackson counties were to meet and attack them. If there was any such plan it was frustrated by a terrific wind and rain storm which raised the creeks and flooded the bottoms. The next day the Mormon army moved out on higher ground and camped. Three men of Ray County headed by Colonel Sconce came to learn their intentions. Joseph Smith answered that they were there to help their brethren in the way of supplies and clothing and to reinstate them in their rights but without any intention to molest other people. The sheriff of Clay County, Cornelius Gillium, was the next visitor in the Mormon camp. He called on Joseph Smith and gave him advice to avoid trouble. On the 23d of June the Mormon army started toward Liberty. Smith was met by Gen. Atchison and others six miles out of town and told of the excitement against them. On the advice of the general the army turned to the left and camped on the bank of Rush Creek where a Mormon named Burghardt had a farm. There the negotiations for a settlement of the Jackson County

trouble were resumed. Another proposition was made that the damages incurred by the expulsion should be paid by the Jackson County people. On the 25th of June Joseph Smith divided the army into small squads and scattered them among the Mormon residents. He told General Doniphan, General Atchison and Colonel Thornton what he had done and pledged himself to "follow a course that would in any wise be required of them by disinterested men of Republican principles." It will be remembered that "Republican principles" in those days did not mean the belief of the Republican party formed twenty years later. The elders sent a long letter to Governor Dunklin representing the situation in Clay County and telling of visits to the houses of a number of their members in that county. They said guns had been taken during the absence of the men folks and the women had been threatened. The proposal to settle with Jackson County made by the Mormons was rejected. Cholera broke out in a party of sixty-eight on Rush Creek and thirteen died. Sheriff Gillium published in the Enquirer on the 1st of July, 1834, an account of his visit to the Mormon camp and gave this as the declaration made by the Mormons:

"We wish to become permanent citizens of this State, and bear our proportion in support of the government and to be protected by its laws. If the above propositions are complied with, we are willing to give security on our part, and we shall want the same of the people of Jackson County, for the performance of this agreement. We do not wish to settle down in a body, except where we can purchase the land with money; for to take possession by conquest or the shedding of blood is entirely foreign to our feelings. The shedding of blood we shall not be guilty of, until all just and honorable means among men prove insufficient to restore peace."

This declaration was signed by Joseph Smith and other leading men among the Mormons. About the same time an appeal to the people of the United States was printed and sent broadcast. Some time afterwards leading men with the Mormons went to Richmond and asked whether citizens would be willing for them to settle in that part of Missouri. They received no definite answer. Assuming that silence gave consent they formed settlements in Clay, Ray and Daviess counties. One of their centers of population was at Far West; another was on Grand River in Daviess County. The Mormons gave that place the name of Adam-on-Di-Amon.

Doniphan's Plan of Segregation.

Segregation was proposed as a remedy for the Mormon troubles in Missouri. In 1836 Alexander W. Doniphan who had been attorney for these people in some of their troubles introduced a bill in the legislature by which Caldwell County was to be organized. It was understood that the Mormons would be permitted to move in and organize the new county. The bill passed. The Mormons left the other counties and took possession of Caldwell. They were to have their own county government and a representative in the legislature. They were not to settle in any other county except by permission of two-thirds of the residents of the township in which they desired to locate. This seemed to be a compromise that satisfied both sides. The non-Mormons who had already settled in Caldwell sold to the Mormons. Far West was laid out for the capital. In the center was the site of the temple to be erected. There were four great

thoroughfares 132 feet wide. The other streets were 82½ feet wide. Excavation was begun for the foundations of the temple. Court was established. The Mormons organized a well-drilled and well-armed body of militia under the laws of the State and the officers obtained commissions from the governor. The officers of the Mormon regiment were given queer titles by the faithful. Colonel Hinkle was known as "The Thunderbolt." Colonel Wright was referred to as "The Intrepid."

General Doniphan not only drew the bill which created Caldwell and Daviess counties but he chose the names. The father of the general was a member of a famous company of Kentucky scouts and Indian fighters commanded by a Captain Caldwell. The father said so much about the bravery of the captain that it made a strong impression on the son. It occurred to the general when he was drafting the bill that there was a good opportunity for Missouri to honor the old Indian fighter. Kentucky had a Caldwell County named in honor of the same Captain Caldwell. Daviess was named for Colonel Joseph H. Daviess who fell at the battle of Tippecanoe and who was a personal friend of the elder Doniphan.

But when it seemed as if peace had been obtained, there arose friction in new places. All of the Mormons did not leave the other counties. Several families went to De Witt in Carroll County and settled there to obtain a Missouri River landing for Far West. Carroll County people held meetings and served notice to leave. A force of 150 armed Mormons under Colonel Hinkle marched to De Witt to protect those who had been threatened. Several hundred citizens assembled, organized a regiment and got ready to attack. Two prominent men of Howard County, James Earrickson and William F. Dunnica, came forward with a compromise. The De Witt Mormons received back what they had paid for land, loaded their household goods into wagons and marched away to Far West.

The settlements were called "stakes." Occasionally there was a dispute between a Mormon and a non-Mormon but there were no general troubles. Some cases were taken into court. It was claimed that the judgments were influenced by the officers of the courts, some of whom were Mormons and others non-Mormons. Bitterness increased. As the church flourished dissension occurred among the members. In June, 1838, Sidney Rigdon preached a sermon in which he denounced vigorously those Mormons who disagreed with the elders. At the same time he attacked the non-Mormons generally. This sermon caused wide excitement and was considered by many to mean war. On the Fourth of July, 1838, Rigdon delivered an oration in Far West. He announced that if a mob came and disturbed the Mormons it would be a war of extermination "for we will follow them till the last drop of their blood is spilled or they will have to exterminate us for we will carry the seat of war to their own houses and their own families and one party or the other shall be utterly destroyed."

On the 1st of August, 1838, citizens and Mormons fought with knives at an election in Daviess County. Several were wounded. A body of two hundred marched from Far West into Daviess County to investigate the trouble. They put the justice, Adam Black, under oath not to molest the Mormons. Other disturbances followed in rapid succession. Major-General Atchison at the head of a thousand men of the third division of militia went to Daviess County. He

found the citizens and the Mormons assembled, armed and ready for a fight. He dispersed both sides and reported to the governor that no further depredations were probable but almost immediately there were uprisings in Carroll and Caldwell counties, the citizens being determined to drive the Mormons out of the State. Some prisoners were taken and held as hostages. The legislature, in November, 1838, appointed a committee to investigate the Mormon troubles. General Atchison and General Doniphan and General H. G. Parks went from place to place as reports reached them. They obtained the release of hostages and quieted both sides but only temporarily. The Mormons sold out in Carroll County and left. Atchison reported about the middle of October on the continued troubles saying, "Nothing in my opinion but the strongest measures within the power of the executive will put down this spirit of mobocracy." In September, less than a month before the trouble in Daviess, General Atchison had written to Governor Boggs from Liberty: "I have no doubt your Excellency has been deceived by the exaggerated statements of designing or half crazy men. I have found there is no cause for alarm on account of the Mormons; they are not to be feared; they are very much alarmed."

The Battle of Crooked Creek.

In Ray County Captain Samuel Bogart took the field with "the patrols," went through the townships hunting up the Mormons and sending them over into Caldwell. Word reached Far West that Bogart's company intended to march against Far West. Captain "Fear Not" Patton with fifty of the "destroying angels" went down to repel the invasion. The patrols were camped on Crooked Creek in the northwestern part of Ray County. The Mormons marched at night and at daybreak charged the camp. Patton wearing a white blanket-overcoat was in front. After the manner of the Jews he shouted "The sword of the Lord and Gideon," and then "Charge, Danites, charge!" Bogart's patrols were driven back but not until Captain "Fear Not" had been mortally wounded. Two other Mormons were killed and several were wounded. The fight was hand to hand. The Mormons used corn knives for swords. In the confusion and darkness two of the Danites fought with each other and were badly cut. One of Bogart's company was killed and six were wounded. Samuel Tarwater was horribly hacked with corn knives. His head was cut so that the brain was exposed. A slash across the face severed the jaw bone and struck out the upper teeth. Tarwater also received a severe gash in the neck but after six months he partially recovered and lived many years. He received the only Mormon war pension voted by the legislature. The monthly stipend was $8.50. One prisoner, Wyatt Craven, was taken by the Danites. On the way back to Far West, his captors told Craven to go home. As the patrol walked away, Parley P. Pratt, one of the "Twelve Apostles," took deliberate aim and shot him in the back. Craven was left for dead but recovered. Captain "Fear Not" was given a great funeral at Far West.

The battle of Crooked River opened the Mormon war. Governor Boggs ordered out the third and fourth divisions of militia which were commanded by Major-General David R. Atchison and Major-General Samuel D. Lucas. He put Gen. John B. Clark in command. In his instructions he said the Mormons were now "in the attitude of an open and armed defiance of the laws and of

having made war upon the people of the State." He added, "The Mormons must be treated as enemies and must be exterminated or driven from the State, if necessary for the public peace. Their outrages are beyond all description."

The March on Far West.

Doniphan's brigade composed of Clay, Clinton and Platte Purchase militia was ordered out by Atchison and started for Far West. Lucas, whose division was south of the Missouri River, called out Graham's brigade in Lafayette and Jackson counties. The two bodies of troops met at the Log Creek crossing between Richmond and Far West. They numbered 1,800 men. Atchison left the army and went home. One report was that he refused to be a party to the governor's policy because he considered it inhuman. Lucas took command. On the 30th of October the army moved on to Goose Creek, a mile south of Far West and found the Mormons well protected by breast works. The sun was about an hour high. Parks' and Wilson's brigades had joined the army en route. Other detachments were arriving. It was decided to postpone the fighting until morning. Among the troops was Gilliam's company from the Platte Purchase, painted and dressed as Indians. They called themselves "the Delaware Amarujans"; they whooped and danced and acted the part. Gilliam was dressed as a Delaware chief. Among other commands were Odell's Tigers and the Jackson County Rangers. On the morning of the 31st, General Lucas had a force of 2,500 or 3,000 militia. Colonel Hinkle, the Mormon commander, a Kentuckian and a man of acknowledged bravery, worthy of his title "The Thunderbolt," sent a message asking for a conference. Lucas agreed and at two o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by Generals Doniphan, Wilson and Graham, went to a hill where Hinkle had raised a white flag. The Mormon leader asked if a compromise was possible. He was outnumbered five to one. A battle would mean wholesale slaughter of his men. Lucas read the governor's orders. Hinkle accepted the terms but asked time until morning to make the formal answer. Lucas agreed to this but demanded that Joseph Smith and other leaders should be surrendered as hostages. Hinkle went back to Far West and induced Smith and the leaders to go to the Gentile camp, telling them that General Lucas wanted to confer with them. Lucas disposed his troops and was ready to attack when the Mormon leaders carrying a white flag came out to meet him. He made them prisoners and marched his troops back to camp at Goose Creek. That night a council of the principal officers was held and it was the sentiment of the majority that the prisoners should be shot the next morning. About midnight Lucas sent Doniphan this order:

"Brigadier-General Doniphan.—Sir: You will take Joseph Smith and the other prisoners to the public square of Far West and shoot them at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning.

"SAMUEL D. LUCAS,
"Major-General Commanding."

Doniphan immediately sent the reply:

"It is cold blooded murder. I will not obey your order. My brigade shall march for Liberty tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock; and if you execute those

men I will hold you personally responsible before an earthly tribunal, so help me God.

"A. W. DONIPHAN,
"Brigadier-General."

There was no execution although for several hours the prisoners believed they were passing their last night alive and devoted the time to prayer.

In 1874, thirty-six years later, General Doniphan was in Salt Lake City and was received with demonstrations of gratitude by the Mormons for his act of humanity at Far West.

The Mormon Surrender.

Smith and his associates proposed to General Lucas that they would accept the governor's terms and would send word to their followers to surrender their arms. This plan was carried out. On the morning of November 1 the army proceeded to Far West and formed as if to attack. Hinkle raised the white flag, marched out the Mormon regiment and formed a hollow square. He rode to General Lucas, saluted and delivered his sword and pistols. Returning to the regiment he said, with tears rolling down his checks, "Boys, it's all over; it had to be done." The arms were surrendered, about 630 guns. The men were held as prisoners. "In order to gratify the army," as he afterwards reported, General Lucas marched around and through the town. On the 4th of November Major-General John B. Clark, who commanded the first militia district, arrived under orders from Governor Boggs to take charge of the situation. He had 2,000 men. For several days he held the Mormon people prisoners in Far West. Then he massed them in the public square and announced that the orders of the governor were that they should be exterminated unless they left the State. After telling the mass meeting that it was exodus or extermination for them, General Clark concluded his speech: "I am sorry, gentlemen, to see so great a number of apparently intelligent men found in the situation that you are; and, oh! that I could invoke the spirit of the unknown God to rest upon you, and deliver you from that awful chain of superstition, and liberate you from those fetters of fanaticism with which you are bound. I would advise you to scatter abroad, and never again organize with bishops, presidents, etc., lest you excite the jealousies of the people, and subject yourselves to the same calamities that have now come down upon you. You have always been the aggressors, you have brought upon yourselves these difficulties by being disaffected, and not being subject to rule. And my advice is, that you become as other citizens, lest by a recurrence of these events, you bring upon yourselves irretrievable ruin."

The Haun's Mill Battle.

The Mormon war was not to end without serious bloodshed. On the 30th of October, the day that the Gentile army arrived at Goose Creek, occurred "the Haun's Mill Massacre." Mormon families living at the mill on Shoal Creek had decided to remain there rather than take the advice of Joseph Smith and move to Far West. These Mormons had organized a company under David Evans, a Danite. They had maintained a guard several days but had entered into a truce with one of the Livingston County companies and felt safe. Under

the agreement Evans was to disband his company. He did not do so but did withdraw a picket post. The Mormons had planned to use the blacksmith shop for a fort. The attack came suddenly about four o'clock in the afternoon. Evans rallied his company in the blacksmith shop and returned the fire. The Mormons wounded three of the Livingston County militia. There were large cracks between the logs of the blacksmith shop. Through these the Gentiles fired upon the Mormons huddled together. Seventeen were killed.

A sworn report of the battle of Haun's Mill was made by Joseph Young, a brother of Brigham Young, after the Mormons reached Illinois. It is preserved in the church records at Salt Lake City.

"On Sunday, the 28th of October, we arrived about twelve o'clock at Haun's Mill, where we found a number of our friends collected together, who were holding a council and deliberating upon the best course for them to pursue to defend themselves against the mob, who were collecting in the neighborhood under the command of Col. Jennings, of Livingston, and threatening them with house burning and killing. The decision of the council was that our friends should place themselves in an attitude of self-defense. Accordingly about twenty-eight of our men armed themselves and were in constant readiness for an attack of any small body of men that might come down upon them.

"The same evening, for some reason best known to themselves, the mob sent one of their number to enter into a treaty with our friends, which was accepted, on the condition of mutual forbearance on both sides, and that each party, as far as their influence extended, should exert themselves to prevent any further hostilities upon either party. At this time, however, there was another mob collecting on Grand river, at William Mann's, who were threatening us, consequently we remained under arms.

"Monday passed away without molestation from any quarter. On Tuesday, the 30th, that bloody tragedy was acted, the scenes of which I shall never forget. More than three-fourths of the day had passed in tranquillity, as smiling as the preceding one. I think there was no individual of our company that was apprised of the sudden and awful fate that hung over our heads like an overwhelming torrent, which was to change the prospect, the feelings and circumstances of about thirty families. The banks of Shoal creek on either side teemed with children sporting and playing, while their mothers were engaged in domestic employments, and their fathers employed in guarding the mills and other property, while others were engaged in gathering in their crops for the winter consumption. The weather was very pleasant, the sun shone clear, all was tranquil and no one expressed any apprehension of the awful crisis that was near us—even at our doors.

"It was about four o'clock, while sitting in my cabin with my babe in my arms, and my wife standing by my side, the door being opened, I cast my eyes on the opposite bank of Shoal creek, and saw a large company of armed men, on horses, directing their course towards the mills with all possible speed. As they advanced through the scattering trees that stood on the edge of the prairie they seemed to form themselves into a three square position, forming a vanguard in front.

"At this moment, David Evans, seeing the superiority of their number, there being 240 of them according to their own account, swung his hat and cried for 'peace.' This not being heard, they continued to advance, and their leader, Nehemiah Comstock, fired a gun, which was followed by a solemn pause of ten or twelve seconds, when all at once, they discharged about 100 rifles, aiming at a blacksmith's shop into which our friends had fled for safety. They charged up to the shop, the cracks of which between the logs were sufficiently large to enable them to aim directly at the bodies of those who had there fled for refuge from the fire of their murderers. There were several families tented in the rear of the shop, whose lives were exposed, and who, amidst a shower of bullets, fled to the woods in different directions.

"After standing and gazing on this bloody scene for a few minutes, and finding myself in the uttermost danger, the bullets having reached the house where I was living, I committed my family to the protection of heaven, and leaving the house on the opposite side, I took a

path which led up the hill, following in the trail of three of my brethren that had fled from the shop. While ascending the hill, we were discovered by the mob, who immediately fired at us, and continued so to do till we reached the summit. In descending the hill, I secreted myself in a thicket of bushes, where I lay till eight o'clock in the evening, at which time I heard a female voice calling my name in an undertone, telling me that the mob was gone and there was no danger. I immediately left the thicket and went to the house of Benjamin Lewis, where I found my family, who had fled there, in safety, and two of my friends mortally wounded, one of whom died before morning. Here we passed the painful night in deep and awful reflections on the scenes of the previous evening.

"After daylight appeared some four or five men, with myself, who had escaped with our lives from the horrible massacre, repaired as soon as possible to the mills to learn the conditions of our friends, whose fate we had too truly anticipated. When we arrived at the house of Mr. Haun we found Mr. Merrick's body lying in rear of the house. Mr. McBride's in front was literally mangled from head to foot. We were informed by Miss Rebecca Judd, who was an eye witness, that he was shot with his own gun after he had given it up, and then cut to pieces with a corn cutter. Mr. York's body we found in the house. After viewing these corpses we immediately went to the blacksmith's shop, where we found nine of our friends, eight of whom were already dead, the other, Mr. Cox, of Indiana, struggling in the agonies of death, who expired. We immediately prepared and carried them to the place of interment. This last office of kindness, due to the relics of departed friends, was not attended with the customary ceremonies or decency, for we were in jeopardy every moment, expecting to be fired upon by the mob, who we supposed were lying in ambush waiting for the first opportunity to dispatch the remaining few who were providentially preserved from the slaughter of the previous day.

"However, we accomplished without molestation this painful task. The place of burying was a vault in the ground, formerly intended for a well, into which we threw the bodies of our friends promiscuously. Among those slain I will mention Sardius Smith, son of Warren Smith, about 12 years old, who, through fear, had crawled under the bellows in the shop, where he remained till the massacre was over, when he was discovered by a man who presented his rifle near the boy's head and literally blew off the upper part of it. The number killed and mortally wounded in this wanton slaughter was eighteen or nineteen."

The Exodus from Missouri.

The exodus was begun in December. It continued all winter. Many families walked from Far West to Illinois. Those who could exchanged their farms for wagons and teams. One Mormon traded his home for a blind mare and a clock. Good land in Kidder Township was sold for fifty cents an acre. In Daviess County some who did not start promptly had their houses burned and were turned out in deep snow. The number who moved was said to be 12,000. Farms and other property which could not be moved were sold for what they would bring. In long wagon trains the Mormons moved across the northern part of Missouri, crossed the Mississippi and settled at Nauvoo.

With very little trouble General Clark disbanded the Mormon army, taking away the arms. Joseph Smith and the other leaders were held as prisoners. General Lucas took them to Independence. Thence they were sent to Richmond. Indictments for treason, murder, robbery, receiving stolen goods, resisting legal process and various other offenses were found. Not a conviction was had. One after another the prisoners escaped. When the Mormons reorganized in Illinois they turned on Hinkle and charged him with having betrayed them at Far West. Cut off from the church, the once "Thunderbolt" moved to Iowa and died there. In the final official report the casualties of the Mormon war were stated: "The whole number of Mormons killed through the whole difficulty, as far as I can ascertain, are about forty, and several wounded. There has been one citizen killed and several wounded."

Gen. John B. Clark's Narrative.

Years after the Mormon war General Clark gave the writer this narrative of his part in it: "Governor Boggs ordered out the militia and he appointed me to take command. The instructions he gave me were peculiar. They were to 'expel the Mormons from the State or exterminate them.' Those were the words he used. There had been trouble and the Mormons had committed outrages, but the situation did not warrant any wholesale butchery. I was laid up with the rheumatism when the order came, and they had to lift me on my horse. It was in November. Snow fell a foot. I rode to Keytesville and started the troops that night for Far West. The Mormons had been driven from Jackson County previously, and they had also been run out of Carroll. Far West was their stronghold. There they had built their temple and declared they would never leave. They must have numbered a thousand men; had their forts built and their cannon mounted. At one time I thought we'd have a battle. Smith refused to give up at first, the troops paraded and were ready to fire when Smith finally surrendered. Smith, Rigdon and twenty others of the leaders were made prisoners. King, who afterwards became governor, was then judge at Richmond. We made a contract with the prisoners that they were to leave the State in April or I would proceed to carry out the governor's order of extermination. I had an understanding with King that they were to be put in prison, but were not to be guarded too closely, and if they got away and left the State, they would be allowed to go. Most of them did break jail. An attempt was made to impeach Boggs for that order, but the articles were rejected. I made a report showing not a life lost on the side of the militia.

"I was the youngest general of militia in point of rank, and when Governor Boggs directed me to take command I thought there might be a political scheme in it. I was a Whig, and of course opposed to Boggs. If the campaign turned out wrong, Boggs wanted to lay the blame on the Whig party. That was the way it looked to me. So I wrote to Judge Earrickson, who was state treasurer, to be my adjutant. I got Alfred Morrison to be quartermaster. In short I appointed my whole staff from Jackson men, all but one, Morrow. Atchison, who was really older as a general than I was, attempted to direct things. I issued an order for him to retire. He took exception to Boggs' order. Atchison was a member of the legislature at the time, and he went down there and made quite a fuss over it, but I had the legal position. Boggs was a man of ordinary ability, and was too decided, too fast. Afterward Rockwell attempted to assassinate Boggs and shot him in the head but didn't kill him. I told Boggs afterward: 'That Mormon didn't know you as well as I do. He didn't know you had no brains, or he wouldn't have shot you up there.' While we were on that campaign at Far West I saw Mrs. Morgan, the widow of the abducted Mason there was so much stir about. She had joined the Mormons. She came to my headquarters several times. Her appearance was rather striking. She was of more than ordinary size, resolute in her manner and good looking."

The Missouri Branches.

Some Mormons remained in Missouri. They had seceded from the main body. These dissenters afterwards subdivided. One body was the Hedrickites

or Church of Christ. The other took the name of the Reorganized Church of Christ of Latter-Day Saints. These two sects refused to accept polygamy and to follow Brigham Young to Salt Lake. They were so peaceable and well behaved that the Gentiles permitted them to remain scattered in the Western Missouri counties. They avoided friction and increased in numbers. After the war and the exodus from Missouri, the three factions laid claim to the temple lot in Independence. But the original sixty-eight acres had been reduced by confiscation to two and one-half acres. Over this lot there was prolonged litigation. The Utah church and the Reorganized church tried to get the title away from the Hedrickites. The contest was out of all relation to the value of the property. The three factions clung to the revelation of 1831 which located the future temple of the saints on this tract. The Hedrickites were offered large sums of money for the lot. One report was that the Utah people were willing to give as much as $1,000,000. From Salt Lake City came the report that if the Mormons obtained the lot they were going to move in large numbers to Independence, buy back the sixty-eight acres and build a great temple. The question of title was carried to the United States supreme court and was decided a few years ago in favor of the Hedrickites.

Attempted Assassination of Governor Boggs.

A sequel to the Mormon war was the attempted assassination of Governor Boggs. Some time after the exodus a man who called himself Porter appeared at Independence and sought work. He was employed by several citizens and remained in the vicinity until quite well acquainted. One day he said he was leaving but would be back. A few days later Governor Boggs was shot in the head and badly wounded. The man who did the shooting escaped on horseback and crossed the Missouri River. Some time later Orrin P. Rockwell, a rather prominent Mormon, was arrested in St. Louis on suspicion of being concerned in the shooting. He was taken to Independence and identified as "Porter." But while awaiting trial in the jail he sawed the shackles from his ankles and escaped. He was caught and returned to jail. A change of venue was taken. When Rockwell's case came up for trial, there was no prosecution. In later years Rockwell was a handy man for Brigham Young in Utah.

The Confession of John D. Lee

John D. Lee, the leader in the Mountain Meadow Massacre, was one of the residents of Far West. Brigham Young was another. The widow of Morgan, the so-called "Exposer of Masonry" who mysteriously disappeared from his New York home in 1826 and was never found, had joined the Mormons and was living in the Far West community. The "Life and Confession" of Lee in connection with the Mountain Meadow Massacre was published. In that book Lee told of the conduct of Mormons in Missouri just preceding the war.

"While I was engaged with the Mormon troops in ranging over the country, the men that I was with took a large amount of loose property, but did not while I was with them burn any houses or murder any men. Yet we took what property we could find, especially provisions, fat cattle and arms and ammunition. But still many houses were burned and much damage was done by the Mormons, and they captured a howitzer and many guns from the Gentiles.

Frequent attacks were made upon the Mormon settlements. The Mormons made an attack on Gallatin one night, and carried off much plunder. I was not with them, but I talked often with them and learned all the facts about it. The town was burned down, and everything of value, including the goods in two stores, was carried off by the Mormons. A company went from Adam-on-Di-Amon and burned the house and buildings belonging to my friend McBrier. Every article of movable property was taken by the troops; he was utterly ruined. This man had been a friend to me and many others of the brethren; he was an honorable man, but his good character and former acts of kindness had no effect on those who were working, as they pretended, to build up the kingdom of God. The Mormons brought in every article that could be used, and much that was of no use or value was hauled to Adam-on-Di-Amon. Men stole simply for the love of stealing. Such inexcusable acts of lawlessness aroused every Gentile in the three counties of Caldwell, Daviess, and Carroll, and brought swarms of armed Gentiles from other localities."

The Slicker War.

"Slicking" was a word in common use among the pioneers of the Ozarks. It may have been brought from the Tennessee Mountains. After the hunters had discovered a game paradise, the settlers came to make homes west of the Gasconade and south of the Osage. Many of them were mountaineers. Some poled the way up White River and its tributaries. Others rolled and jolted along in movers' wagons. One of the customs these first settlers brought with them was slicking. Misdemeanors were dealt with and grudges were settled in this way. When a man had been "slicked" he was sufficiently punished, according to the neighborhood code. If he behaved himself after that the past was forgotten. But sometimes slicking led to feuds, fighting and bloodshed. The Slicker war is part of the history of three Missouri counties—Benton, Hickory and Polk. In 1896 H. Clay Neville visited the scenes of the war. At that time Uncle Nattie McCracken, a survivor, was living near Elkton on one of the branches of the Weaubleau. Uncle Nattie was a pioneer, having come from Tennessee to the Ozarks in 1838. He recalled vividly the origin, progress and conclusions of the Slicker war and gave Mr. Neville the material for this account of it:

"The Slicker war began near Quincy, in Benton, in the summer of 1843. The first families involved in the feud were the Turks, Hobbses, Nowels and Joneses. Near Quincy was a noted gambling resort. A race track was made on the prairie by dragging a log over the wild grass, and thereby marking the course for the horses. At this place the more reckless element of the surrounding country gathered from week to week and tried the speed of their horses. There was not much money in the Ozarks at that time, but guns and bowie-knives, with now and then a cow or a horse at stake, gave to the races all the interest needed to make them very attractive to men who loved instinctively all kinds of outdoor sports. Card playing naturally accompanied the races, seven-up, or old sledge, as the game was called in the dialect of the Tenneseean at that time, being very popular among the young men of the new settlements.

"The Hobbses and Turks were prominent among the gamblers that visited the race track near Quincy, and at the beginning of the Slicker war the friendship between these two families had never been broken. Tom Turk became the most conspicuous representative of his family in the feud, and Isham Hobbs led all other participants in the war by his daring spirit and the deadly record of a famous deer gun, known throughout the settlement as Old Abram. Tom Turk was the giant of his party, measuring fully 6 feet and 6 inches, and weighing

PALISADES OF BIG RIVER

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nearly 300 pounds. Ise Hobbs, as Uncle Nattie McCracken describes him, was an ideal athlete, the most perfect specimen of physical manhood in all the country. He was a little short of 6 feet in stature, weighed 160 pounds, with a symmetry and litheness of figure that would have delighted an artist seeking a gladiatorial model. Uncle Nattie declares that he saw Ise Hobbs spring from the ground and turn three somersaults at one bound. He was the fleetest runner in the settlement.

"The gamblers around Quincy finally became very obnoxious to the more moral element of the community, and the Turks and Hobbses were the objects of much of this enmity. At last a lawsuit before a justice of the peace, involving a small debt, caused an open quarrel between the Turks and the Nowels. The Hobbs family took sides with the Turks, and the Jones people and others joined the Nowel faction. A dispute about a land claim is said to have entered into the quarrel between the Nowels and Turks. The two factions were going to the trial when the first blood was shed in the Slicker war. One of the Turks told old man Nowel that he could not testify in the case at issue in court, and the latter replied that no Turk could live near him. There were several guns in the crowd, but Nowel was unarmed. When the quarrel became very hot old man Nowel snatched a gun from one of the party and shot Jim Turk. Nowel, knowing that his life was now in peril, put spurs to his horse and fled, pursued by the father of the dead man, who never stopped to see if the shot had proved fatal. Nowel, after a long race, escaped his pursuer and got home. The baffled avenger of blood went back to the corpse of his son, and over the grave of Jim Turk vengeance against the Nowels was vowed.

"The feud now spread rapidly, and soon involved many new partisans. The Turks, Hobbses, Blues and Jamisons were the leading spirits of the Slicker faction. The Nowels, Joneses, Doblins and Montgomerys headed the anti-Slicker party. The field of hostilities widened daily, and the war extended into Hickory and Polk counties. The local authorities were powerless to check the growing strife, and at that time the seat of the state government was a long distance from the Ozark country, and no one asked the aid of the governor in the interest of peace. Slicking went on during the intervals between the killings, and nightly raids after the victims of this method of torture were common. One whipping would provoke another in retaliation, and thus the country was kept in constant dread of violence. It was the rule of each faction to order a man to leave the settlement when he was whipped, and Uncle Nattie McCracken says that sometimes the fellow slicked actually sold his property under the lash, one or more members of the mob purchasing the goods thus offered for sale. A speculative spirit in this way crept into the war, and became with some of the actors in the feud a secondary motive, though hatred and revenge continued to dominate the controlling spirits of each faction.

"It was about a year after the killing of Jim Turk before his death was avenged. Tom Turk and Ise Hobbs undertook the bloody enterprise. They went to the Nowel homestead one morning before daylight and waited for their victim to come in sight. Ise had Old Abram, the best product of the Tennessee gun shop, and Turk carried a rifle of smaller caliber. About sun-up old man Nowel, the slayer of Jim Turk, came out of the house to wash for breakfast. He went to a barrel of water and dipped into it a wash pan. It was arranged for Turk to fire first, but either because of the inferiority of his gun or a lack of nerve on the part of the giant slicker the shot was harmless, and Nowel turned and looked toward the assassins. Then Hobbs pulled the trigger of Old Abram and the second victim of the feud dropped dead. It was long after the killing of Nowel that the Turks and the Hobbses told the details of the tragedy, and Uncle Nattie McCracken believes that Tom purposely missed the old man in order to make Ise the principal in the crime. He thinks that Turk doubted the loyalty of his associate and was afraid that Hobbs would betray him.

"The killing of Nowel led to the supreme crisis in the slicker war. It startled the whole country and called the people outside of the feud to arms. The militia was mustered and marched to the scene of the late murder. Maj. Rains, a militia commander of local fame, at the head of eighty men, attempted to suppress the feud and bring the murderers of Nowel to justice. Turk and Hobbs were suspected of the crime at once, but there was no positive proof of their guilt. The militia remained in the neighborhood of McCracken's for several weeks, protecting the women and hunting for the murderers of Nowel. The women and children were demoralized with terror and followed Maj. Rains and his men around from

place to place. The houses where the militia camped at night were called forts, and here the noncombatants gathered and cooked their suppers under the protection of government muskets. As the militia marched by the McCracken homestead one evening Bob Turk and Arch Blue got upon the yard fence and crowed in defiance. That was an old Tennessee mode of challenging an enemy to battle. That same night the militia camped at one of the Metcalf's. The house was full of women and children. Blue and Turk went to Metcalf's after dark and fired at the house. The door was shut, but Bob Turk's shot killed one of the men within the house. It happened that the man killed was one Dobbins, whose father-in-law, Nowel, had already been murdered by Tom Turk and Ise Hobbs. It was a mere blind shot that killed Dobbins, as Turk could see no one when he fired. The house in which this murder occurred is still standing, and a weather-beaten door bears the mark of the bullet that brought the second bereavement to the Nowel family.

"After the shooting of Dobbins the militia continued to scout the country in search of the Turks and Ise Hobbs. The slicker outlaws had several hiding places. The murderers of old man Nowel were finally found at the home of one of the Cruses. They were upstairs, and refused to come down and surrender. The militia surrounded the house and threatened to set fire to the building if the slickers did not come out and surrender. The family, in order to save their property, persuaded Tom Turk and Ise Hobbs to give up. Then the militia started to Bolivar with the prisoners. It was a march full of sensational features. Mrs. Nowel shouldered the gun of her murdered husband and joined Maj. Rains' command in guarding the prisoners on the way to jail. Many of the settlers went to town to see what would be done with the slickers.

"At Bolivar the prisoners were committed to jail. In a short time they were released by their partisan friends and the reign of terror continued. Slicking went on and many families left the country. Immigration to the territory affected by the war stopped, and for nearly two years no new homes were established on the prairie around the center of hostilities. Members of the church took sides in the strife, and the few preachers in the country could exert no influence toward the restoration of peace. It was after the killing of Dobbins that the belligerent factions resorted to all possible cunning devices to terrorize the country. The graves of hated persons were made and rude epitaphs written on boards telling of their death.

"A change now came over the spirit of the war which made deadly foes of the two most prominent members of the Slicker party. The intimacy between Tom Turk and Ise Hobbs, growing out of their partnership in crime, had led them to exchange many secrets, some of which were foreign to the common cause. In one of his confidential moods the giant Slicker had used the name of a young woman of the settlement with too much freedom. Whether impelled by a general sentiment of chivalry or resenting the insinuation with the motive of a secret lover, Ise Hobbs championed the honor of the prairie maiden, and challenged her accuser to the trial of battle. This quarrel occurred in a harvest field near the McCracken farm. The scythe was then displacing the reap hook as a harvesting implement, and Ise Hobbs had already acquired the distinction of being the best cradler in the settlement. Friendly neighbors then swopped work instead of hiring help, and several hands were in the field when Ise demanded that Tom Turk should take back the remark about the girl. The two principals prepared for a deadly combat, each detaching his scythe blade from the cradle stock, while the other men began to take sides in the quarrel. When the agile and daring young defender of the injured beauty advanced on his big antagonist, brandishing the long, gleaming blade, the courage of Tom Turk failed, and he retreated from the field. No one was killed in this fight, but the settlement knew that blood would soon flow as a result of the new turn in the tide of war. Ise Hobbs and Tom Turk could not live in the same neighborhood as enemies. They knew too much of each other's history.

"The quarrel between the Hobbses and Turks now became the leading feature of the war, and everybody waited for the next fatal event. Ise and Tom watched for each other. Neither went out without his gun, and, as the families lived on neighboring claims, a deadly encounter was constantly expected. Finally, Turk decided to leave the country. He went to a blacksmith's shop in the neighborhood one day to get his horse shod. Ise Hobbs heard of Tom's intention to leave, and was on the lookout for his enemy. While Turk was at the shop Hobbs watched him from an elevation on the prairie, and planned a scheme of death.

He had cut a blind near the McCracken spring, a short distance from the path which his enemy would travel in going home. When he saw the big black horse which Tom Turk rode leave the shop, the assassin went to his ambush with Old Abram loaded for another deadly shot. The big man rode rapidly toward home, carrying his gun before him, and using the wooden ramrod for a switch. He passed the McCracken place about sundown. Galloping down the hill toward the spring the rider was soon out of sight. The hollow through which the little rivulet flows was then covered with a thick growth of young willows. As Turk entered the shadows of the valley a blaze of fire shot out from the fatal blind, and the assassin's bullet struck the rider under the arm. A hole in a homemade flax coat had guided the aim of the murderer, and the shot was almost instantly fatal. The giant of the Slickers dropped his gun and fell lifeless to the ground.

"A few neighbors soon gathered at the scene of the murder. A rain came up, and the body of Tom Turk was taken up to McCracken's house, where the inquest was held. Among the men who came to see the corpse was Ise Hobbs. He went up to the body, rubbed the head of the dead man, and said, 'You have been a brave fellow, Tom, but they got you at last.' Uncle Nattie considers this the most impudent act of the war, as no one then doubted that Ise Hobbs had fired the fatal shot.

"Jeff Hobbs was the next man killed. He was shot from a blind on Holland's creek while riding in a wagon with his father. It was supposed that the Turks did the shooting. Ise Hobbs left the country soon after the death of his brother. He went to Mississippi, taking with him Old Abram. There he became involved in a quarrel, and after some acts of violence was arrested. Eleven men started to Holly Springs with the prisoner, and on the way Ise made some threats and demonstrations, which caused the guard to shoot the desperado. His body was riddled with bullets, and then tied on a horse and taken into town. Months after the death of the chief spirit of the Slicker war, his gun, Old Abram, was sent back to the Hobbs family in Missouri.

"After the Turks and Hobbses were about exterminated the feud began to die out. John Hobbs had received a cut on the arm in a fight at Hermitage, which caused the amputation of the limb, and he was afterward murdered in the Civil war. When peace was somewhat restored and the law could be again enforced, a grand jury was summoned to investigate the crimes of the Slicker war. Uncle Nattie McCracken was a member of that jury, as he had lived for three years right in the midst of the strife. He favored universal amnesty toward all parties connected with the feud as the best public policy. The chief spirits in the trouble had now passed beyond the jurisdiction of human courts, and many of the living participants could not be brought to justice. The counties that had suffered most were in debt, and the people who would have to pay the cost of the prosecution were already impoverished. Legal proceedings would be more apt to revive the spirit of hostility than to strengthen the ties of peace. This counsel prevailed, and there was not a single indictment returned for the crimes of the Slicker war.

"There is today but one survivor of the Hobbs family living in the vicinity of the old feud. Mrs. Yoast, a sister of the noted Slicker partisans, lives on the old Hobbs place. She is now an old woman, but can barely remember the feud in which her brothers bore such an active part. The log house in which Ise and Jeff molded bullets for Old Abram fifty years ago, has been displaced by a frame building of three rooms. This house shows the mark of time. All that Mrs. Yoast could remember of the Slicker war, when visited, was that she saw the men goin' and comin'; but did not know what they were about."

The Greatest Flood of the Missouri.

"The Flood of 1844" has a place in history as one of the few notable disasters which have befallen the State. From the earliest Indian traditions to the present time, that stands as the greatest flood of the Lower Missouri. There had been nothing to compare with it before. There has been nothing like it since. In the records of the government weather service these data about the flood of 1844 are preserved:

"The stage reached on the present scale of river measurements was 37 feet on June 20 at Kansas City, 16 feet above the danger line. At Boonville the river reached 33.6 feet two

and a half days later, which was 13.6 feet above the danger line at that place. The flood was caused by the coincidence of unusually heavy and protracted rains, with what is known as the June rise, the melted snows from headwaters. It is said that about the middle of April the rains began to fall in brief showers nearly every other day. After a few weeks it began to rain every day. It poured down for days and weeks, almost without cessation. The river was rising quite rapidly, but no danger was anticipated, for the oldest settler had never seen a general and destructive overflow, and did not know that such a thing could occur. The river continued to rise, however, at the rate of 12 to 18 inches a day until June 5, when it went over its banks, and the situation became alarming. The channel was full of drift-wood; occasionally a log house floated down, with chickens and turkeys on the roof. In several instances men, women and children were seen on the tops of houses floating hither and thither, and turned and twisted about by heavy logs and jams, but the people were rescued by parties in skiffs.

"On June 20 the water had reached its highest point, and the next day began to fall, but the damage done seemed absolute and the ruin complete. The flood extended from bluff to bluff, generally two miles. There was not an acre of dry land in the river bottoms from Kansas City to the mouth of the river. The rains subsided, and the river fell rapidly. A few persons moved back to their farms, in what was then a very sparsely settled region, and, although it was impossible to do any farming until the latter part of July, it is reliably reported that enough corn was raised that season for the people in many places to subsist on.

"Where Kansas City now stands the flood was about three miles wide. In what is now known as the packing house and wholesale district, where the Union depot stands and all the switching grounds are located, the water was about 10 feet deep. The flood extended over the present site of Armourdale and Argentine, in Kansas, near the mouth of the Kaw, but there were few settlements at the junction of the Missouri and Kaw in those days. A deplorable consequence of the great flood was the season of sickness which followed and the high rate of mortality. It is said that it was impossible to find a well person on account of the miasma resulting from the decaying animal and vegetable matter. Chills and fever prevailed in their most malignant form, followed in the winter by spinal meningitis, then called head disease, which proved very fatal. An important fact connected with this flood was that steamboats going up the river found it as low as usual above St. Joseph, Mo. All the tributaries of the Missouri, in the State of Missouri, are believed to have overflowed their banks in 1844 very extensively, although in that early day there was scarcely anything to damage along the streams in the way of personal property.

"The flood level at Kansas City was determined and marked on a pier of the Hannibal bridge when it was being constructed by Mr. Octave Chanute, who was supervising engineer of construction. The stage was obtained by the collation of eleven or twelve high-water marks, preserved by old settlers on both sides of the river. Mr. Chanute states that there was practical agreement in the well-authenticated marks. Some years after the completion of the bridge a few local engineers expressed some doubt as to the accuracy of the stage, claiming that it was too high, but Mr. Chanute, who was then building a bridge across the Missouri at Sibley, about thirty miles east of Kansas City, found the high-water marks at that place to correspond very closely with the established mark at Kansas City, after allowing for the slope of the river. Mr. Chanute tested all data worthy of consideration in his determination, so that there is nothing upon which to base a doubt of its accuracy."

At St. Louis.

The winter preceding the flood of 1844 was very severe, attended by unusually heavy snowstorms in the northwest. The early spring was characterized by rain storms which were said to be the heaviest known up to that time. At St. Louis in May rains occurred during nine days, the amount of fall, according to a report made by Dr. B. B. Brown, being nine inches. The steamboat Indiana, which went to the relief of Kaskaskia, made fast to the door of Colonel Menard's house and took on board the pupils and the Sisters of the Convent. Water was from ten to twenty feet deep in the streets. The Indiana brought to St. Louis

MULE DAY IN CENTRAL MISSOURI

EXCHANGE BUILDING AND BUSINESS OFFICES OF KANSAS STOCK YARDS IN 1871

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several hundred people. The melting of the unusual snows in the Rocky Mountains, with the continuous rains in the upper Mississippi Valley, accounted for the flood of 1844.

There was some controversy as to whether the great flood of 1844 broke all previous records. Mr. Cerre, who at the time of the flood of 1844 was one of the oldest French settlers in St. Louis, said that inundation was higher by some four or five feet than the one in 1785. According to the best testimony, the flood of 1785 left a dry spot in the town of Kaskaskia, which spot was covered in 1844 with water five feet deep. The steamer Indiana passed along the wagon road from Kaskaskia to St. Louis, finding from six to fifteen feet of water over that road. The American bottom from Alton to Cairo was submerged, the water covering 700 square miles of the "finest land in the world." According to Spanish and Portuguese historians all of the high ground on the west side of the Mississippi from the mouth of the Ohio to the Red River was under water several feet at the time of De Soto's expedition in 1542. In the courthouse of Randolph County, Illinois, there was a document dated 1725, asking for a grant of land for the reason that the great flood of the previous year, 1724, had overflowed Kaskaskia, destroying the houses and driving the inhabitants to the bluffs. The bottom lands along the Mississippi from Alton to Cairo average five miles in width. These lands were submerged from bluff to bluff in 1785, 1824 and 1844. The flood at St. Louis attained its greatest height between the 24th and 27th of June, 1844, and was 38 feet and 7 inches above low water mark.

The flood of 1844 again demonstrated the wisdom of Laclede's location of St. Louis. Because there are alluvial bottoms on the Illinois side, opposite the city; and because the Missouri and the Mississippi at their confluence are bordered on the north and west by a low-lying prairie of great fertility divided into numerous farms, St. Louis is a source of flood news. The city proper has never suffered seriously from high water encroaching upon it.

When the snows melt in the mountains and June rains come in the valleys at the same time, the Missouri, the Mississppi and the Illinois reach flood stages. The water creeps up the levee slowly. Sometimes it reaches the line which was the base of the limestone cliff when Laclede came to found the settlement. More rarely, once in several years, the water comes over the roadway and into the cellars of the warehouses on Front street. At much longer intervals the flood covers the first floors of the business establishment fronting on the levee and necessitates removal of goods. But practically all of the sixty-one square miles of St. Louis area is above the highest water mark.

The American Bottom Submerged.

The flood of 1844 was greater than any that preceded it from the time the first record was made. It began early in June. The Missouri boomed gradually, covering the bottoms all of the way through the State of Missouri. At the same time the Illinois was swollen by rains. The Mississippi spread out into the American bottom. By the 16th the water reached the curbstones on Front street and ran into the cellars. Illinoistown, the part of East St. Louis nearest to St. Louis, was submerged and people moved upstairs in their homes. Steamboats went a mile inland on the Illinois side. On the 18th, reports of losses of lives and property began to reach St. Louis. Citizens flocked to the levee. They

crowded the roofs and windows. They stood all day observing the houses and barns, the trees, the fences floating by. Bad news came from the American bottom. Those who had left the farms and villages early were safe in camps on the bluffs. But others, basing hope on previous floods, had remained on the higher portions of the great prairie surrounded by water which hourly cut down the island areas. These were in great danger if the flood broke records. The 19th of June found boats plying over the prairies and carrying farmers and live stock to the bluffs. The 20th of June the river level was three feet and four inches above the city directrix; it was rising on the first floors of Front street. Every boat from the Missouri came loaded with refugees. The 21st of June brought a higher level and the morning of the 22nd the report was "still rising." Business was almost suspended in St. Louis, although the city itself was in no danger. Measures of relief for the people above and across the river engrossed attention.

The mayor of St. Louis, Bernard Pratte, called on the river captains in port for volunteers. Boat after boat was sent out on relief expeditions. They went inland miles over farms where the grain only a week before had been ripened for harvest. People were taken out of second-story windows of their houses in Brooklyn and Venice and brought over to St. Louis. The new tobacco warehouse, barns, sheds, were used to shelter the hundreds of refugees. The people of St. Louis met at the courthouse, formed a relief committee and canvassed the city for money and supplies. Boats were tendered free for relief service. Crews of boats gave their time without compensation. Until the water went down and the refugees could return to their homes, the heart of St. Louis sustained them.

On the 22nd of June the upper Missouri was reported falling. On the 24th of June, about noon, the crest of the flood reached St. Louis. It marked seven feet seven inches above city directrix. Never before since St. Louis was founded had there been that height. Never since 1844 has the river touched that mark. The unprecedented volume passed slowly. The city directrix, which is the stone monument by which the river levels are measured, had been covered on the 17th of June. It was not uncovered until the 14th of July.

The Gasconade Disaster.

On the 1st of November, 1855, a train of fourteen passenger coaches left the St. Louis station, carrying the official party to celebrate the opening of the Pacific road to the state capital. The company included the military, musicians and St. Louisans representative of the entire city. Fall rains had set in. The day was not pleasant. When the long train reached the bridge over the Gasconade River the wooden trestlework between the east bank and the first pier went down. The fall was about thirty feet. Only the last car in the train kept its place on the rails. Seven of the coaches made a plunge through the broken timbers; others rolled down the embankment. The killed and fatally hurt numbered over thirty. Those injured more or less seriously but not fatally were hundreds. On the engine were Hudson E. Bridge, who had succeeded Thomas Allen as president of the company, and Thomas S. O'Sullivan who had succeeded Mr. Kirkwood as chief engineer. The president escaped without serious hurt; the chief engineer was killed. Two of the best known clergymen of the city, Rev. Dr. Artemas

Bullard of the First Presbyterian church and Rev. John Teasdale of the Third Baptist church, were among the dead. Washington King, the mayor of St. Louis, was badly cut. When he got back to St. Louis he made "the awful and inscrutable dispensation of Providence" the subject of a proclamation appointing Monday, the 5th day of November "a day of cessation from all labor as a tribute of respect to those who are most deeply stricken by this terrible blow, and a day of heartfelt thankfulness and gratitude to God by and on account of all who are saved from death." Business houses were closed and the churches were opened for worship.

The Recollections of Dr. Winston.

Dr. G. B. Winston, of Jefferson City, was one of the excursionists. In 1878, the twenty-third anniversary, he gave to the Jefferson City Tribune his vivid recollections of that awful November 1st.

"I was in St. Louis at the time, when grand preparations were being made for the celebration of the opening of the Pacific railroad. Claiborne F. Jackson and Hon. G. W. Hough were there and both members of the Board of Public Works. They presented me with the following pass, and insisted that I should come up with them on the train. The pass I have kept as a memento of that fearful day:

PACIFIC RAILROAD

576 FIRST DAY OF NOVEMBER 1855

Pass Dr. G. B. WINSTON

On invitation of the citizens of JEFFERSON CITY. To and return. Good for return on 1st or 2d November.

THOS. S. O'SULLIVAN
Eng'r & Sup't.

Trains leave 7th Street, St. Louis, at 8:30 A. M., and reach Jefferson City at 3:03 P. M.

Returning, leave Jefferson City at 6:06 P. M., and reach St. Louis at 12:30 A. M.; and leave Jefferson City on 2d Nov. at 6:00 A. M. & 3:00 P. M.

Show this ticket on entering cars. Not transferable.

"Engineers, members of the Board of Public Works, judges, lawyers, legislators, divines, editors, reporters, business men, and pleasure-hunters composed the excursion, and the eleven cars were crowded. Judge R. W. Wells, his wife, and son Eugene, Hon. Geo. W. Hough and myself were the Jeffersonians then in St. Louis, and the night before the excursion train was to start, while at the hotel and discussing the trip, the impetus the successful opening of the road would give to railroads, etc., I read that portion of my wife's letter just received: 'Don't come on the railroad. No good can come of any enterprise in which the Sabbath has been so recklessly violated by sinfully working all the hands on that day to get ready for the excursion.' Judge Wells did not believe much that the events of this world are under the control of an Overruling mind, but are left to themselves, and I felt like inviting his comment on the foregoing extract from my wife's letter, and in his pointed, laconic style, he said: 'It will be a fine theme for the preachers if we all go in the Gasconade tomorrow.' I confess that the remark added somewhat to an indefinable apprehension that had already taken possession of me.

"The morning of November the 1st was indescribably gloomy, and my anxiety, alternating between hope and fear, was increased. The cheerless aspect of all nature had its effect upon my feelings. The gloom gradually grew into a heavy, chilling, misty rain, and all along the horizon low, sullen, muttering thunder was heard, which grew more and more alarming with the promise of evil ahead, all the way to Gasconade. The wind swelled to the fury of a hurricane, the at first lightly falling shower, to a perfect deluge, the distant rumbling to fierce and threatening peals, the occasional flash of lightning to an almost continuous blaze of electricity. The elements seemed at war and to have combined and centered upon the

devoted train of excursionists all the vials of their wrath. As we sped on, the roar of the storm became almost deafening, and within the cars it was so dark that it was a hard matter at times to recognize one's vis a vis.

"When we reached Hermann an additional car was attached and a company of uniformed citizen soldiers joined us to add to the pomp and pageantry of our entry into the state capital. While at Hermann I heard persons offering to bet that the train would go into the Gasconade. But O'Sullivan, the chief engineer, was with us, and he was confident that all was safe. Besides, a heavy gravel train had passed over safely only that morning, and this, of itself, was reassuring. But the gravel train had slowed over, going at a snail's pace, and had this plan been adopted by O'Sullivan, the probabilities are that the accident would not have happened. But when I heard persons offering to wager on an accident befalling us, my apprehensions and nervousness came on afresh, and more than once I found myself repeating that line of my wife's letter, 'Don't come on the railroad.' Prudence had all along suggested to me the better security of a seat in the rear car, and had I but heeded these inward promptings I would not have been injured, as the hindmost car never left the track, and the passengers in it suffered no injury. But I disliked very much to give cause for being suspected of timidity or harboring a presentiment of evil.

"Well, we pulled out from Hermann and forged ahead in the storm. The lightning flashed with startling vividness, seeming to actually run along the iron rails ahead of our train; peal after peal of thunder followed each other sharply, and we could notice that even the smallest rivulets and gulches had become swollen to madly rushing torrents. Suddenly, from out the darkness, we were all startled by the fearful cry, 'We are in the Gasconade!' In a moment, the interval was shorter than it takes me to tell it, there came the terrible crash that seems to echo in my ears even now, and locomotive and tender and seven passenger cars made the awful plunge into the abyss of death. I was in the eighth car, and it hung suspended almost perpendicularly over the awful chasm, and confusion reigned supreme within it. Brief as was the period from the time the unknown voice shouted, 'We are in the Gasconade!' until we felt ourselves going down, the noise of the crashing timbers and shrieks of the wounded drowning even the tumult of the elements, it seemed as though there flashed before my excited imagination a perfect and vividly startling panorama of my life—the past, the present, thoughts of the future, all seemed concentered. I thought of the future of my then small household, even of the insurance on my life, debits, credits, business matters, all in an instant of time occupied my thoughts. Passengers—the car was crowded—seats, grip-sacks, everything was jumbled up at the bottom of the car. As soon as possible I extricated myself and clambered up the aisle by means of the matting, and got out. Still the rain was falling in torrents; the storm howled with unabated fury. In the intense excitement of the moment I was unconscious of being hurt, but after walking a few yards became faint, and then, feeling the trickling of blood, saw that my left leg had been badly mangled, and, as I afterwards found out, that two of my ribs were broken. The first dead person I saw taken from the wreck was Rev. Dr. Bullard, an eminent Presbyterian divine. He had been laid on some stones, his pallid face upturned to the pitiless beating rain. The rearmost car had not left the track at all, the ninth and tenth had turned over on their sides. I went to a little deserted hovel a few yards away, and the first object that met my eye was a boy, his head crushed, but he was still living. He had been taken from the wreck and brought there to die.

"Back again to the railroad track and I crawled under the car that still remained in position, and there I remained. Peter L. Foy gave me his handkerchief to bind up my lacerated limb, and a member of the Hermann militia furnished me with a sword belt to buckle over it. Dr. J. N. McDowell, his venerable head bare, passed along, and I implored him, if he had a case of surgical instruments, to dress my wounds. 'I had a case,' he said, rather mournfully, 'but it is down there,' and he pointed to the wreck. To follow the direction of his finger and note the appearance of the shattered cars, one could not help wondering how any one ever escaped with whole bones. It was a fearful sight, and the adventure the most thrilling episode of my life. O'Sullivan was doubtless to blame, but that he thought he was doing right is fully evidenced from the fact that he took up his position on the engine and went down with it, and was crushed to death. As soon as word could be sent to Hermann a train came up and we were all conveyed to that point. Next day we took steamer for Jefferson."

The Plague of Locusts.

In the spring of 1875 Missouri was threatened with a plague of locusts. The year before Kansas had suffered an almost total crop loss. The grasshoppers came in immense swarms moving from northwest to southeast. They seemed like a snow storm, at times darkening the sky. Where they settled they swept the fields clean of almost every kind of vegetation. Moving eastward slowly they reached Missouri too late in the season of 1874 to do much damage to that year's crops. But they penetrated the State at least fifty miles and laid their eggs. Missourians were warned that this meant grave danger in the following spring. With the coming of warm weather the new generation of grasshoppers was hatched. Appetites were as healthy as had been the case the year before. In Western Missouri grass and other vegetation disappeared. It was supposed that the plague would spread eastward and perhaps cover the whole State. Governor Hardin called by proclamation for a day of fasting and prayer that the visitation might be averted. In June the young grasshoppers took wing and in vast swarms moved in the direction from which those of 1874 had come—to the northwest. That was the end of the plague in Missouri. At that time the State had an entomological bureau at the head of which was Professor C. V. Riley, a talented scientist. When the alarm was greatest in the spring of 1875, and Missouri farmers faced the possibility of famine, Professor Riley gave out a long statement, advocating the use of the grasshopper for food.

"Finally, in cases where, as in some parts in Kansas and Nebraska last autumn, famine stares the people in the face, why should not these insects be made use of as food? Though the question will very generally cause the reader to smile, and the idea will seem repugnant enough to the taste of most, I ask it in all seriousness. It is to be hoped that none of the people of this grand and productive country will ever be reduced to the diet of John the Baptist; but it should not be forgotten that the locusts may be made use of as food, that they are quite nutritious, and are, indeed, highly esteemed by many peoples.

"I do not intend in this connection to write an essay on edible insects, though a very curious and startling one might be written on the subject; but I wish to insist on the fact that in many parts of Asia and Africa subject to locust plagues, these insects form one of the most common articles of food. Our own Snake and Digger Indians industriously collect them and store them for future use. Deprived of wings and legs, they are esteemed a great delicacy,—fried in oil, or they are formed into cakes and dried in the sun; sometimes pounded in flour, with which a kind of bread is made.

"Love or dislike of certain animals for food is very much a matter of habit, or fashion; for we esteem many things today which our forefathers either considered poisonous or repulsive. There is nothing very attractive about such cold-blooded animals as turtles, frogs, oysters, clams, crabs, shrimps, mussels, quahaugs or scallops, until we have become accustomed to them. And what is there about a dish of locusts, well served up, more repulsive than a lot of shrimps; they feed on green vegetation and are more cleanly than pigs or chickens. Who can doubt but that the French during the late investment of Paris would have looked upon a swarm of these locusts as a manna-like blessing from Heaven, and would have much preferred them to stewed rats? And why should the people of the West, when rendered destitute and foodless by these insects, not make the best of the circumstances, and guard against famine, by collecting, roasting, and grinding them to flour? Surely, with modern cookery, they can improve on the Digger Indians, to make a locust dish that shall be attractive and palatable even to those not predisposed from sharpened appetites, to judge favorably. And in any event it would pay, under such circumstances, to roast and preserve them as food for poultry and hogs."

The Barony of Arizona.

A Missourian, James Addison Reavis, created a fictitious grant of 13,000,000 acres including the best of Arizona. He was twenty years in constructing the most marvelous land fraud of this generation. He forged archives and records in three countries. He created, by imagination, a noble Spanish family and carried the descent, lineal and collateral, through two centuries. He even found a portrait gallery to fit the history of the mythical Peraltas. He discovered on a railroad train the lost heiress to the Barony of Arizona, and married her. He conducted in person the most remarkable trial that has been known in recent years. When he was sent to jail he invited the warden to dine with him. He hired the foremost lawyers of the United States on contingent contracts, and induced them to advance him money on his prospective success. He victimized the smartest lobbyists in Washington. He put on stripes with the air of a martyr. But he wrote a letter from the penitentiary to Matthew G. Reynolds, the representative of the government who uncovered the fraud and convicted him. In that letter Reavis professed repentance. He said that in the solitude of his cell he had come to an appreciation of his errors. He felt that, instead of owing a grudge, he could esteem Mr. Reynolds as an instrument in the hands of Providence to bring him to a realization of what he had done. He declared his intention to lead a different life.

Government officials estimated that the losses through the Peralta claim were as much as $500,000. Large sums were paid by Arizona people to clear their titles to lands supposed to be covered by the alleged grant. In a variety of ways money was advanced by eastern capitalists who expected to realize handsomely when the claim was sustained. Prominent lawyers gave months to the litigation with large fees contingent on success. A suit was instituted by some of these lawyers in the Court of Claims at Washington. It was for between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000 damages against the United States. The government had sold hundreds of thousands of acres within the limits of the Peralta grant. The suit was to recover for Reavis all that the government had received from settlers. In support of it many depositions were taken in California, Arizona and elsewhere. With the collection of alleged Spanish documents made by Reavis the evidence of living witnesses made up a case to which the United States could find no answer. It seemed as if on the statement which could not be disproven, the court must give the enormous judgment in favor of Reavis.

At this crisis Congress enacted the law creating a court to pass on private land claims, especially these old Spanish grants in the Southwest. The field was a large one, for there were many of these grants more or less vague. But what moved Congress especially at the time to take action was the dangerous position the Peralta claim had reached. The court was formed. Reavis came forward with his documents and depositions. The case was more than made. Statements of living witnesses not only dovetailed together, but they were corroborative in the most wonderful manner of the elaborate array of alleged Spanish documents which Reavis had gathered in support of the claim.

But Reavis had more testimony. He visited Los Angeles and rounded up a lot of new witnesses whose evidence was all to the same general effect. He produced so much testimony that there seemed to be no limit to it. This was characteristic of the life work of Reavis. The claimant was indefatigable. Before the surveyor general of Arizona years ago the Peralta grant looked formidable.

But at frequent intervals the claimant had come forward with additional material. Sometimes it was an entirely new batch of documents he produced with a story of discovery among the archives of Spain or Mexico. At other times living witnesses were found, who, with marvelous memories, recalled persons and circumstances which fitted into the story. Something like a climax to the long run of luck was reached, however, when the Baroness presented her proud husband with twins. At least Reavis produced two babies and proclaimed it was a case of twins. By a curious process of reasoning, he insisted that this was strongly corroborative of the alleged Peralta record which made his wife a twin. He had a great celebration at the christening and invited to it the judges and officials of the court of private land claims, sending to them cards printed in gilt. The babies, Reavis called "sons of the golden West." He made much of the twin business as evidence of his wife's Peralta lineage. It was after this that the eminent lawyers who had gone into the litigation with zeal began to draw out quietly. Reavis said it was because they couldn't understand the case. The lawyers offered no explanations, but they all left him, and when, after his lifetime of preparation, the trial came, the claimant stood alone in court, without a solitary legal representative.

The Confession of the Claimant.

After serving his sentence Reavis wrote a confession. He said: "I am of Scotch-Welsh antecedents with a traditional Spanish extraction in the remote generations. Three of my great grandparents fought in the Revolution. I was reared in Henry County, Mo. In May, 1861, at the age of eighteen, I enlisted in the Confederate army, and during my life as a soldier committed my first crime. I forged an order, and, being successful in this, I raised a furlough, and before this expired I surrendered to the Union forces. After the war I worked as a street car conductor, but subsequently opened a real estate office in St. Louis. I was successful in forging a title to sustain a tax title to some valuable land I had bought, not knowing the title was imperfect. But these are incidents in which there is little interest. However, success in these early evils sowed the seed that later sprang forth into the most gigantic fraud of this century.

"The plan to secure the Peralta grant and defraud the government out of land valued at $100,000,000 was not conceived in a day. It was the result of a series of crimes extending over nearly a score of years. At first the stake was small, but it grew and grew in magnitude until even I sometimes was appalled at the thought of the possibilities. I was playing a game which to win meant greater wealth than that of a Gould or a Vanderbilt. My hand constantly gained strength, noted men pleaded my cause, and unlimited capital was at my command. My opponent was the government, and I baffled its agents at every turn. Gradually I became absolutely confident of success. As I neared the verge of the triumph I was exultant and sure. Until the very moment of my downfall I gave no thought to failure. But my sins found me out and as in the twinkle of an eye I saw the millions which had seemed already in my grasp fade away and heard the courts doom me to a prison cell.

"Now I am growing old and the thing hangs upon me like a nightmare until I am driven to make a clean breast of it all, that I may end my days in peace."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MAKING OF A CITY.

Westport Landing—Pioneer McCoy's Recollections—Kansas City Just Sixty Years Ago—The First Business Review—Wonderful Stride of a Four-Year-Old—As a Woman Saw the Bluffs—The Year of the Boom—Speculative Conditions Without Precedent—And Then the Days of Depression—After that Rational Philosophy—Two Pillars of Lasting Prosperity—Packing House and Park System—Amazing Sights in the Bottom—Fascinating Scenes on the Bluffs—A Reminiscence of "P. D."—Beginning of Boulevards—Topographical Eccentricities—"Little Hyde Park, a Primary Lesson"—Policy of Maximum Frontage—The Financial Plan—Years of Legislation and Litigation—Defeat of the First Project—The Taxpayer Converted—Penn Valley and Roonoke Park—The Problem of Cliff Drive—Gilham Road and the Kessler Idea—Natural Grades Disturbed as Little as Possible—Effect on Population and Values—The Kansas City Principle of Assessments—Cost and Profit—Congestion Banished—Development of the Playgrounds—What Recreation Centers Have Done for Neighborhoods—Effect of the System on Expansion—A Gridiron of Boulevards—Kansas City by Night—Standard of Residential Architecture Raised—The Local Nomenclature—Ambassador Bryce on Swope Park—Thomas H. Benton's Prophecy.

You have developed a site of natural charm into a beautiful city. * * * If I conclude to write a book on American cities I will get my inspiration from this beautiful city of yours.—*James Bryce, Ambassador to the United States from Great Britain.*

The first paper read before the Old Settlers Historical Society in 1871 was by John C. McCoy. It described the site and the beginning of Kansas City: "A clearing or old field of a few acres lying on the high ridge between Main and Wyandotte, and Second and Fifth streets, made and abandoned by a mountain trapper. A few old, girdled, dead trees standing in the field, surrounded by a dilapidated rail fence. Around on all sides a dense forest, the ground covered with impenetrable brush, vines, fallen timber and deep, impassable gorges. A narrow, crooked roadway winding from Twelfth and Walnut streets, along down on the west side of the deep ravine toward the river, across the public square to the river at the foot of Grand avenue. A narrow, difficult path, barely wide enough for a single horseman, running up and down the river under the bluff, winding its way around fallen timber and deep ravines. An old log house on the river bank at the foot of Main street, occupied by a lank, cadaverous, specimen of humanity, named Ellis, with one blind eye and the other on the lookout for stray horses, straggling Indians and squatters, with whom to swap a tincup of whisky for a coonskin. Another old, dilapidated log cabin below the Pacific depot. Two or three small clearings and cabins in the Kaw bottom, now called West Kansas City, which were houses of French mountain trappers. The rest of the surroundings was the still solitude of the native forest, unbroken

only by the snort of the darting deer, the barking of the squirrel, the howl of the wolf, the settler's cow-bell and mayhap the distant baying of the hunter's dog, or the sharp report of his rifle."

"The treaties between the United States government and the Osage and Kansas Indians, ratified in 1825, extinguished the Indian title to all the country lying in Western Missouri, and what is now the State of Kansas, except the reservation for these two tribes situated in the latter state. These treaties opened the border counties lying in Missouri territory for the settlements of the whites, and the people were not slow to avail themselves of the privilege. Consequently in 1825 the first settlers entered this county.

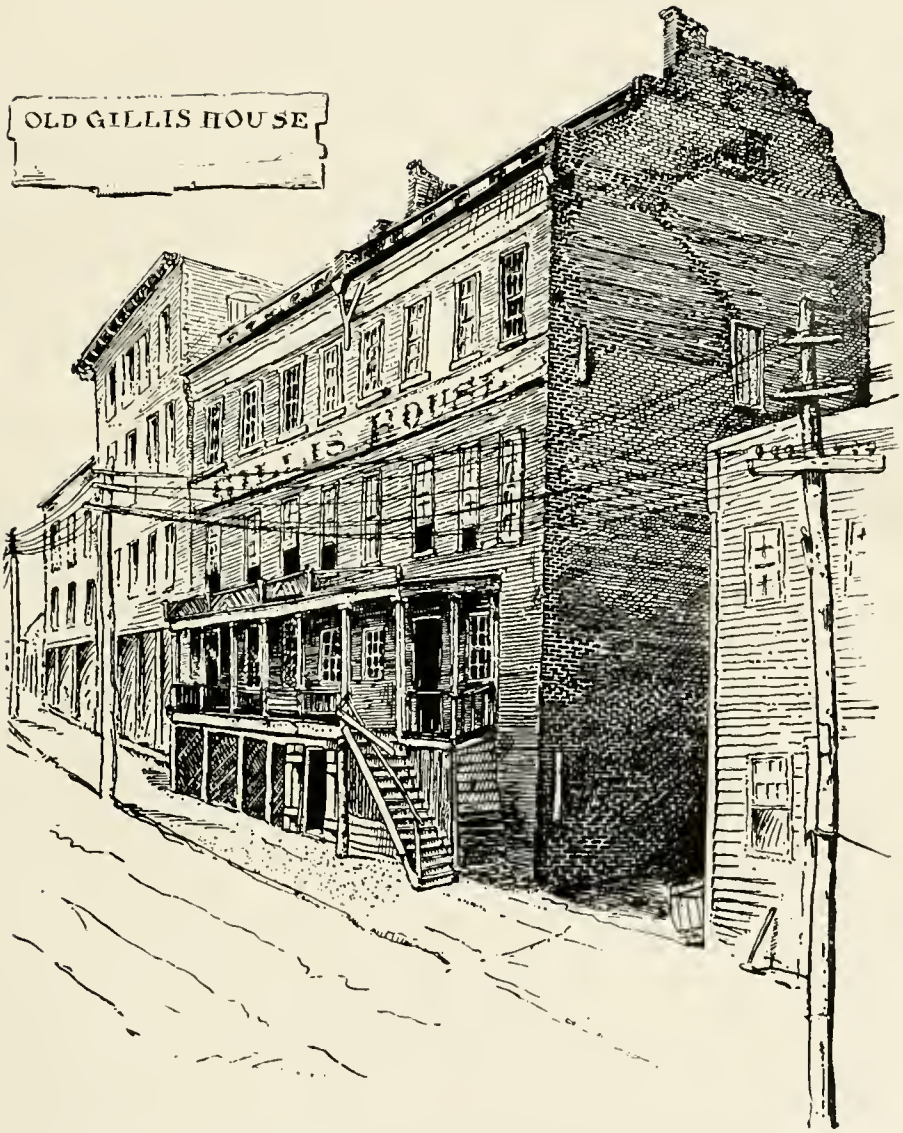
"Fort Osage (Sibley), situated on the river near the northeast corner of the county of Jackson, was established in 1803 by Meriwether Lewis, the first governor of Louisiana after its purchase, and continued as a military and trading post until the country was settled. Before 1825, Francis Chouteau, father of P. M., and brother of Cyprien Chouteau, both now of Kansas City, had a trading post on the south bank of the river about three miles below the city. In 1826 every vestige of his improvements was swept away by the great flood which occurred in the Missouri River that year. This flood made a clear sweep of all the improvements situated in the bottoms, but was no higher than that of 1844—and this reminds me that perhaps P. M. Chouteau, the present city collector, is the oldest resident, still living, in this county, although not an old man. The county seat was located, and the town of Independence begun in 1827. When I passed through the town four years afterward, the square was thickly studded with stumps of trees. Westport was laid off into lots in 1833, J. C. McCoy, proprietor. Westport Landing was situated about three miles north of the town, on the river, and has grown to be a place of considerable importance. A town was laid off there which was named Kansas City first in the year 1839, but the proprietors of the ground disagreed in some particulars and the town made but little progress until 1847, when it was laid out on a larger scale a second time (not with a grapevine), since which time it has been increasing with varying prospects."

Kansas City, Just Sixty Years Ago.

What Kansas City was in 1855 and how it had grown in four years, the Journal of Commerce told in May, 1859. The retrospect was presented with that spirited humor and community pride characteristic of Kansas City newspapers from the beginning:

"In October, 1855, when we first took charge of this paper, there was a population of 478, all told, within the city. The levee consisted of a "chute" dug in the bank in front of the warehouses of W. H. Chick & Co. and McCarty & Buckley. The Eldridge House (now old Gillis House) ground entrance was in the present second story, and the only street in the 'city' was a common country road, which wound round the bluff into the ravine below Market street (Grand avenue), and followed the windings until it struck the divide south of McNees' mill. The principal products of the city were dog fennel and Jamestown weed.

"The business consisted solely of the Santa Fe shipping trade and the like business for the annual trains of the mountain men and Indian traders. The



THE PRINCIPAL HOTEL OF KANSAS CITY IN THE EARLY DAYS

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local trade was carried on principally with the Wyandotte Indians and the people living in the classic shades of 'Gooseneck.'

"The city authorities consisted of mayor, our present active officer, assisted by a board of city fathers, who had the delectable task of disposing of the contents of an empty treasury at the rate of $0.00 per day. The august assemblage was waited upon in the real Kentucky style of doing the dignified, by ex-Marshal Howe, who carried the financial budget of the city in his hat.

"It was thus we entered the campaign of 1856. At this date, Michael Smith, street contractor, had straightened the river end of the road into Market street, and under one of the cornfield engineers, of whom we have had such bright examples, had commenced excavating at the bottom of the ravine on Main street—but still there was no street.

"In 1856 a brief season of activity set in which was soon stopped by the frosts of the Kansas troubles, which paralyzed all business and enterprise and stagnated every branch of trade. This state of affairs continued until the close of the season, and when the spring of 1857 opened there had been but little if any real advances made in the city.

"The bluffs still towered over the landing; no streets were cut through; no cross streets were contemplated. Under all these depressing circumstances, with no foreign capital to assist us, with active competition above, below and behind us, with an empty exchequer and no resources from which to replenish it to any extent, our citizens boldly entered upon a system of improvements of a magnitude never equaled by any city built in the world. It is now twenty-four months since the work begun, eight of which were closed to operations by frosts of winter and twelve of them under the financial pressure occasioned by the crisis of 1857, and what is the result?

"A city of eight thousand inhabitants, a list of mercantile houses surpassing that of any Missouri River town, a trade larger than any city of her size in the world; with four streets cut through the bluffs, cross streets opened and opening for eight squares from the river; a whole town built up outside of her original limits (McGee's addition), containing the longest continuous block of buildings west of St. Louis; an entire new business locality excavated out of the bluff, and built up with solid and substantial buildings in the center of the city; the crest of our 'seven hills' covered with private residences; roads constructed into the interior, and the best levee on the Missouri River. All this has been done since the first day of May, 1857, without a dollar of outside capital to assist us, and with the money made by the business of the city itself.

"We will have in operation in a short time a bank with a capital of $250,000, and before August a second with like capital; insurance offices that do a larger business than any institution of the kind in the upper country; a city treasury able by the present assessment to pay every dollar held against it; private bankers that have their drafts honored in any city of the Union or Europe, and a solid and substantial mercantile credit from Boston to New Orleans."

Such was Kansas City's first wonderful stride in municipal progress.

A Woman's First Impression.

Her first impression of Kansas City, as she saw it in 1857, Mrs. Percival Gaugh, widow of the pioneer architect, gave a newspaper man in 1897: "Well,

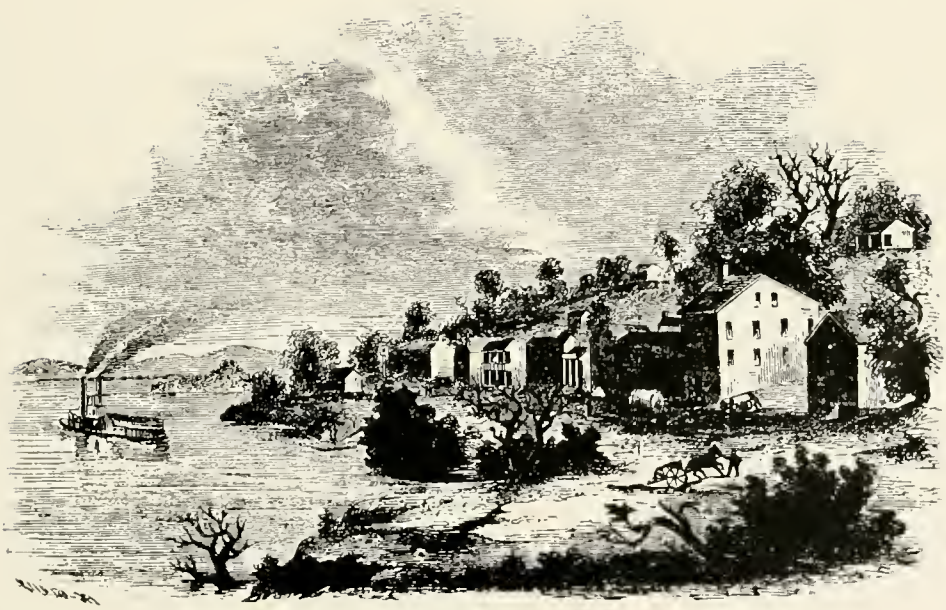
when I landed from the boat and gazed at the frowning bluffs, I thought it was the most forlorn and uninviting spot I had ever seen. The levee was crowded with white covered wagons, to which were harnessed the most diminutive mules, while the hideous faces of the Mexican 'greasers' made me shudder. There was only one road that led up to the top of the bluff. The first house that I lived in was on the bluff overlooking the river, and we climbed up there on long steps. My only neighbor was Mrs. Chouteau, who had lived on the frontier all her life and seemed quite contented. I wondered what Mr. Gaugh would ever accomplish in his profession here. It surely would be many years before a building of any size would be built. But it was not long before I was surrounded with neighbors, avenues were opened, stores began to multiply, churches were erected and the dream of the Kansas City enthusiast seemed a fixed fact. Then the war came on and there was a gloomy outlook for a few years, but when it ended houses sprang up as if by magic, hills and hollows began to disappear and the whole contour of the city soon changed."

The Year of the Whereas.

About 1891 an expressive phrase was coined to meet a situation in Kansas City almost without a parallel. Somebody inquired after the financial standing of John Smith. "John Smith?" somebody else replied. "Oh, he is a 'whereas.'" The phrase was in common use. A whereas was a man who had had a mortgage on a piece of real estate foreclosed. Sales as advertised under the mortgage began, "Whereas, John Smith, by his certain deed of trust," and so on and so on. The man who had become a whereas had no occasion to feel lonesome in Kansas City. There were many "whereases." For Kansas City was going through the process of settlement after one of the greatest real estate booms in the history of this country.

In the winter and spring of 1887 the transactions were enormous. Kansas City had 1,500 real estate agents. Everybody dabbled in the business. Fifty dollars capital was enough to begin with. Options flew about thicker than snowflakes. Who would sit on a stool and add up long columns of figures, sell goods behind a counter or drive a street car when there were hundred dollar snaps to be picked up every day? Speculation was in the air. The city had gone mad. "If you went around to a lawyer's office to see him about a case the chances were you found his head was full of some real estate deal," said ex-Senator Warner. Everybody caught it, and almost everybody "caught on" for more or less profit. But in May and June of 1887 the speculative demand began to diminish. In July the real estate market of Kansas City was dead. People who held property encouraged each other by saying: "This is only the summer dullness." They forgot that the fever had run its course through the previous years without regard to seasons. In August there was general anticipation that the coming of President Cleveland would be the signal for the revival of the boom. But October brought a crowd without any interest in corner lots. The winter opened and still there was no real estate market. The sanguine said: "It will be all right in the spring." But it wasn't. The year of '88 wore away, and then another and another without any more boom.

There is nothing in the history of speculation quite like this stand against adversity made by Kansas City real estate holders. Rents fell off. A building



KANSAS CITY IN 1852

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which was good for an income of $24,000 during the boom was doing well if it held up to $17,000. With each succeeding six months the meeting of the interest on mortgages became more difficult. These were the best men of Kansas City who then clung to their holdings, and wore themselves out waiting for the upward rise. If ever hope sprang eternal in the human breast it was right here in Kansas City from '87 to '91. Ex-Mayor R. H. Hunt said that to him the most deplorable feature of the four years of hard times in Kansas City real estate had been the spectacle of men heroically holding back the onward march of the sheriff's red flag. "The most enterprising and the most public spirited of our citizens," he said, "suffered most during this period. They refused to let go of property, and met their interest charges even while it was a certain loss to do so. They grew old and broken in carrying their burdens.

When the Kansas City boom was in its wildest stage Matt St. Clair went abroad, leaving behind him this prophecy: "We've got a good many men in this city who think they are rich. I predict that when the winds blow next March there will be more ragged millionaires at the mouth of the Kaw than anywhere else on the continent." Mr. St. Clair miscalculated the nerve of his fellow-citizens. The boom collapsed. But the holders of alleged business property still wanted as much for it as they did in 1887. The government bought a block of ground for a new Federal Building. The site was about three hundred feet square. The government paid $450,000 for the block.

The Philosophical Spirit.

Kansas City doesn't want another boom. Dr. Munford put it tersely: "The boom," said he, "brought an immense amount of money to Kansas City. It left us with magnificent buildings, paved streets and transportation facilities. But it was not a good thing for us. The city's true growth is where you find the banker in his bank, the attorney at his office, the merchant with his store; not where everybody is wild over real estate. Kansas City ought never to think of another boom."

The editor was philosophical and in a measure hopeful. "I think," he said, "we are going through the same process that all cities have to go through. We are settling down."

Born of the boom's collapse was the indomitable spirit which led to the physical transformation of Kansas City. In those days of discouragement the movement for parks and boulevards received its early impetus.

The fever comes and rages. It burns itself out. A deadening chill ensues. The rally follows and the patient's condition is again normal. After delirium is depression, and after that health returns. Kansas City had her feverish dreams, and they were wild ones, as aspiring as her hills. Her plunge into despondency was like a slide down the bluff into a pall of smoke which hangs over the great network of railroad tracks in "the bottom" when the wind does not blow. And then Kansas City became normal. She was more than convalescent. She was able-bodied.

Sometimes a boy grows so fast it makes him weak. He has a tired feeling long before night. He wobbles after a short run. The watchful mother soaks the legs of such a boy in salt water before he goes to bed. She resorts to various measures to restrain nature's excess of zeal in building bone and tissue ahead of

the supply of nourishing blood. Kansas City overgrew until she, too, was weak. There was more city than the developing arteries of trade could supply with vitality. It was necessary to stop and rest. But that period was fulfilled. Kansas City began to grow again. It wasn't a boom. If there was a word in the English language for which Kansas City had no further use it was "boom." As the reformed man referred to the time when he sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind, so Kansas City spoke of boom days, not boastingly nor yet with too poignant regret, but as an experience which had been a warning and was not to be repeated.

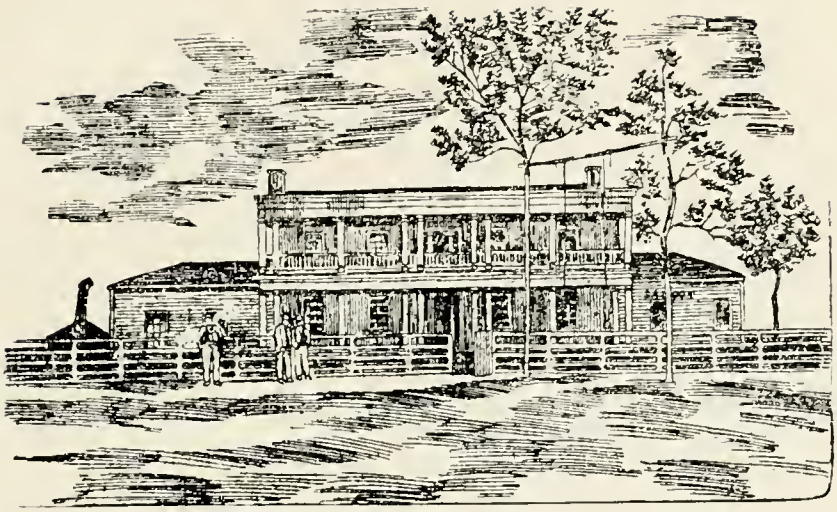
How Kansas City Came into Her Own.

Whatever the Kansas City seal is, it ought to show a steer and a pig rampant in a feed lot on the obverse and a fine collection of packing house products on its reverse. It ought to be the business of every public spirited citizen of Kansas City to see that the stranger within the gates goes through a typical packing house before he leaves town. A man may think he knows something of this industry from observations in other cities, but he is mistaken until he has visited the largest building in the world devoted to the livestock business and tramped over ninety acres of floors and followed a long legged, fifteen-year-old guide through countless doors, up and down stairways and along chutes and inclines by the mile, for three hours in an attempt to see it all.

These packing house people are immensely fond of their plants, of the variety of their products, of the ingenious labor-saving contrivances, but more than all of the scrupulous cleanliness from bottom to top. My lady can see everything save the bloodletting—she will not care for that—from the live calf to the twenty varieties of soup, and she will not soil the hem of her garment.

One great mistake Kansas City made in the days of her boom was in reaching out for things other cities had, while she neglected things other cities had not, and which were hers by virtue of natural advantages. Her citizens decided they must have a Manchester, a Sheffield, and a Birmingham. The fact that the coal fields were many miles away and the ore still more remote did not deter. Having agreed that destiny would not be achieved until there were furnaces and rolling mills and foundries in the suburbs, the boomers proceeded to lay off sites, to erect buildings and to offer bonuses. Money was thrown away on such schemes and much good gray matter was exhausted in abortive plans to make of Kansas City what her location and surroundings never intended her to be. Had the energy and capital thus expended been directed to the upbuilding of industries in which Kansas City is now almost without competition, she would have been bigger than she is today.

Kansas City is to be considered the natural center of the meat industries of the United States. She is an easy second to Chicago and year by year creeps closer to the first place. Chicago from the beginning has fostered her live stock and packing interest in every way. To Kansas City the discovery of her possession of this trump card in the game of western cities has been almost a surprise. The development has come largely by force of circumstances, not altogether as the result of judicious and persistent encouragement. The impetus is not forced. It is natural, and nothing can prevent Kansas City from becoming the live stock market of this country. It is the center from which a radius of 150 miles sweeps



McGEE HOTEL ON GRAND AVENUE, KANSAS CITY

OLD MENARD HOME WITH BEARING PEACH TREE ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD

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a meat-producing territory which has no equal, and will have none in generations to come.

Amazing Sights of the Packing Houses.

What sense is there in telling one that a Kansas City packing house has a capacity of so many thousand hogs a day, unless he can stand by the chute and see the carcasses come up through a hole in the floor dangling by their hind legs to an endless chain—big hogs, little hogs and medium-sized hogs, coming into view at the rate of one every fifteen seconds? As they reach a certain height down they flop in quick succession between two black giants. A blow of the cleaver and they are in halves. Another blow and they are in quarters, going in four different directions to as many tables and under the keen-edged knives. Down a half dozen chutes disappears the hog, divided into hams, shoulders, sides, jowls, feet and sausage meat.

How without a visit to the room of the "silver churn" can any one appreciate what it is to make 100,000 pounds of butterine in a day? One may think this is a queer kind of dairy, but the maids who wrap the rolls and prints and pats in the whitest of cloths are as plump as any who ever sat on a three-legged milking stool and counted her chickens before they were hatched. What's the use of kicking after seeing 2,000 gallons of genuine milk worked into the product to give it the true flavor? After seeing and smelling, the average man will take his bread thankfully and never ask what side of it is butterined.

It is another sight to see printing presses which use paint instead of ink and sheets of tin instead of sheets of paper, putting on the brands before the cans and buckets are made. The automatic machines which do all but finish the little air-tight receptacles for the deviled and potted meats are interesting. And the comedy of all is furnished by the sausage stuffer. From the spout of the great tub of ground meat the sausage leaps half a dozen feet like a thing of life. It squirms and coil and wriggles as it passes through the deft fingers which divide it into links.

To those who have never been within, a packing house is a packing house and nothing more. To those who know, it is where roast quail and roast plover are prepared, where beef is braised as well as dried, where bouillon is put up in jugs and lamb tongues in jars. It means canned meats as well as butterine and twenty kinds of soups. Starting in to kill chickens for soups, the packers gradually drifted into the business of killing and dressing chickens at the rate of many thousands a day.

On the pay rolls of the packing companies of Kansas City are thousands of people. A better civil service system than the government has yet devised operates in this army of employes. The doors are open to boys. Every year hundreds are taken in. They are given a trial. If in twelve months they show capacity and ambition they are advanced. If they appear to be mere human machines, drudges or drones, they are promptly turned adrift. This is the principle which runs through the employment of all. It is a rigid application of the rule of the survival of the fittest. There is room near the top for every one who enters the service.

A Reminiscence of "P. D."

The packing district has its traditions. Time was when there were several members of the Armour family active in the conduct of the plant. Each Armour was known familiarly to employes by his initials. "P. D." was the head of the house. One day, in a distant city, he went into an exposition building and saw an array of exhibits from his Kansas City plant. A young woman demonstrator was giving samples of soup to a crowd. The old packer watched the process. Seeing he was not recognized he said to the young woman:

"It can't be very good or you wouldn't be giving it away."

"We do that for humanity," was the quick reply.

"H'm," commented Mr. Armour. "What's that?" he asked, pointing to an enlarged autograph of his own signature over the booth.

"That's Mr. Armour's signature," replied the demonstrator.

"Why, I thought old Armour couldn't write," urged "P. D.," in apparent surprise.

"Well, he's got brains," retorted the young woman. "If I had P. D.'s brains I wouldn't care whether I could write or not."

"P. D." smiled and passed on. In a few minutes the Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, who helped Mr. Armour find good ways to spend his money, came back to the booth and handed the young lady an envelope with a $50 bill and "P. D.'s" compliments.

The packing house seen from the outside is not a thing of beauty. It is usually a growth. The visitor who looks down from the bluff at Kansas City upon the bottom may feel repelled by the lack of architectural symmetry. He sees a white city, but is depressed by the want of esthetic surroundings. Once within, the bad impression is lost in admiration for the utility of everything. Out of the stock yards rise by easy inclines the covered driveways. These go to each of the packing houses. Some of them cover the Kaw River. Others are elevated above the tops of the houses. Looking up a street in "the bottom" the visitor will see through the sides of the driveway the bunches of cattle moving slowly along hour after hour from the yards to the packing houses. At one place a driveway passes over not only the street car line, but the elevated road as well. With each bunch of cattle goes a driver. A complete record is kept of all the stock bought, and the meat in the carcass can be traced back to the ranch or range whence it was shipped.

The Remaking of Kansas City.

When, in 1893, Kansas City in earnest inaugurated the movement to establish a park and boulevard system the first park board said in the report to the city government:

"There is not within the city a single reservation for public use.

"There has been in our city thus far no public concession to esthetic consideration.

"It would be difficult to find anywhere a locality that can rival the topographical eccentricities of our city."

This indictment was sweeping but the counts were almost literally true. There had been some agitation of city improvement. There had been sporadic effort toward what might be called landscape treatment. Nothing had been accom-

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WEST BLUFF, OVERLOOKING OLD UNION STATION, BEFORE THE RENAISSANCE OF KANSAS CITY

WEST BLUFF OVERLOOKING UNION STATION AS IT IS TO-DAY

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plished. Overlooking the old Union Depot, recently abandoned, is a very high bluff. The top of this was a bare limestone cliff. Toward the base a steep slope was covered with broken rock and soil. Over the edge of the bluff at least two generations of householders had dumped cinders and refuse. The cliff was covered in places with signs either painted upon the rock or upon boards suspended from the upper edge. The slope was dotted with disreputable looking shanties fronting on narrow trails. Such was the face which Kansas City presented to every comer into the Union Depot. The community took note of this condition. Some public spirited citizens asked George E. Kessler to design an improvement of this West Bluff in order that the city might present a better first appearance to the traveler. From the top of the Union Depot the place was studied and suggestions were put on paper. But the effort to redeem the West Bluff went no farther until the general plan of the park and boulevard system was designed for the first park board in 1893. Then those early sketches were utilized to make the West Bluff what is now West Terrace.

Before the general plan of a park and boulevard system was designed, Kansas City was given two object lessons in landscaping. One illustrated what could be done. The other demonstrated what was not adapted to local conditions. The latter was a restricted residence place, with gates at both ends, with lots facing upon a boulevard controlled by the lot owners. This form of improvement had shown its popularity in St. Louis and some other places. It met with no encouragement in Kansas City. The exclusiveness did not appeal to enough people to fill the first of these places and realty owners projected no new ones.

Very different was the impression which "Little Hyde Park" made on Kansas City. On the South Side was a tract of ground lying well for residence purposes except that near the center of it was a badly broken strip of a few acres. From the depression arose steep hillsides, in places showing the bare ledges of limestone. The danger was that this piece of bad ground would become the nucleus of cheap improvements which would exercise a damaging influence on the prices and the settlement of surrounding plateaus. Several holders of the good ground combined, got control of the broken place, and asked Mr. Kessler to design a plan of treatment which would protect the whole neighborhood. The result was the transformation of the ravine and its slopes into a narrow park two or three blocks long. The natural features,—the rocky cliffs and the trees were preserved. Walks were laid out. Shrubbery was planted. Seats were furnished. Roadways were built close to the edges of the narrow park so that no houses presented their rears to it. The result was that both frontages on "Little Hyde Park" were taken quickly as especially attractive sites for homes of good class and the whole surrounding territory was made desirable for the better grades of improvements.

In a modest and experimental way this improvement of one of many broken parts of Kansas City was the pioneer to the present system. Hyde Park was designed as a private enterprise about 1888. It was taken into the system and is today one of the many "eccentricities" of Kansas City topography which have been chained together by boulevards. These rugged places have been made little park centers from two hundred to five hundred feet wide, increasing instead of endangering the desirability and value of all eligible residence ground near them.

The miles of Gillham Road and the Paseo illustrate the influence of the "Little Hyde Park" object lesson.

The first board of commissioners described very well the manner of growth of Kansas City during the pêriod when beautification was given very little thought. The board said, "Our better residences are largely planted in groups or colonies, on certain sightly streets and in particularly charming localities; but these colonies have not spread out and have not grown together. Between them and around them there exists much land utilized for small residences, small stores and miscellaneous purposes."

The Pioneer Policy.

Deliberate judgment of those who planned the original system was for small parks, for long narrow parks. The policy was to obtain at the minimum of cost the greatest possible length of park and boulevard frontage. Thereby the benefits were generally distributed. The first board and the landscape architect believed that such a policy would bestow the greatest good on the greatest number of people. The Paseo, Gillham Road, the several parkways are illustrations of this pioneer park and boulevard policy.

The first president of the first park board of Kansas City was a practical man with a vision. He was August R. Meyer. He continued to head the board nine years, until he died. His associates were Simeon B. Armour, Adriance Van Brunt, Louis Hammerslough, and William C. Glass. Fortunately for Kansas City, this board was not disturbed until its work was laid out and well underway. Admitting all that could be said of its ruggedness, Mr. Meyer saw great possibilities in Kansas City's bluffs and valleys. In his first report he said:

"Possessing an irregular and diversified topography that would lend itself readily to improvement under the hand of the landscape architect, and abounding within her own limits in charming and not infrequently beautiful spots, our city has not only so far failed to make use of these advantages, but, on the contrary, the desire on the part of the owners of the land to bring their lands into market has resulted in destroying much of the natural beauty of our city. Localities and land that possess natural beauty of a high order, and there are many such within the city, points that command rare and distant views into and beyond the great and fertile valley of the Missouri, are in the hands of private individuals. Handsome cliffs and bluffs, interesting and charming ravines, characteristic of the country around us, and which under the treatment of the skillful landscape architect would be susceptible of inexpensive conversion into most valuable public reservations, because, by preserving in them features of great natural beauty, they would, in a measure, blend the artificial structure of the city with the natural beauty of its site, and at the same time would supply recreation grounds, are now themselves disfigured by shanties and worthless structures, and in turn exercise a depressing effect upon the value of adjoining lands, better suited than they for private uses."

Today Kansas City realizes, in the words of the landscape architect, Mr. Kessler, "that these very topographical eccentricities afforded the basis upon which to form her diversified system of parks and boulevards. The principle

MONUMENT ON THE PASEO AT KANSAS CITY

"In memory of August Robert Meyer, first president of Park Commission of Kansas City"

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which was adopted in the very beginning was to follow nature as closely as possible, to adapt the planning to the natural conditions."

In his first report Mr. Meyer appealed to the moral sense of his fellow citizens: "To make the most of life is the highest duty of the individual, and to permit and advance its fullest development and enjoyment is clearly the first and greatest duty of every municipal corporation towards its citizens. Life in cities is an unnatural life. It has a tendency to stunt physical and moral growth. The monotony of brick and stone, of dust and dirt; the absence of colors with which nature paints; the lack of a breath of fresh air, write-despair on many a face and engrave it upon many a heart. How is a poor man's boy to grow into a cheerful, industrious and contented man, unless he can play where play alone is possible,—that is on the green turf and under waving trees, can take with him into manhood the recollections of an innocent, joyous boyhood, instead of the impressions of dirty, white-faced and vicious gamins, and their and his acquaintance with immorality and vice."

Others who served on the park board during the trying years until the system was fairly in operation and showing its splendid results were Charles Campbell, Robert Gillham, William Barton, James K. Burnham, J. V. C. Karnes.

The park board has had as presidents: J. J. Swofford from 1901 to 1904; Franklin Hudson from 1905 to 1908; A. J. Dean, in 1909; D. J. Haff from 1910 to 1912; Henry D. Ashley in the year 1912-13; Cusil Lechtman, 1913-14.

Years of Legislation and Litigation.

Eight years of legislation and twelve years of litigation carried the park and boulevard system over the paper stage. Kansas City people were talking about parks and other public improvements in 1888. They formed a board of freeholders and submitted the draft of a new charter. The old charter dating back to 1875 was very restrictive; it tied the hands of the people. The new charter was submitted and defeated. Next year, in 1889, another trial was made and a new charter was adopted. It had an article on "parks," but that was not effective. At the next session of the legislature Kansas City tried to get a park law. But because the law was included in the Revised Statutes without a title it was declared unconstitutional in 1890.

The next step was the formation of the Municipal Improvement Association of Kansas City in 1891. Fifty public spirited citizens banded themselves together, with August R. Meyer as president. The definite purpose was the "improvement of Kansas City." This body proposed amendments to the city charter which were adopted in 1892. The first park board was appointed and entered upon an exhaustive study of the field. A report was made. It looked well on paper and was highly commended by the press. But the power to go ahead with practical work was wanting. Kansas City could not issue any more bonds. The debt-making power of the city under the constitution of the State was exhausted and more. A judgment against the city had been obtained by the National Waterworks Company for payment of the waterworks system. By the old contract the city had bound itself to reimburse the company at the termination of the franchise of twenty years and the United States court had held the city liable and had given judgment.

The only way to acquire boulevards and parks was through special assessment or taxation against benefited property. The supporters of the park movement went to the legislature a second time and procured the passage of an elaborate act giving the city power to form districts and to assess benefits. The act went far beyond the new city charter framed by freeholders under Section 16, Article IX, of the state constitution. It was practically an amendment of a "freeholder's charter." Would it stand in the courts? The park board didn't know. A friendly suit was brought under the first attempt to condemn land. This test was of far-reaching importance not alone to Kansas City. It involved construction of the state constitution as regarded all freeholders' charters.

"Up to that time," said Delbert J. Haff, who had charge of the litigation for the park board, "our supreme court had held uniformly that notwithstanding the provisions of the constitution of the State which authorized St. Louis to frame a charter for its own government and which authorized other cities of the State having a population of 100,000 or more to frame and adopt similar charters and to amend such charters in the same manner, this constitutional provision did not prohibit the legislature from passing laws which would repeal or amend the charters of such cities, known as 'freeholders' charters.' In other words, the supreme court had established a doctrine that the constitutional provisions did not intend to establish an imperium in imperio, that is, did not intend to establish a kingdom within a kingdom, or a separate government that would be independent of the legislature of the State.

"There was always a difference of opinion among the members of the supreme court as to the meaning of this provision of the constitution," continued Mr. Haff, "and Mr. James O. Broadhead of St. Louis, who framed this provision, and under which St. Louis adopted its charter independent of other cities of the State, always maintained that the purpose of said constitutional provision was to make such cities self-governing—to give them local self-government—and that the legislature had no authority to tamper with the charter of St. Louis and for the same reason could not amend or repeal provisions of the charter of Kansas City, in matters of purely local and municipal concern. As soon as the act of 1893 was adopted, the park board of Kansas City brought a suit for the condemnation of park lands in order to test the validity of the act. This case reached the supreme court at the same time and at the same session as did the case of Murnane vs. City of St. Louis and was argued and submitted on the same day. Shortly afterward, the supreme court handed down an opinion definitely deciding, by a vote of four to three, that the legislature of the State of Missouri is prohibited by Sections 16 and 20 of Article IX of the constitution of Missouri from enacting, amending or repealing any charter provisions of the cities of St. Louis and Kansas City relating to their local affairs and that special acts of the legislature of the State for the improvement of streets and to condemn or otherwise obtain land for park roads, boulevards, etc., are incompatible with the charters of said cities and, therefore, unconstitutional and void, and that such matters can only be regulated by the charters of said cities adopted by the people in the manner pointed out in Article IX of the constitution."

Genesis of the Kansas City Park Law.

This decision of the supreme court seemed on its face like a knockout for the park board. In reality it was the best thing that could have happened. It

cleared the way for the next step and furnished the legal foundation on which Kansas City proceeded to create the system, meeting and overcoming the greatest opposition ever put up in Missouri against public improvements. The counsel for the park board immediately drafted an amendment to the charter of Kansas City. He made it broad and comprehensive, embodying the powers which the park board had learned by long study were necessary if their elaborate plans on paper were to be spread all over Kansas City. This amendment went through at a special election in the spring of 1895. It has become known all over the country as "the Kansas City park law." It has been pronounced by jurists to be "the most complete practice act ever adopted in Missouri." It has stood the test of all the courts, for as soon as the park board began to condemn property suit after suit was brought against it and carried to the highest court. Some of the ablest lawyers of the State were retained by property owners before the opposition was overcome. They tried by every means known to the profession to invalidate the law and failed. It was well said of Mr. Haff by an expert, "He took as an ingredient a crystallized public sentiment in favor of a park system and made an adamantine law which withstood all attacks."

The property owners kept up the litigation five years until at last the fruits of the movement became apparent when all opposition died out and other parts of the city began to call insistently for extension of the system. Up to 1914 Kansas City had expended $13,813,929 in the acquisition, improvement and maintenance of these parks and parkways, every dollar of which had been raised by special assessment, with the single exception of one bond issue of $500,000, which was used in improvements, and an annual appropriation by the city treasury for the payment of the general expenses of the board. This latter appropriation has varied in amount from $25,000 to $75,000 per year.

The litigation was even carried into the United States courts, in the effort to upset the charter amendment or park law. The decision there sustained the Kansas City principle. The Federal judges held that parks were local improvements for public use of a character recognized as conferring such benefits in the increased value of lands within the neighborhood or locality of the park as to justify special assessments against the private property to pay for the land condemned for such purpose. Such assessments were not taxes within the meaning of the constitution establishing a maximum rate of taxation.

The litigation was in the end beneficial to the park movement. It resulted in establishing the validity of every proceeding. When the assessments became collectible, every recourse against them had been exhausted. Naturally, therefore, the certificates which were offered in the market found ready purchasers at a high premium, yielding not only enough funds to pay the purchase price of the park lands, but a large surplus in each case which went into the park fund of each district for the improvement of the parks as they were acquired.

Mr. Haff was a Michigan University graduate. President Angell liked to keep his vision on the young men he turned out of Ann Arbor. Mr. Haff had written him of the early efforts to make Kansas City a better place for residence. One day President Angell stopped off between trains. He didn't notify Mr. Haff, but he hired a cabman to give him a two hours' view of the boulevards. The cabman had learned the city in the pre-park era. The only boulevard he knew was in the southwestern part of the city. This boulevard was so-called

because it was a few feet wider than the average street. Away went the cab with the university president uphill and downhill until he reached this alleged boulevard bordered by feed stores, belt line switches, coal yards and a varied assortment of small business enterprises. The limestone dust was a half-inch thick. The occasional struggling trees were gray with it. Some months later the good president and the energetic counsel for the park board met. The short stopover was mentioned.

Had the president seen the boulevard system, Mr. Haff asked.

Yes, the president had seen—a boulevard.

Mr. Haff waited for comments. The president was reticent. It required effort to reach an understanding. Since that time things have changed. No visitor to the city could now repeat President Angell's experience.

Sturdy continuous support by the press of the city helped in the attainment of present results. But when all factors are considered there is one which is accorded a very high place. It is the genius of George E. Kessler for this kind of work. Kessler made Kansas City beautiful. Kansas City made Kessler famous.

A German boy came west in 1882, bringing letters from Boston people to their representatives who were managing the old Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf Railway. He worked for the railroad company, looking after forestry experiments and kindred lines in which Mr. Nettleton and his associates were interested. And all of the time he was studying and talking the possibilities of making Kansas City something more than a commercial metropolis on hills and hollows. Kessler was born to landscape art, just as James B. Eads was to the engineering profession. Eads began in St. Louis as a peddler of apples. Kessler had much the temperament of Eads. He was suave under trying circumstances, tireless, original in his ideas, a mixer with scientists, with capitalists and with officials of every degree, inspiring all with confidence in his judgment on landscape matters. He was in at the first of the park and boulevard movement. He was the landscape architect of the park board. At later dates eight cities in the Mississippi Valley, from Cincinnati to Denver, retained Kessler in an advisory capacity for their developing park and boulevard work.

The Landscape Theory Which Wrought Wonders.

Perhaps the most striking fact about Kessler's work was the ready use he made of conditions as he found them. Another landscape architect might have moved small mountains to make levels and gentle slopes in these Kansas City parks. Kessler took cliff and bluff as the master landscape architect made them. He even accepted the abandoned quarry and storm-worn gully. He encouraged grass and foliage to grow. He moved not a cubic yard of dirt if he could avoid it. Penn Valley was one of the most rugged patches on the topography of Kansas City. The real estate owner had added raggedness to ruggedness. Kessler came with his covering of sod for the bare places, his artistic screens of shrubbery and his clumps of trees. He created vistas and emphasized viewpoints. He found room for nearly five miles of park drives, without crowding or paralleling, in a space one-tenth that of Forest Park in St. Louis.

A depression, part ravine and part valley, divided, disfigured and depreciated the southern residence section. It was somebody's "branch" when there

MAIN STREET, KANSAS CITY, IN 1867

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was no Kansas City. The depression was taken out of private possession by condemnation. At a cost of half a million dollars the park board acquired this strip of irregular width, including the bottom and sides of the depression from summit to summit. Where 200 feet width would do this, no more was condemned. Where 600 feet was necessary to include all of the depression, so much was condemned. The cheap houses and shacks were swept out. Keeping away the graders, preserving the natural lines, Kessler laid out winding driveways the two and one-half miles' length of the strip. And this became Gillham Road. On the map it is the oddest-shaped combination of park and boulevard to be found. It extends from the edge of the business district in a zigzag, winding course southward through some of the best residence neighborhoods to a connection with the Swope Parkway. From the higher grounds on either side hundreds of fine residences overlook Gillham Road. Where the strip attains its maximum width of 600 feet a small park has been laid out, with paths and shelters. Where the strip narrows the driveway occupies the bottom and the slopes are lawns.

Penn Valley and the Cliff Drive.

Penn Valley was one of the most unattractive localities. It is south of the business center, on the west side of Main street, and out about Twenty-sixth street. Stone had been quarried in the hillside. Penn Valley was built over with a cheap class of dwellings in the boom period. The old Santa Fe trail passed through the valley on the way from river landing to Westport. To transform the 131 acres into a park the board wrecked and removed 310 houses. Through condemnation proceedings the owners were paid $371,000. These proceedings were contested by between forty and fifty members of the Kansas City bar and the appeal to the supreme court was argued and reargued in behalf of property owners by a large number of eminent counsel. The park movement won. And when the people realized what was possible in Penn Valley, a volunteer neighborhood movement to the southwest was started to transform a locality unsettled but similar in its ruggedness to Penn Valley. As a result of this volunteer action most of the ground was given by nearby property owners to create the beautiful Roanoke Park. A broken region in the midst of one of the most prominent residence sections was in danger of occupation by cheap houses and small industries. It is now a park preserving and enhancing the character of the residence section surrounding it.

When it was proposed to create Cliff Drive, which passes through a highly romantic and thoroughly beautiful region full of surprising attractions the proposition was strongly opposed. Officials of the city were taken out to see the location for the proposed drive. One of them declared the project impossible. He said that "a goat could not climb along where it was proposed to lay out the drive." Another official referred rather contemptuously to this location as "a squirrel pasture." And yet this Cliff Drive in the opinion of many visitors to the city is the crowning feature of the system and is surpassed nowhere else in the United States.

Several miles of perfect roadway have been built along the face of this bluff at the timber line. The limestone cliff rises sheer on one side, the waving treetops on the other. The park board acquired this bold front of Kansas City,

buying a narrow strip between the top and the bottom of the bluff, a distance of two miles and more, for $625,000. This now is North Terrace Park.

The Method of Assessment.

Within each park district the board by resolution selected the lands and the connecting boulevards. Recommendations were made to the council. Ordinances were prepared. Proceedings in the circuit court condemned the lands. Values were fixed by juries and the same juries assessed the benefits in specific amounts against the land in the park district. These assessments were against land only. To make the assessments as easily borne as possible it was provided that they might be paid in annual installments. Usually the period was twenty years. This enabled the property owner to realize the benefits as he was paying for them. Those who desired to pay promptly and relieve their property of the park lien could do so within sixty days after the verdicts of juries were rendered to court. As the lands condemned could not be taken until paid for, the balance necessary after sixty days had passed was obtained through the issue and sale of park fund certificates. These certificates represented the assessments unpaid and due through a series of years. They had back of them these collective assessments. The city treasurer was trustee for the collection of the assessments and the redemption of the certificates. Courts, as already stated, decided in test cases that the park fund certificates were not obligations of the municipality and did not conflict with the city's debt-making power. By this novel method the park board was able to raise large sums and to build the park and boulevard system of Kansas City. Within each district an assessment for maintenance and improvement is made against the lands only of that district. The original cost of a boulevard, however, except the tree planting, is charged directly against the ground fronting on that boulevard. This is the exception to the statement that the assessment for improvement and maintenance is against the whole district.

The Playground Policy.

Wherever the system has penetrated well settled localities, the policy has been to provide playgrounds for children, tennis courts and baseball diamonds for older youth. Every part of the city has its playgrounds. The park board early adopted the recommendation to acquire the ground and to establish a recreation field in the East Bottoms, where many railroad shopmen and employes in other industries live.

There are playgrounds in West Terrace Park. The Paseo has its playgrounds. Where that chain of small parks widens into the twenty-one acres of the Parade is an athletic field, a sunken portion of which becomes an outdoor skating rink in winter. There, also, is the free bathhouse, the gift of the Megaphone Minstrels. This was the circus lot in the old days. It affords the ball ground and other means of recreation for a large neighborhood. No Kansas City boy finds it necessary to board a street car and ride miles in search of a baseball field.

Two of the small parks changed completely the character of the surrounding residence sections. The twenty-seven acres of Spring Valley, before becoming public property under control of the park board, bore the suggestive name of

"Razor Park." One of the economies of the board transformed an abandoned quarry into an ideal playground for children with admirable location for gymnasium apparatus. A driveway winds through this park. The wooded slopes rise on either side to an encircling fringe of fine homes. The spring which gave the name to the park feeds a pretty lake.

Holmes Square is less than three acres in extent, but it has its free bath, its gymnastic apparatus, its sand court, its bubble fountain, its shelter. The development of this playground in the midst of a tenement neighborhood has changed the children from little vandals into self-appointed guardians of the place.

A recreation center, in the Kansas City definition, means more than an open space. It includes see-saws, swings, ladders and a variety of apparatus, baths and comfort stations, in addition to the baseball and tennis grounds. There are no signs, "Keep off the grass." Every lawn space on every park in the Kansas City system is in use without restriction.

To the widest possible extent the parks and boulevards have been planned to afford proper recreation and entertainment. But the policy to exclude catchpenny shows has been rigorously upheld, although through many a sharp contest and with the refusal of temporary revenue.

One of the "eccentricities of topography" favored the creation of a lake covering several acres by an inexpensive dam. The lake was stocked with fish and the proper season finds fishing added to park recreation in the midst of Kansas City.

Some of the Practical Details.

When the original plan was submitted the landscape architect advised that "all structures for operating purposes and for convenience and comfort of the public, which are artificial and more or less out of keeping with natural scenery, should never be permitted to become conspicuous in either design or color." This policy has been carefully observed. The barns, comfort stations and similar structures are so located and so screened as not to offend the eye. The use of the limestone in rough state for many structures and the location of them near the limestone cliffs have been in the line of observance of such policy.

A standard for boulevard construction was adopted in 1893. Results have demonstrated fully the wisdom of that original plan. The landscape architect recommended and the first board of park commissioners, or as it was called then, the board of park and boulevard commissioners, agreed to this standard: "The width of the boulevards will be 100 feet and at no time should any less width be considered, since with less width it would be impossible to secure the effect of a parkway and at the same time give sufficient width of roadway. This space should be divided as follows on all routes not occupied by street railways: A central roadway forty feet wide, and parking thirty feet on each side; the park space will be arranged with a curb and gutter combined; next to this, turf seventeen feet wide; then eight of walk, and between this and the property line five feet of turf. On this space three lines of trees almost equally spaced will be planted."

This standard width of roadway and definite spaces for parking and number of trees were planned with a view to provide for the expected growth of Kansas City. The roadway was made forty feet wide because that was sufficient for all

traffic purposes when the standard was adopted. The expectation of the board and of the landscape architect was that forty feet would accommodate all traffic on these boulevards for at least twenty years. Neither the board nor the landscape architect, in 1893, could foresee the drift of city expansion. There is a present condition which could not have been taken into consideration at the time the boulevard system was designed. That condition is the rapidly developing use of automobiles for pleasure riding. It is evident to all now that fifteen years instead of twenty will be the limit for the forty feet of roadway on some parts of the boulevard system. The roadways will have to be widened.

The seventeen feet of grass between the curb and the sidewalk was left in order that, as traffic necessitated, a strip could be taken from either side and added to the roadway. That will be done as the traffic increases to the point of congestion of the present forty feet. The three rows of trees were provided in order that the outer or the row next the curb could be removed without spoiling the boulevard plan as the roadway might be increased in width.

In the planning of the Kansas City system full consideration was given to the needs of business traffic. In parks upon the line of natural thoroughfares there have been built two roadways: one as direct as the easiest grades will permit for the use of business vehicles, the other curving and winding to afford the maximum of landscape effect for pleasure riding. In places the park and the traffic roadway are side by side separated by a row of trees and strip of sod. The result of such planning is that traffic is facilitated by better roads and easier grades than existed before the park and boulevard system. At intervals on the traffic roadways in parks are placed watering troughs for teams.

One of the most successful economies has been the double use made of trees. As the boulevards were constructed three rows were planted on either side with twice as many trees as would be necessary after growth. As new parks and boulevards were opened, intermediate trees from six to eight inches in diameter on the old boulevards were taken up and transplanted. This has been done with very little loss. In a single season portions of the old barren circus lot, now known as the Parade, were given the attractiveness of a well shaded park. New boulevards, through this transplanting of large trees, at once vie in beauty with the older drives. Thousands of fine trees have done double duty. Thousands more are growing and will be utilized for extensions of the system.

Permanent Influences.

The earliest actual boulevard construction had far reaching influences upon the expansion of Kansas City. The first boulevard, as laid out on paper by the landscape architect, was intended to extend from west to east, in what was commonly called the North Side. The trend of city growth and the extension of the residence district was in that direction at the time. The draft of an ordinance to carry out the plan of this west to east boulevard was introduced in the city council. It was defeated. Thereupon the landscape architect turned his attention to north and south lines of the proposed system. Ordinances providing for boulevards and park connections between the North and South Sides received favorable consideration and were passed by the City Council. The construction gave quick and strong impetus to the growth of the city on the South Side. That trend has not been checked. The greatest activity in boulevard extension

and in park expansion is now to the southwestward, the southward and the southeastward.

Centers of congested population, growing more aggravated yearly, were abolished to make room for parks and boulevards. It is a notable fact that other centers of the same character did not take the places of those thus removed. The marked influence of the park and boulevard movement has been to scatter population until today Kansas City is built over a greater area than almost any other city of similar size. Next to residences on the boulevard or with park frontage, the Kansas City family endeavors to live as near as possible to some part of the system. The result is this wide distribution of all classes. To a large extent the problem of congestion has been eliminated for Kansas City. There is no present indication that the next generation will have to deal with that problem.

The standard of residential architecture has been raised. Kansas City homes today average above those of any other city in the same class of population. There is no doubt the creation of these many miles of boulevards has prompted the owners of property to exercise more taste in planning and to spend more money in building than they would have done on ordinary residence streets. Both the architecture and the surroundings have felt the influence of the parks and boulevards.

Kansas City today is a city with more taste and beauty in its homes and their surroundings than any other community of corresponding number of people in the world. It has no slums. The unit of real estate is 50 feet front, which means elbow room. Every street outside of the business section is tree bordered. Every dooryard is a well-kept lawn. The houses, as a rule, stand on terraces from three to half a dozen feet above the street. The spacious veranda is another rule. Creeping vines, rose bushes, plots of flowers are everywhere. The side street house that cost $1,000 is as smart in fresh paint as the boulevard mansion which cost $100,000. And this wonderful transformation in a city's homes, small and great, is the uplifting effect of the parks and boulevards.

So well has the park district plan worked that Kansas City has extended it rapidly. The city was divided into three park districts when the original park and boulevard system was designed. Later the city was divided into eight park districts. Each district bears its own park expenditures, or the larger part of them. Each district is anxious to develop and improve its own share of the system. Each has its own park and boulevard problems. The district divisions are natural ones, suggested by the topography and by the character of settlement. The municipal government has found it advisable to adopt these district divisions of the city for other public utilities. Instead of following ward boundaries the city carries on several kinds of public work by park districts.

Real estate men discovered years ago that frontage on boulevards easily doubles the market price of lots on streets two or more blocks distant. Kansas City today is acquiring many miles of boulevards which cost the park board nothing for original dedication and construction. Future extension of the boulevard system is assured by this profitable experience of the past. To obtain the first boulevards it was necessary to condemn strips of ground and to construct roadway, parking and walks, assessing the cost against property. Today, as additions are made to the city, owners plat the ground to include boulevards,

dedicate and build such boulevards at their own expense and deliver them finished to the city. The platted locations of these new boulevards must receive the approval of the park board. The specifications for construction must be passed upon by the park board. The actual work must be done under the regular supervision of the park board inspectors. Upon such conditions miles of boulevards have been added to the system. Additional mileage without condemnation or special assessment will come into the system as the city expands. The problem is a simple one. Acre property eligible as to altitude and convenient in distance from the business districts is bought for $1,000 an acre. The cost of boulevards and other improvements is $2,000 an acre. As long and as far away as such land will bring for residence sites from $4,000 to $5,000 an acre, the platting and boulevard making will go on. This is not the building of new additions at the expense of the old. The new boulevards and park districts are being occupied to a large extent by a new population.

The Gridiron of Green.

Kansas City now has three chains of parks and boulevards extending from north to south through the residence sections. Three boulevards from west to east connect parks and intersect the north and south chains. These already existing parks and connecting boulevards make every part of the system easily accessible. Admiral boulevard begins across the street from one of the principal office buildings and within a block of the post office. Gillham road comes down to the site of the new Union Station, which is in the great dividing valley of the city. Cliff drive winds for miles along the face of the palisades overlooking the Missouri River and the East Bottoms, with the labyrinth of elevators, railroad tracks and factories. West terrace has its Outlook Point of massive masonry and castle effect with far-sweeping views of the packing houses, the Kaw River and, beyond, Kansas City, Kan.

Below the Outlook, part of the way down the steep bluff, is a park drive which follows the cliff around to the west and makes connections with Penn Valley Park. North and south through the heart of what a few years ago was the most thickly-settled residence section is the Paseo. It was created by condemning a narrow strip, a distance of several miles.

On a north and south line Gladstone and Benton boulevards give the eastern part of the city its share of this improvement. Linwood and Armour boulevards are east and west bars in Kansas City's grand gridiron of green. Swope parkway, several miles long, 125 feet wide, leads away to the southeast, to what will be the chief lung of the city when a million people must find breathing space within its limits.

Kansas City after Dark.

No one has obtained full appreciation of the Kansas City system until he has given midsummer nights to views of it. The passing of hundreds of automobiles in almost continuous columns between the long rows of trees is of itself a scene to fascinate. Everywhere red lamps divide the boulevards into going and coming routes. The rule of right-of-way is universally observed by all vehicles. On one side of the red lamps the dazzling headlights all move in one direction, on the other side they pass in the opposite direction. From where the boulevard

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THE KANSAS CITY PASEO AT SEVENTEENTH STREET BEFORE THE RENAISSANCE

THE KANSAS CITY PASEO AT SEVENTEENTH STREET TO-DAY

A landscape gem in the heart of the city

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passes a rise, or crest, it is possible to see at once hundreds of these headlights moving in seemingly endless procession; the foliage glistens; the rows of trees take on exaggerated forms. Residents along the boulevards sit on their porches and steps night after night enjoying the spectacle. Along the strips of parking between roadways and sidewalks the park board has placed seats for the convenience of those who choose to come from their homes on the side streets and see the nightly parade. Never before in its history has so small a percentage of the population of Kansas City gone away for the summer season.

Cliff Drive by night takes on new character. On one side the great irregular masses of limestone tower until they are lost in the darkness. On the other hand the illumination serves to accentuate the shadows in the depths of the forest below. On Cliff Drive as upon other boulevards and throughout the parks lamps are placed at unusually short intervals and add greatly to the night scenes.

From Prospect Point or the Colonnade of North Terrace, the East Bottoms far below present a different appearance after dark. All of the ugliness of the freight yards and industries by day is hidden by night. The headlights of the engines, the swinging lanterns of the brakemen, the illumination of the moving trains, the many colored lamps at the switches and crossings, the commingling of thousands of gas and electric lights, with the roar and the whistles and bells for accompaniment, make up a combination of light and sound which perhaps has no counterpart elsewhere.

From West Terrace, another city's night lights are visible, those of Kansas City, Kansas. Extending from the foot of the terrace one and one-half miles straight across the West Bottoms, almost fringing the banks of the Missouri River, is a double row of brilliant burners marking the course of the viaduct.

The summit of Observation Park is still another of these vantage points for night spectacles. There the vision sweeps an entire circle with the city spread out everywhere. To the northwestward are busy railroad yards and industries. To the north is the commercial center with hundreds of electric signs making a profuse glare of light. In every other direction are the long rows of gas lamps on the boulevards and streets of the residence sections with the reflectors of the automobiles moving hither and thither like so many shooting meteors.

The Bearing on Municipal Problems.

The system has done much toward the solution of several municipal problems. The city hospital, built at a cost of $500,000, has park frontage. The advantage of such a location for such an institution is evident. As the time comes for the erection of public buildings, sites on boulevards or parks are naturally the first choice. Educational and charitable institutions, schools, asylums and hospitals are being located with studied reference to the park and boulevard system. Nearly every building erected for such purposes in Kansas City during the past five years has been located with boulevard or park frontage.

When the railroads determined to remove the passenger depot from the West Bottoms to the valley between the North and South Sides of Kansas City, thus creating entirely new routes of entrance and exit for travel, the plan accepted by the city provided not only for tracks and for station room on a magnificent scale, but for a spacious plaza in front. As the result of this reservation there can be established no business within several hundred feet of the new depot.

Local nomenclature in Kansas City has undergone great change with the coming of parks and boulevards. Twenty years ago the people spoke of various localities as West Bluff and East Bluff, as West Bottoms and East Bottoms, as O. K. Creek and Goose Creek and Brush Creek. Those names were short. In that respect they were consistent with the temperamental quickness and directness of speech which are characteristic of the community. Kansas City talks and acts with rapid decision. Moreover these pioneer names of localities were apt in description. Bluffs were bluffs and bottoms were bottoms in the strongest definitions of the words. Brush Creek was a marvelously crooked channel in the midst of a tangle of forest and vine growth. Goose Creek suggested its chief utility in the period of early settlement. It was quite in accordance with the Kansas City economy of vowels and consonants that the Kansas River became the Kaw; that Pennsylvania street was contracted to Penn street; that many similar changes in original names occurred. With the evolution of the park and boulevard era, successive boards of commissioners did not part from the Kansas City habit of speech; they indulged in no stilted, high sounding titles; they gave to these improvements of the landscape names which were short, easily pronounced, and so applicable in description that they found immediate acceptance by the public. Some of these names of parks and boulevards were given with little consideration in the planning; they were in a sense accidental. But they seemed to apply so well that the board used them as they were designated on the plats and the citizens adopted them.

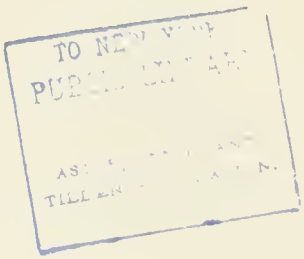
By way of illustration it may be recalled that Penn Valley Park was so designated in the first platting because it was a broken jumble of depressions through which Pennsylvania street found its way. It is Penn Valley Park today and probably will be Penn Valley Park for all time to come.

The Paseo was applied in the beginning to describe a proposed combination of long, narrow parks, bordered by drives, which was to be a passage extending north and south through the eastern part of the city. There was nothing in the landscape naming that quite fitted this proposed improvement. The Paseo was taken from the Spanish. It means passage. It became at once of general use on the part of the newspapers and the public. The Pergola in the Paseo and the Colonnade at the edge of the Plaza overlooking the great wooded gorge in the North Bluff describe those architectural features.

The Parade is a widening of the Paseo into a plain of several acres adapted by its central location and level surface to purposes of drill, of public gatherings and of general recreation. It forms a natural outdoor skating rink in winter. The Grove is just that—a collection of magnificent forest trees in the midst of the residence section of the city. West Bluff became West Terrace because the terrace idea was applied to redeem that unsightly locality. Cliff Drive is so briefly expressive that not only has it taken with all of Kansas City but lives in the memory of visitors from all parts of the world who have seen its great natural beauty.

Observation Park is the former Reservoir Hill, the lofty elevation in a city of hills which furnished a natural site for the waterworks reservoir. The ground surrounding the reservoir was turned over to the park board for treatment. The hill is crowned with a stone observatory overlooking great sections of the city.

SWOPE PARK, THE GREAT RECREATION TRACT OF KANSAS CITY, ON JULY 4, 1912



Gillham Road is a tribute in name to a former vigilant member of the park board.

Spring Valley makes historic the site of a former source of pure, cold water, before the growth of the city surrounding it made necessary the suppression of the natural fountain for sanitary reasons.

In several instances names of persons well chosen have been attached to the park and boulevard system. Entirely proper was it that Swope Park and Budd Park should honor the memory of two citizens who added by noble gifts to the breathing capacity of Kansas City.

Swope Park.

The first park board had in view when the original system was planned the matter of great outer parks, although that was not included in the earliest recommendation. After a beginning had been made toward the park and boulevard system within the then existing city, topographical surveys were made of an extensive area of country southeast of Kansas City. The end in view was to select the location for at least one great outer park. The board realized that such a park would be needed ultimately and hoped that the acquisition might be made before values advanced. Thomas H. Swope heard of the desire and gave to the city 1,354 acres. Swope Park extends between two and three miles along the narrow, cliff-bound valley of the Blue. Entrance from the city is at Sixty-third street, nine miles from the business center. Much of the tract is dense forest. Swope Park was accepted by the board in the interest of another generation. Extension of the street car line, the building of a great shelter house with observatories, the erection of a monumental entrance, the laying out of the beautiful garden, with the natural attractions, brought the park into immediate popular use. When Swope Park was farm and pasture the land all around it was worth $150 an acre. Suburban homes were built on the borders of Swope Park and the land acquired for them cost over $2,000 an acre.

The possibilities of Swope Park have been demonstrated. The greater part of the tract of 1,354 acres is still virgin. But the refreshment pavilion, the sunken garden, the athletic field, the Zoo, the Lake of the Woods, the swimming beach, the camp ground, the target range, the lagoon, the golf links and tennis courts are existing evidences of the varied uses which may be found for this ideal strip of the valley of the Blue. The British Ambassador, James Bryce, said of Swope: "I have never seen a city park in this country that equaled it, and it certainly is unrivaled among the cities of the Old World, so far as my travels have extended. Its strongest appeal to me is its magnificent reaches of wild grass and cool forest."

The System up to Date.

In 1914 Kansas City had a total area of parks and parkways within the city limits of approximately 2,560 acres. This included Swope Park. Kansas City had more than fifty-eight miles of parkways, boulevards and park roads completed. The land for fifty-six miles more had been acquired and construction was in progress. Projects not closed included twenty-four miles additional.

Andrew Wright Crawford, the city planning expert of nation-wide repute, said: "Of all the actual accomplishments that American cities can boast, within

the past twenty years, none surpasses the park and parkway system of Kansas City. That system, by and of itself, is making the city world-famous. It is in its completeness, its pervasiveness, in the way it reaches every quarter and section of the city, that it surpasses the park systems of other cities of the world."

The park law of Kansas City was a unique experiment in the history of American cities. Every acre of land which has been purchased in Kansas City up to 1914 for park and boulevard purposes has been established or taken by the power of eminent domain put into operation by resolution of the board of park commissioners, carried into effect by ordinances of the city, enforced by the decrees of the courts, and paid for solely and exclusively by the assessments of benefits upon the real estate, exclusive of improvements, within the various districts in which each particular park or boulevard was established. Not a single acre of park land in Kansas City was ever paid for by general taxation or by the issue of bonds of the city at large.

What Kansas City's System Teaches.

By those who have had most to do with the creation of the Kansas City system two points are emphasized:

First, that special assessment or special taxation is the most suitable method of acquiring and improving lands for park and boulevard purposes; that by that method the burden is more nearly imposed upon the property benefited than by any other method of taxation.

Second, that this method and the plans and methods that were devised to carry it into effect have proved to be the best, if not the only, way of securing for any city a symmetrical, well-balanced and harmonious system of parks and boulevards.

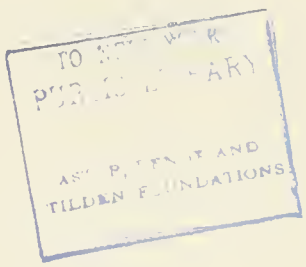
The reasons for these conclusions are that the division of the city into park districts as units of taxation prevents that jealousy and contest between different sections of the city which always develops from the standpoint of money which has been raised by general taxation or by issue of bonds. The payment of the cost of acquiring and improving lands for park and boulevard purposes by the method of special taxation is based upon the theory that these costs are met, and more than met, by the increased values which they create in the lands which are assessed for the cost of such improvement. In other words, it is the potential increase in value only that is taxed to pay for the improvement. The experience of Kansas City, in the judgment of those best qualified to speak, affords a remarkable demonstration of the proof of the correctness of this principle of taxation. The establishment of the parks and boulevards served not only to enhance real estate values in Kansas City, but actually created a real estate market where none had existed.

In 1910-11 the park board undertook an exhaustive investigation to ascertain the influence of the parks and boulevards upon realty values. This was the result:

"Taking the assessed and actual values of property fronting on the various boulevards, before and after the establishment of such boulevards, it was shown conclusively that the smallest increase in value which had resulted from the establishment of any boulevard was equal to 183 per centum. After deducting the cost to the property owner of every class of improvement for which his

ARMOUR BOULEVARD

Kansas City in 1914 had fifty-three miles of boulevards like this


ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

frontage had been assessed, and deducting also the average increase of land values throughout the entire district due to other causes and other improvement in the same district, a net gain to the property owner was shown of practically fifty per centum of the value of the property. On some boulevards the gain has averaged from 200 to 500 per centum, the greater portion of such gain being directly attributable to the establishment of the boulevards. In the same manner but in a lesser degree the parks have enhanced values, proving that the construction of Kansas City's park and boulevard system was a profitable industry for the taxpayer without reference to its artistic, moral and social benefits. This fact is now universally recognized by citizens who are unanimous in their approval of this great expenditure."

It is an established fact that during the past ten years many thousands of people have been attracted to Kansas City, as a place of residence, by her fine exhibition of civic spirit, the most conspicuous product of which is her magnificent parks and pleasure grounds. Many men who have been successful in business in town and village within the territory tributary to Kansas City have felt the spell of her influence, and when retiring from active labor have built beautiful homes along the boulevards and settled here to rear and educate their children. Other thousands among the industrial classes have likewise come, attracted by the same advantages, to seek employment here and swell the population.

Kansas City's population increased 51.7 per cent in the decade 1900-1910. Of twenty-five cities this community ranks third in the percentage of increase. The other two are Detroit and Denver. These twenty-five cities constitute a class having over 100,000 population. The significant deduction warranted by the census returns is that the cities which have done most to improve conditions of living have gained most in numbers. Kansas City leads all other cities in her park and boulevard development during the decade and is one of the first three of these twenty-five cities in respect to gain of population. Both Denver and Detroit have been, since 1900, notably active in city planning and accomplishment. Cleveland and Chicago are other cities which have been made more attractive as places of residence and Chicago and Cleveland are of the marked gainers in growth. On the other hand, the larger cities which fall below twenty per cent increases in population are with very few exceptions the laggards in the betterment of residential conditions. A canvass of Kansas City's newcomers since 1900 would show that the park and boulevard system had been a strong factor in the growth of population.

Park and Boulevard Economies.

Economies have been practiced at every stage of the park and boulevard development. Cliff Drive was limited in construction to a serviceable roadway. When it was proposed to "improve" the drive with some Italian architecture at certain outlook points, the suggestions were vetoed. The park board accepted the theory of the landscape architect that the Cliff Drive and the paths alone should be man's handiwork; that all else along the drive should be as nature made it. For protection of vehicles a rail was stretched along the outer edge of the drive, intended to give place in time to a low, rustic stone wall in strict keeping with the rock-strewn slope below.

The practice of economies has led naturally to a great diversity of park conditions. When the visitor has traversed Gillham Road he has no conception of the surprises which await him in the miles of the Paseo. North Terrace is as dissimilar as possible from West Terrace. One high point of observation is the climax of interest in many park systems. Kansas City has a dozen of these points of view and no two of them are to be compared with each other.

Observation Park is only two and one-tenth acres, but it has been developed to present a perfect panoramic spectacle of the entire southwestern section. The path encircles the reservoir and to every step forward a new scene presents itself.

Penn Valley Park possesses a bold promontory overlooking the new Union Station and the terminal system following the valley between the North and South Sides. From another point in Penn Valley Park there is a fascinating view across a little lake to the business part of Kansas City.

The West Terrace presents half a dozen different views of the railroad yards, the packing houses, the stock yards, the great industries on both sides of the Kaw River, with the other Kansas City spread over the Kansas hills beyond.

From North Terrace are to be seen some of the finest stretches of the Missouri River where it comes down from the north, makes its mighty sweep at the feet of Kansas City and disappears in a valley eastward as fertile as the Nile. Thomas H. Benton, having in mind this great elbow of the Missouri, said: "There is the point that is destined to become the largest city west of St. Louis."

The destiny is being fulfilled.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PRODUCTIVE MISSOURI.

The Rise of the Rooster—Evolution of a $50,000,000 Industry—When a Hen Was Only a Hen—The Coop Car and the Central Plants—Science of "Extras" and "Seconds"—Missouri Feed Lots—Corn on the Hoof to Market—Latter Day Economies—The Place to Kill the Porker—Make Beef of the Steer Where He is Primed—The Model Stockyards of St. Joseph—Packing Plants Up-to-Date—Fine Art in Poultry Handling—Rules of Cleanliness and Economy—The Awakening of Rufus Hatch—"Cattle Paper"—Honor among Live Stock Men—A Kansas City Illustration—Pioneer Allen's Recollections—"Missouri Bacon"—Country Curing Processes—Dr. Waters on the State's Great Problem—Hardeman's Garden—Henry Shaw on Conditions of Climate—George Catlin's Word Picture of Missouri—"Bee Trails"—The Myth of "the Sunk Lands"—A Redeemed Section—Champ Clark's Treat—Some Famous Fruits—The Ben Davis and Its Habitat—Pioneer Farming—The Once Despised Prairies—Experimental Farming in 1830-40—What Major Higgins and Rev. Henry Avery Demonstrated—How William Muldrow Turned the Sod—Missouri Valley Opportunities—Secretary J. Sterling Morton on Normal Industries—Missouri at the Columbian Exposition.

It is not generally known that the product of the Missouri hen last year was more than double the product of all the wheat produced in the State. It is not generally known that the poultry output was worth twenty-five times the entire cotton crop of the State and fifty times the potato crop. It also was twelve times as large as the vegetable and truck garden output of the State. Yet, with all these glowing figures, the Missouri hen has received less attention than these other industries, although she has given the State more advertisement.—*Jewell Mayes, Secretary, State Board of Agriculture, 1914.*

There is no better soil than that of Missouri valleys. There is no finer climate than that of Missouri plateaus. When one has traveled from Alexandria on the Nile-like delta of the Des Moines to Cowskin Prairie just below Neosho and from the Platte Purchase to Pemiscot he has seen a diversity of farming conditions such as no other commonwealth between the oceans can duplicate. In range of natural resources and natural advantages Missouri is incomparable.

Calumet Township, where the Bankheads, descendants of Thomas Jefferson and of Pocahontas settled seventy-five years ago, is the southeastern corner of Pike County. It borders on the Mississippi River and extends westward over the bottoms and up the rolling slopes. The people who live there are very proud of Calumet. They say that during a national campaign Thomas B. Reed of Maine rode through on a railroad train, and surveying as much of Calumet as he could see from a car window, voiced his admiration:

"Great heavens! Such a country! Such lands! Why, if we had such soil back in New England we would sell it by the peck for seed."

Champ Clark told this story in a speech on the floor of the House of Representatives, and Speaker Reed did not deny it.

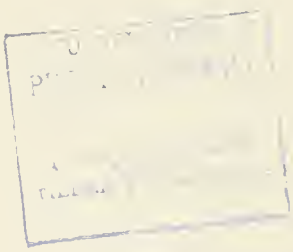
The Missouri Hen.

Missourians were amazed a few years ago when Jefferson City announced that the poultry products amounted yearly to more than all the mineral products of the State. And in mineral products were included coal, lead, zinc, iron, copper, nickel, cobalt, marble, terra cotta and all building stones. After that no one could question the legislative wisdom which established and encouraged a poultry experiment station in one of the favored localities of the Ozarks. The people of that part of the State seemed to have awakened earliest to the great possibilities offered by climate, pure water and other natural conditions for the poultry industry.

Twenty years ago Missouri poultry and eggs were classed in the markets as "southern." That meant the lowest price. Now the Missouri products rank with the best in the country and the figures on quantity are amazing. In one shipment twenty-four carloads of Missouri poultry went to Manchester, England. An order for fifty carloads in a single shipment to one destination is not extraordinary. The business has doubled again and again in the past two decades. Once a hen was a hen and an egg was an egg in Missouri. It is not so now. There are "broilers" and "roasters" and "mediums" among the spring chickens of today. There are "No. 1s" and "culls" among the hens, and, perhaps most remarkable of all, there are Missouri capons. As for the egg that once was an egg and nothing more, it grades as "Western extras," "small and dirtys" and "seconds." The assorting and dressing and grading and packing are done at central points in the State. The finished product, ready for the tables of the world, goes hence.

With the development of the poultry and egg industry have come radical changes in methods. The peddler who went from farm to farm and traded a tin cup for a hen, which he deposited in a coop on the back end of his wagon, has disappeared. His place has been taken by a buyer at every railroad station. The business is spot cash unless the country merchant is able to still tempt the farmer's wife with barter. Every day the local gathers up the accumulated product at the stations and carries to the central packing and shipping plant of the company operating on that line of railroad. Each of the great poultry States, among which Missouri is now conspicuous, has from three to half a dozen of these central poultry and egg depots. As the cars come in with the daily loads they are run upon sidetracks along the dressing, storage and shipping houses and unloaded. The bulk of the poultry product now goes from Missouri in dressed form. Such markets as take live fowls receive them in elaborately constructed coop cars. One of these cars has 128 compartments or coops and will carry 4,000 head of poultry. It contains a state room for the man who accompanies the car and space for food and water. A few years ago there were no coop cars and the shipping of dressed poultry, save in winter, was unknown. The poultry intended for the Eastern market was loaded in coops on flat cars. Barrels of water were taken on the car and tarpaulins to spread over the coops in bad weather. As soon as the journey began eternal vigilance was the price the man in charge of the car paid to save his chickens from the levying fingers of all who could get near enough to help themselves from the unprotected coops. Sedalia, Clinton and Springfield are great central points for the collection and shipment of Missouri poultry.

THE POULTRY INDUSTRY NEAR VINELAND



The Methods of the Industry.

"Candling" is still the name of the process of testing eggs, although the candle has gone out of date. In the dark room of the poultry and egg house hangs an electric light. It is in a case with two bright eyes. The egg testers sit on either side of the electric light. They raise two eggs at a time from the cases in which they come from the buyers, and hold them for a moment between the electric eyes and the human vision. The decision is instant. The movement which follows is so rapid that it is hard to follow. Examining two eggs at a time, the tester must conclude at once in which of five directions each egg shall go. There are three grades of merchantable eggs. But there are also two tubs to receive eggs of a fourth and fifth classification. If an egg is sound and whole it may be a "Western extra," a "small and dirty" or a "second." But there may be a crack in the shell. The wear of transportation means the cracking of a great many eggs. The moment the tester detects a crack his hand goes toward one of the tubs. With a deft turn of the wrist he completes the fracture, empties the contents of the shell into the tub, and tosses the shell to the second tub. Then there are the bad eggs. They go into the other tub as quick as the tester can drop them. The economies of the business have not yet developed use for a spoiled egg. Shells of the cracked eggs and bad eggs are hauled away and thrown on the ground. They have some fertilizing value, but not enough to pay for the cartage. The egg house pays for the removal and disposition of the bad eggs.

"Extras" hardly need explanation. They are the large, clean and sound eggs. The "small and dirty" speaks for itself. But there is this to be said, the "small and dirty" must be perfectly sound. Then come the "seconds," which betray signs of age. The "second" is the egg that is only a little off and passes very well where tastes are not too critical. The extras go into new cases with perfect packing. In them the dealer finds his profit.

Some Scientific Aspects.

After the rigid inspection of the central plant, the poultry company is prepared to guarantee the soundness of the eggs, and does so to the eastern customer. Care of the product does not end with the examination and packing. Cold storage has become a very essential feature of egg handling, as well as in the preservation of poultry. But in the case of eggs, cold storage does not mean simply even and low temperature sufficient to cool and not to freeze.

"An egg is something alive," is the way one of these expert poultry men of Missouri put it. "It will not do to put the eggs in the cool room and leave them there as we do poultry. A smell will be created. That musty taste which you may have noticed, especially in winter time, is the result of eggs being packed in a cool place and left. Eggs to be kept perfect must have ventilation as well as even and low temperature. I don't care how clean and sound the eggs are, without ventilation of the cold room they will generate an odor. And, notwithstanding the shells, that odor will affect the flavor of the eggs. We ventilate as part of the process of egg preservation."

Ventilation of the egg chambers in these cold storage plants means not a barred window and a natural current. The air of the room is blown out so thoroughly as to insure complete change. Then the air fanned in for the eggs

is rendered artificially wholesome by being drawn through water, which absorbs all gases and impurities.

Frozen eggs in great masses are not bad to look upon. They are not allowed to thaw until the time comes for use. They are shipped in refrigerated cars, and such consignments as go to Alaska for the gold regions are put into cold storage on board of the steamships. The Klondike demand does not begin to take all of the frozen eggs. Missouri alone furnishes millions of cracked eggs in the course of a year. Nine eggs will average a pound. The frozen egg product is sold by weight. With the large bakers and cracker makers in the cities the frozen eggs are in demand. Some restaurants also buy the big tin buckets of the frozen article. Certain classes of restaurants serve scrambled eggs and omelets in winter made from the frozen eggs, and patrons are none the wiser.

The improvement in the poultry stock of Missouri which removed it from the cheap "southern" class and gave it place with the best in the country is going on rapidly. It received a start from the poultry buyers, who brought into the State well-bred chickens and traded them pound for pound to farmers for the ordinary dunghills. Brief experience has shown the farmer's wife, if not the farmer, the advantage in prices with the better breeds. And now on thousands of farms may be found the Plymouth Rocks, the Langshans, the Brahmas, and other high bred varieties most recommended by the buyers.

Chicken business goes on the year round. Other kinds of poultry have their short and special seasons. For instance, the buyers try to impress upon the raisers the necessity of getting in all of their male turkeys by the 10th of December. The reason is interesting. Thanksgiving and Christmas are the visiting times. The big turkeys are in special demand because the tables will have added plates for guests. After Christmas the turkeys suitable for the family alone, the hen turkeys, will be the ones more in demand. Turkeys are scarcely marketable in summer. But the buyers take them and the central plants hold them in the cold rooms.

The Feed Lot of the Continent.

In winter time Missouri becomes a vast feed lot. As field after field passes in review from the car window, the scene of cattle browsing on the cornstalks or gathered about the feed boxes or racks repeats itself. The hay and fodder from farm after farm, are being transformed by nature's laboratory into the more valuable flesh, bone and blood. The magnitude of this industry of winter feeding in Central and Western Missouri is astonishing to farmers where the old crop-selling methods prevail. An old farmer who got off the train at Rockville told this by way of illustration of the Missouri way: "One of my neighbors wrote back to his father in Ohio that he was winter feeding four hundred head of cattle. The old man answered that he wished his son would be a little more close in his figures; he said he doubted if there were that many cattle being winter fed in the whole county. I knew that the young man had told the truth but just to satisfy my curiosity I raised the question at our next county farmers' meeting. We got up an exact statement of the number of head which were being winter fed in the county. The number was 12,000."

This State used to furnish a very large amount of corn for outside consumption. It figured conspicuously in the five or six corn surplus States. But while

corn crops have been growing in the aggregate, Missouri has been selling less and less corn. And now practically the whole corn crop of Missouri goes to market on the hoof. When Missouri learned to feed the corn raised within its borders it added 50 to 100 per cent to the value.

Probably in no other of the five or six great corn States is the proportion of the crop fed to stock so large as in Missouri. Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois feed extensively, but none of the four so nearly exhausts its corn production in the feed lots. Throughout the central and northern sections of the State the common sight is the bunch of steers around the corn troughs, while the pigs scamper all about picking up every stray kernel. Hour after hour the traveler rides through the corn counties with the feeding of stock almost continuously before his eyes.

The practice has been of slow development. Experience has proven educational, until nowhere has the science of feeding advanced further than in this State. Results tell. Bunches of steers from Missouri feeders were the first to bring $10.40 per 100 pounds in 1914. There are few spectacles on the farm more fascinating to the vision than a fattening bunch of steers that has turned from the corn troughs satiated and is standing in the cooling hour before sunset contemplating the rest of creation with an air of supreme content.

Stock feeding in Missouri once consisted of hauling the stuff into the lot and throwing it down. The successful feeder was the man who fed most. Fattening stock was a matter of muscle and industry. It is not so now. Stock feeding has undergone a revolution of methods in ten years. Headwork enters largely into the vocation. The Missouri feeder today counts the bushels of corn and measures the results in flesh production. Feeding has become so much a matter of skill that there are men who, having acquired it in a notable degree, give their whole attention to it. They do not raise corn, but buy from farmers at the market price, and depend for the whole profit upon the gain from the cattle.

The successful Missouri feeder of today does more than buy his stock cattle on personal inspection and with careful regard to the breed. He gauges closely the amount of shelled or ear corn which will put on the most weight. But these are not all of the elements that he considers. The kind and amount of by-feed are in the problem and figure in the calculations. And in this connection the experimental farm attached to the State University at Columbia is pioneering the way for the feeder. Economies that a few years ago had no place now enter into the great industry of stock feeding in Missouri.

The Place to Pack.

"The place to kill the hog is where he grows" is a first principle in pork packing. It has been supplemented in practice with another cardinal truism of the business—"the place to make beef of the steer is where he is primed." And so, with the new conditions of cattle and hog production, the packing industry is showing its greatest development in the Missouri Valley.

A man with ability to drive a nail straight could build stock yards as they were twenty years ago. The work now demands the services of architects and engineers. An elaborate network of sewers went underground as the first thing toward the modern stock yards at St. Joseph. Then came paving, not only of alleys and streets, but of every pen of the yards. The 12,000,000 of vitrified

brick were put down, not haphazard or on a level, but with such regard for grade as would carry the drainage of each pen direct to its own sewer trap. Each pen—and there are hundreds of them of all sizes, from the largest, with capacity for two or three car loads of cattle, down to those not much more than stalls for a single animal—has its water trough and its feed trough. Into the water trough flows a steady stream of, not Missouri, but artesian water, sweet and pure and tempting of look. Every additional pound of water the animal can be induced to swallow is so much additional weight to tell on the scales.

There are cities of 10,000 to 15,000 people in the United States which have not the sewerage, the paving, and the water system to be compared with what was put in to accommodate the cattle, hogs and sheep coming to St. Joseph. Many miles of its own railroad tracks enable the company to move stock in and about the yards wherever wanted. A round house and switch engines are part of the operating branch of the great plant. No long drives await the stock when unloaded. Cattle and hogs and sheep are sent by cars to the divisions to which they belong.

Model Packing Plants.

Alongside of the stock yards, from which they draw their supplies, stand the packing houses. In the great buildings are worked out the latest problems of economy for the industry. The buildings are measured by acres. Electricity is the motive generated in plants producing 1,000 horse-power. Belting and shafting and wheels and all of the space-consuming mechanism of steam are done away with. Each department has its own independent motor. Wires convey the power and electric lights are everywhere. The long incline of earlier days, up which the squealing hogs were urged with shouts and prods, has given place in the modern packing house to electric elevators which carry fifty animals at a trip. The walls of the great cooling building are double now with an air chamber between at a considerable saving in the cost of refrigerating. The parts of meat to be smoked are hung upon trucks fitted with velocipede wheels, which are moved from place to place. With only one handling, the meat itself, from the time it is hung up, passes through the smoking process into the store room and remains until the shipment from the packing table. There are carriers, from one department to another, operated by electricity. At every stage of the processes new contrivances are presented to economize. It used to be said that pork packing utilized everything in the hog but the squeal. These up-to-date concerns at St. Joseph do all that and with a saving of a considerable per cent on the item of labor as compared with the old methods. The horns are taken from the skulls with a buzz saw, just as one would saw a stick of wood. That isn't strictly new, but a head-splitting machine is. The latter separates the skull from the jaw, and saves the brain without mutilation. Then there is a "cheeker" which takes the meat off the cheek. And when the fragments of the skull go to the scrap heap it doesn't seem as if there was anything worth saving. But all that used to be waste is tanked with the remnants for which no specific use can be found. Out of the great tanks come the cleaned bones to be ground into bone meal and a strange looking liquid which has its price for fertilizer material. Horns and shin bones by the car loads are sent to the factories which turn the former into buttons and the latter into knife handles. Forty cars at a time stand

Brooder house of Missouri State Poultry Experiment Station

Bird's-eye view of Missouri State Poultry Experiment Station

MISSOURI'S NEW $50,000,000 INDUSTRY

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under the icing shed and receive through openings in the top the six tons of cooling material which is the quota for each. This ice is not in chunks. It is crushed in fragments the size of a walnut or thereabouts. Such is the perfection of the system that a car is iced for its journey in eight minutes.

From Cattle to Chickens.

In the evolution of the packing industry of Missouri came the handling of poultry. When the visitor has once witnessed the process in a Missouri packing house he never voluntarily will go into the back yard, hold a squawking chicken on a block of wood and hack off the head with a dull ax. Colored people make the best handlers of poultry. They stand in rows before the iron racks, stripping off feathers with astonishing rapidity. The chicken killer is as much an artist in his way as the man who gives the stunning tap on the frontal of the big steer. A helper snatches a chicken from the coop, and, putting the legs in the frame, swings it along suspended from the overhead rail, with head downward, in front of the killer. The latter grasps the head, inserts the narrow blade of a long knife in the mouth, and gives it two quick turns. Each twist severs a blood vessel at the root of the tongue. A third movement is in the nature of a thrust which penetrates the brain. This is all done so quickly that the operation at first sight is confusing. The marvel comes when the looker-on has seen the killer dispose of two fowls and has come to fully comprehend the dexterity. As the killer withdraws the dagger-shaped knife, a second helper seizes the chicken, still suspended, and draws it over a trough, where he attaches a weight to the head. For a minute or two the chicken hangs motionless, while the blood drains into the trough. Then, still traveling on the overhead way, and without being taken from the frame in which it was hung by the feet when taken from the coop, the chicken passes in front of one of the dozens of pickers, who proceeds to strip off the feathers. At this stage the process of preparing fowls at the packing houses may be divided. There is the dry pick and the wet pick. The chicken picked without being dipped in hot water commands a better price than the wet-picked fowl. It is of a higher grade.

From the picker the chicken goes to the dresser, and then to the cooling rooms. In due time the poultry is put in dry boxes and is shipped in refrigerator cars with beef, pork and mutton for the consumption at all markets.

Since the Missouri packers began the handling of poultry prices have gone up cent by cent a pound. Today the Missouri hen is to be reckoned with as one of the notable sources of the State's wealth. Marvelous statistics come annually from the bureau at Jefferson City. The handling of 25,000 chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys in a week by a single packing house is not extraordinary. Nothing is too small to escape attention in the economy of the business. The blood from a chicken goes into the common receptacle with the blood of all the animals. The blood is dried, and in that form becomes one of the important by-products. A shipment of 1,000,000 pounds of dried blood from these establishments is not uncommon. And for the benefit of those who only know it by sound, it may be stated that the dried blood of packing houses is neither bad looking nor ill smelling, but can be handled with as little discomfort as cocoa husks.

Cleanliness is next to economy in the conduct of the packing business. My lady need not lift her skirts high nor wear rubbers to go through the modern and model packing houses. Neither does she need her smelling salts if she will leave imagination behind. The floors are water-proof. The flushing hose removes all offense. There is no dripping from above; no bad smells from beneath.

Uncle Rufus Hatch on Cattle Paper.

A nephew of Rufus Hatch came out into the great Southwest to grow up with the country. He found the cattlemen paying 1 per cent a month for their accommodations and very glad to get money at that. Having looked into the business and satisfied himself that it was just as sure as the ventures which in New York City command unlimited loans at half the rate and less, he began to figure on bringing Uncle Rufus and the cattlemen into closer relations. Selecting one of the best of these new friends, the nephew suggested a trip to New York and explained what he had in mind. With the opportunity offered to get his loan at a saving of half of the interest he had been paying, the cattleman fell in with the proposition. The two journeyed to New York. They had an enjoyable time. The nephew called upon Uncle Rufus, and after telling that the customer he had brought was one of the most reliable men in the business, arranged for the meeting.

"You want to borrow some money, do you?" asked Uncle Rufus, as soon as introductions were over.

The cattleman said that was the purpose of his trip to New York.

"What interest do you expect to pay?" asked the capitalist.

The cattleman thought he could afford to pay 6 or 7 per cent.

"Very well," said Mr. Hatch, "I expect we can let you have all the money you want. What is the security?"

The cattleman was ready with the answer he would have made to his banker in the great Southwest. He had so many head of cattle, on such and such a range, and of such a brand. He rated them at so much per head. Uncle Rufus listened attentively until the cattleman had completed his inventory and description of his property, then he asked.

"How is the pasture fenced?"

The cattleman replied that his cattle were on the range; that the range was not fenced. He commenced to explain about the brand being registered and the security it gave. Uncle Rufus interrupted:

"Young man," he said, "I would as soon loan my money on a school of mackerel off the coast of Newfoundland as upon the kind of security you offer."

Honor among the Cowmen.

Since that early day capital has become acquainted with "cattle paper." The commission firms doing business on the Kansas City Live Stock Exchange began in a small way to lend money to farmers who had not capital of their own in order to enable them to buy and carry cattle to eat their feed. This business developed until it reached a volume of from twenty to thirty millions of dollars in loans to farmers to carry cattle. This was the basis of cattle paper. Of course, the commission companies had no such sum of their own to lend. Most

of them acted as middle men, agents or brokers between capitalists and farmers. Gradually money from Maine, Massachusetts, New York and all parts of the East sought the cattle paper. As the bank deposits in Missouri grew local institutions financed the farmers more and more. Losses on cattle paper have been remarkably small. The security proved to be so well maintained that the amount of capital offering increased steadily. Investors were timid at first but they gained confidence.

A live stock commission man caught in a dishonorable transaction goes out of the exchange and out of business. Not only is his occupation gone at Kansas City, but he is barred at every live stock yard in the country. A committee of the exchange sits and tries members charged with offenses. The punishment is as speedy in its way as that which overtakes the cattle thief. It is commercial death. One day a member of the Kansas City Live Stock Exchange was brought before the committee. He had sold sixty fat hogs. As the stock was being driven from the yards the seller cut out three fat hogs and slipped in three of inferior quality. The act was charged. The commission man confessed to the committee, cried and pleaded for mercy. He was out of business four years, doing penance. A commission merchant received a consignment of stock from a man who owed him some money. The sale brought $5,000. A bank out in Kansas held a full mortgage on the stock. The commission man applied $2,000 on the debt which the man owed him and turned over the rest of the money. The bank complained. It was a transaction which might have engaged the attention of the courts for months, and which would have furnished fat fees for lawyers. The committee of the Live Stock Exchange heard the statement of the banker. The commission man was sent for, and this verdict was announced to him:

"Pay the full amount received from that sale, and show the receipt from this gentleman by to-morrow night."

By such methods the live stock men weed out the unworthy and sustain their individual commercial standing with the moral force of the whole exchange.

The Pioneer of the Kansas City Stock Yards.

The man who "brought the first bunch of cattle to Kansas City" was not only living but able to give the Kansas City Star a virile talk on the 19th of July, 1914. L. A. Allen was one of the founders of the Kansas City Stock Yards. He was the moving spirit in organizing a convention for the purpose of starting that stock market. He wrote letters to every cattle man in the West, Southwest and Northwest, men of his personal acquaintance.

"I walked through Kansas City when I was sixteen years old," said Mr. Allen. "I came here to buy and sell cattle when there wasn't even a market. We started one and one or two commission houses were able to take care of all the work. We got two or three carloads a week. Last year there was received here in cattle and calves alone, 2,157,620." Kansas City started with that convention organized by Mr. Allen and attended by five hundred cattlemen and bankers. It met in the old Frank's Hall at Fifth and Main streets in 1873. For a number of years the cattlemen's convention was an annual event in Kansas City and the live stock industry grew steadily.

Missouri Bacon.

Several Missourians on a cross country wagon trip got into a discussion about things good to eat. They discussed oysters and terrapin and turkey and so on. Their driver closed the debate with, "Give me a piece of Missouri bacon about so long," indicating six inches, "and there's something that will stay by you." George B. Clark, Jr., wrote of bacon:

"You're salty and smoky and greasy as sin,
Yet of all grub we love you the best.
You stuck to us closer than nighest kin,
You helped us to win out in the West.
You froze with us up on the Laramie trail,
You sweat with us down in Tucson.
When Indian was painted and white man was pale,
You nerved us to grip our last chance by the tail,
To load up our guns and hang on."

Bacon to the Missourian means something different from the commercial article. "Hog killing time" has not been banished entirely from the farm by the mammoth packing houses. It is possible in wintry weather to see in the back lots the long poles strung with white, scraped carcasses hanging downward from the cross sticks. "Country curing" is not a lost art. What it means George B. Ellis, when he was secretary of the Missouri State Board of Agriculture, wrote:

"For thirty years I have used a method for salting and curing meat that has been very satisfactory and our meat has been complimented by a great many people who have eaten at our table. I do not think this is the only way, but it is surely a good way, and I will give it to you for what it is worth. Some people prefer dry salting, but I prefer the brine method, as it keeps the meat cleaner and, I think, safer in a very warm spell of weather.

"It is necessary to have good, healthy and well-fattened hogs to start with, and to know how to properly divide and trim the carcass, but that phase of the question I will not take up. I would prefer to butcher when the weather is not only moderately cold, and when it is just a little below freezing. If the meat is allowed to become frozen hard before it is put into the brine it will not take salt readily. After the carcasses are cut up, spread the hams, shoulders and sides upon a table or boards in the smokehouse, but where they will not freeze; do not pile them up. Rub a little salt on each piece, particularly the hams and shoulders and let the meat cool out for twenty-four to thirty-six hours. Then pack closely in a clean barrel and cover with a brine made as follows. Soft water, 3 gallons; good salt, 2 pounds; brown sugar or a good quality of sorghum, 1 pound. Make this proportion a sufficient amount to cover the meat well. The brine should be boiled and skimmed and cooled. It will require from four to six weeks, owing to the size of the hams, for the meat to be salted properly. The sides require less time—usually four weeks is sufficient for them, but the proper time to take the meat out of brine can be determined by sampling it.

"For curing I use clean corncobs or hickory and maple wood. I hang the meat in a dark, tight closet, made in the coolest corner of the smokehouse. I put the fire for the smoke in a stove and conduct the smoke into the closet through a pipe, thus avoiding too much heat under the meat. It is best to take plenty of time to allow the meat to cure, and I would like to have a smoke under the meat about half the time each day, and it will require about three weeks. Then the meat should have a nice straw color and be sufficiently cured that it may be immediately sacked and hung back in the same place. The butchering should be done early, so that the meat may be salted and cured before the warm weather in March sets in."

KANSAS CITY HAY STOCK EXCHANGE BUILDING

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The Lesson Taught by Dr. Waters.

Kansas came to Missouri to find an educator to take charge of her agricultural college at Manhattan. Before Dr. Waters left Columbia for his new field he said the one great problem in the evolution of Missouri farming was the maintenance of the soil's fertility: "We have been using clover more or less in Missouri for this purpose, but it is very difficult to get a stand. Clover, we find, is liable to freeze out in Missouri. We are peculiarly located. We are neither north nor south, agriculturally speaking. We are not quite far enough south to have two crops, yet the seasons are long enough to furnish some sunshine and growth to spare. We have been trying to find how to grow two crops, one of which shall restore the fertility which the other, the paying crop, takes from the ground. We have tried a great many things and have come now to the cow peas as the crop best suited to our soil and climate. The cow peas crop not only restores needed constituents to the soil, but it proves to be a very valuable crop. We have grown crops of rye and cow peas the same season, and occasionally a crop of wheat followed by cow peas with beneficial results to the land. We can say that we get a better crop each year that we have the experiment on the same land.

"In the first place," continued Dr. Waters, "insects do not bother cow peas. If the peas are sown at the right time, and that should be not too early, the Missouri farmer is reasonably sure of a crop. When drouth prevails through this section of the United States it cuts the corn crop, ruins the pastures and kills clover, but it doesn't affect the cow peas to the same degree. The plant is the only one of economic importance which will stand the drouth. We have tried it as a main and as a supplemental crop. Our experiments in feeding show that the cow peas crop makes the best hay food for this State. We have tried cow peas on land that has grown corn steadily for fifty years and found that the soil improved rapidly. For a long time it was the unsolved problem to get a crop that would leave the land better than before it was grown. As the result of the investigations of Atwater and others the peculiar effects of the leguminous plants upon the soil were discovered. If you will examine the roots of the cow pea you will see attached to them many nodules containing the nitrogen drawn from the air. The plant draws this nourishment from the air and leaves a share of it in the soil. Cow peas can be sown in June, about the 10th, or later, after the soil becomes warm. The crop can be cut any time after the 1st of September, whenever the weather is suitable. The yield is from one to two tons an acre. The crop is a fine one to clean land as well as to improve the soil, and at the same time we have demonstrated its value as the best hay feed for stock of all kinds, horses, cattle, hogs and sheep. We are advising Missouri farmers to put in cow peas, as a crop vastly preferable to timothy for feeding purposes, to say nothing of its benefit to the ground."

Hardeman and Henry Shaw.

"Hardeman's Garden" revealed to early Missourians about 1830 the horticultural possibilities of their State. It was in the wooded bottom of the Missouri not far from Boonville. John Hardeman cleared and laid off ten acres in a perfect square. He developed the wild fruits and brought other fruits from various parts of the country to demonstrate what Missouri climate and soil

would do. He even imported grape vines from Spain. Flowers and ornamental shrubs were added until Hardeman's Garden became the show place of the Missouri River country. It was in its generation what Shaw's Garden became fifty years later. A season of unusual floods ate away the bottom where Hardeman had planted and at last the garden went into the river.

"The Eden of St. Louis" was the name given to Shaw's Garden by Prof. J. D. Butler, who visited the place and was the guest of Mr. Shaw in 1871. At that early day was pointed out by an intelligent observer the great benefit which Mr. Shaw's experiments might be to western forestry. Prof. Butler advised those interested in tree planting throughout the West to look to Shaw's arboretum "to learn how and what to plant." He spoke of the good influence already evident upon the growth of St. Louis. He made a very interesting statement obtained from Mr. Shaw himself upon the inception of the garden, including the reason for the location at St. Louis. Prof. Butler said of Mr. Shaw: "He first spent about six years in travel, penetrating into other countries and surveying them laboriously but systematically. Meantime, however, he had begun to realize the garden which from childhood had been his ideal. He planted his paradise at St. Louis, not merely because he there owned 800 acres of land, but because of the latitude, the golden mean between heat and cold—the best in America for the most various and vigorous vegetation."

The Missouri that George Catlin Found.

About 1836, George Catlin, the famous painter of Indians and Indian scenes, made the diagonal journey across Missouri from the Indian Territory to St. Charles. In a letter he gave this word picture:

"I stopped in one of the most lovely little valleys I ever saw, and even far more beautiful than could have been imagined by mortal man. An enchanting little lawn of five or six acres on the bank of a cool rippling stream, that was alive with fish; and every now and then a fine brood of young ducks, just old enough for delicious food, and too unsophisticated to avoid an easy and simple death. This little lawn was surrounded by bunches and copses of the most luxuriant and picturesque foliage consisting of the lofty bois d'arc and elms, spreading out their huge branches, as if offering protection to the rounded groups of cherry and plum trees that supported festoons of grape-vines, with their purple clusters that hung in the most tempting manner over the green carpet that was everywhere decked out with wild flowers of all tints and various sizes, from the modest wild sunflowers with their thousand tall and drooping heads, to the lillies that stood and the violets that crept beneath them. By the side of this cool stream Charley was fastened, and near him my bearskin was spread in the grass, and by it my little fire to which I soon brought a fine string of perch from the brook; from which and a broiled duck, and a delicious cup of coffee, I made my dinner and supper, which were usually united in one meal, at half an hour's sun. After this I strolled about this sweet little paradise which I found was chosen not only by myself but by the wild deer, which were repeatedly rising from their quiet lairs and bounding out and over the graceful swells of the prairies which hemmed in and framed this little picture of sweetest tints and most masterly touches. The Indians, also, I found, had loved it once, and left it; for here and there were the solitary and deserted graves which told, though briefly, of former chase and sports, and perhaps of wars and deaths, that have once rung and echoed through this little silent vale.

"On my return to my encampment, I laid down on my back and looked awhile into the blue heavens that were over me, with their pure and milk-white clouds that were passing, with the sun just setting in the West and the silver moon rising in the East and renewed the impressions of my own insignificance."

Land of the Bee Trails.

"The Forks" of Grand River was a country abounding in wild honey. When the first frosts came, people living along the Missouri River put barrels and buckets into their wagons and started up the Grand River valley for the annual harvest of sweetness. So many of them came that they made roads which were known as "bee trails." Arriving at the Forks the hunters went into camp and remained until their barrels were full. One party told of finding six trees within 300 feet of their camp on West Grand River. In a single day they filled their barrels and had fifty gallons left over. They made a trough for the surplus, covered it with another trough and buried the honey in the ground intending to come after it in the spring, but did not go back.

One county in Missouri fronts ninety miles on the Missouri and is said never to have had a crop failure. Sub-irrigation from the river which forms three-fourths of the boundary of the county is said to be the explanation. A writer, not a Missourian, once said, Saline, "for depth, availability and wealth of soil, versatility and bounty of production and beauty of landscape is surpassed by no farm region of the habitable globe."

Ralls County claims a species of blue grass not like that found in most parts of Missouri. It is local history that Stephen Glasscock, one of the pioneers of Ralls brought from his home when he came west what he called "Virginia blue grass." The soil of Ralls seemed to be especially favorable. From Glasscock's early sowing the Virginia blue grass spread to all parts of the county.

Myth of "Sunk Lands."

The theory of "the sunk lands" of Missouri was held for more than half a century. Then it was rather suddenly and quite generally abandoned. After the New Madrid earthquake the streams of that region overflowed their low banks with almost annual regularity. Large areas, some of them hundreds of thousands of acres in extent, became subject to inundations so frequent that the settlement of them, which had begun before the shocks, was abandoned. These floods came in the spring months. The water stood from one to four feet deep over the face of the country. The people knew that the surface of the ground had been much disturbed by the earthquake. There were huge cracks in the alluvial. To account for the water covering land which had been dry before the shocks, the theory was advanced that the convulsions had caused the sinking of great tracts. It was asserted so positively and with such apparent support of conditions that "the sunk lands" became historical. Until about 1880 this theory was maintained tenaciously. Propositions for the reclamation of these lands provoked local scepticism. Kochtitizky, Houck and other Southeast Missourians became satisfied, upon prolonged investigation, that there were no sunk lands, or at least if any land had dropped to a lower level by reason of the shocks it was of very limited extent. They found a different and a more reasonable explanation for the overflowed territory. The earthquake had thrown down great numbers of large trees in this heavily wooded country. The channels of the streams, always sluggish in the flat surface, had become clogged with drift in many places. They were thus rendered unequal to the carrying off of the surplus rainfall of the springtime and overflow resulted. The clogging drifts increased with the years and the overflow was of longer duration. These bottoms

of Southeast Missouri, of fertility almost beyond conception, came to be designated as swamps and to be considered of no particular interest to any but hunting parties.

In 1850, or about that time, the Missouri legislature, in a fit of sarcastic generosity, for probably not one member in ten looked far enough into the future to realize what the gift meant, apportioned great blocks of swamp lands to Southeast Missouri counties for school purposes. The distribution was of hundreds of thousands of acres. County courts were made the custodians of the tracts. The gifts were looked upon with such indifference that it was an easy matter for individuals and for corporations to secure considerable tracts at nominal prices. The railroads built through that part of the State were given grants which, with the current opinion on the sunk lands, were regarded as of little value. The awakening came about thirty years ago with the explorations of this region by engineers and others who were not willing to believe in the sunk lands theory. Gradually sentiment throughout the section underwent change. Pioneer canal digging showed that at least some of the overflowed land could be reclaimed. But not until recent years has Southeast Missouri come to realize the immense possibilities of the aforetime swamps. Some of the counties received from the State grants which, if they had been conserved and rightly handled, would have built all of their bridges, made their roads and given them the finest schoolhouses in Missouri, all free of cost to the taxpayers.

An Apple with Champ Clark.

For years the Hon. Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, complimented his eastern visitors with a Missouri apple and a Missouri corn cob pipe. Both of the souvenirs were products of his district, the Speaker told. He said that the apple was the "Delicious." The original sprout was brought by pioneers to Pike County early in the last century. It was propagated by the Stark family in what became the largest apple tree nursery of the world. Henry Tibbe began the manufacture of pipes from corn cobs in Franklin County about 1872. The industry grew into five factories turning out 90,000 cob pipes a day. It created a market for large and perfect cobs. These cobs were bought at from twenty-five to seventy cents a hundred, according to crop conditions. Each factory annually laid in a supply of millions of cobs in reserve to run through the year. Franklin County farmers have realized from ten to fifteen dollars an acre for cobs alone. Besides being the center of the cob pipe industry, the Missouri city of Washington gained fame as the location of the only zither factory in the United States. This factory was established in 1864 and shipped zithers to Germany.

The "Knous" apple was a famous fruit in Missouri in 1832. It took its name from Henry Knous of New Franklin who raised the first tree from seed. The apple was as green as the leaves of the tree until frost, when it gradually turned to deep red. The soundness and keeping quality of this apple was what made it famous. Without cold storage the Knous apples were held in perfect preservation until August.

Huntsman's "Favorite" was an apple known throughout Western Missouri. Judge Harvey Harrison, who settled in Johnson County in 1831, knew the history of the original tree and had an interesting theory to account for the ex-

Greenhouse

Director's residence

Administration Building

STATE FRUIT EXPERIMENT STATION AT MOUNTAIN GROVE

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traordinary flavor of the "Favorite." He said that John Huntsman entered a farm near Fayetteville in Johnson County about 1832. With several neighbors Huntsman went to John Ingram's place near Lexington for seedling apple trees. Each of the party brought home 100 young trees and set them out on their farms. Of the 300 trees, one produced the Favorite apple. Judge Harrison remembered well where in the orchard this tree was located. He also knew the conditions under which the seedling was started. Ingram's nursery was in a paw paw thicket. The theory to account for the flavor of the "Favorite" was that this particular tree grew on the root of a paw paw and that through some natural grafting process the flavor of the fruit was transmitted.

"Ropes of apples!" That is the expression. It applies all through Missouri. A poet with plenty of license is needed to do justice to the orchards. The scent of the apple blossoms has inspired many lines. There is a maturer, a more substantial, but nevertheless an equally delicate smell. The air is full of the aroma of the ripening fruit. And then the coloring! Take the scene in late summer! Here and there in the green foliage hangs a belated rich, red, early June, just enough of them to show what has been. The Lowells are turning golden and giving off a mouth-watering aroma. The Maiden's Blush is presenting its cheeks squarely to the August sun and gathering its deepest tinge. Up and down the slopes and along the valleys stretch the long rows of the Ben Davis trees, the reliable keeper. Here is neither smell nor finished color as yet, but the Ben Davises, with a month to swell, have begun to crowd and jostle and strain the twigs for room on the boughs.

Vindication of the Ben Davis.

A hundred acres of 10-year-old apple trees in a single orchard! Every one of the 7,000 trees a Ben Davis with pliant boughs bending to the ground by the weight of fruit! A mass of red, growing larger and glowing brighter as the late September days go by! Rich red the predominating color, flecked and toned by the green of the foliage! Can any one who has not seen it imagine the picture? The man with an eye and a tongue to the fitness of things who first gazed on this scene in the Ozarks exclaimed:

"This is the land of the big red apple."

"I was in Kansas City one day," said an Ozark orchardist, "and was talking about the qualities of the Ben Davis to a practical fruit man."

"'I don't want any of your Ben Davises,' this man said to me.

"When I tried to argue with him, he met me with:

"'I know the Ben Davis.'

"'Did you ever eat any of the Ben Davis apples grown down in Howell County?' I asked.

"'No,' he said, 'I don't know as I have, but I have eaten Ben Davises enough to know what I'm talking about.'

"'Well,' said I, 'there's a difference in Ben Davises.'

"I took him over to a place where I knew there were some of our apples in storage and asked the man who had them to go down in the cellar with us and open a barrel. He did so, and when the head was out the sight and the smell were something to remember. It was late in the spring, and the apples were

just right. I picked up one and handed it to the man who knew all about apples. He ate half of it and asked:

"'Is that a Ben Davis?'

"I said it certainly was a Howell County Ben Davis."

"'Then,' said he, 'all I've got to say is, I never tasted a Ben Davis apple till now.'"

The Pioneer Farmer on the Missouri River.

The first English-speaking farmer who located on the Missouri River bottom in what is now St. Louis County was John Lewis. He came to the Illinois side of the Mississippi on the 5th of January, 1795. The Indians and the French gathered about him and marveled at the big wagon in which his wife and six children were riding. Lewis could not make the Frenchmen understand what he said and he could not comprehend them. The second day a negro called Uncle Henry belonging to Auguste Chouteau came over the river and acted as interpreter. The wagon which conveyed the Lewis family was so large that it was necessary to build a raft from canoes and logs bound together with strips of hickory bark in order to ferry to the St. Louis side.

Lewis started to clear a farm of a thousand acres near the Bonhomme Creek. He produced maple sugar, furs, tobacco and hemp which he hauled to St. Louis and exchanged for lead, salt and coffee. Travel out the Bonhomme road and what is now the Olive street road increased to such an extent that John Lewis established a ferry across the Missouri River near his farm. His ferry boat was a section of a pontoon bridge; the floor was supported by two canoes. A horse and a treadmill were the motive power. After the ferry got into operation Lewis began the manufacture of salt on Saline Creek. He had two kettles. Into them he poured the salty water from the creek and boiled it until evaporation left a layer on the bottom. For this salt he obtained five dollars a bushel in St. Louis. At a later date Mr. Lewis put in operation a water power saw mill on Creve Coeur Lake, utilizing the water from Creve Coeur Creek. Still later, desiring to know more of the country he made a trip to Texas. On the way he wrote home addressing the letter in this way: "Martrom Lewis, St. Louis County, Living at the Ferry on the Missouri, Leading from St. Louis to Boone's Lick Settlement. Goes by the Name of Lewis Ferry."

Lewis had six sons. One of them, a boy, climbed a bluff overlooking the Missouri and saw two deer. He threw his hat at them and shouted. The deer jumped over the edge of the bluff and broke their legs. The boy ran back to the farm and told his father. That night the choicest cuts of venison were on the Lewis table. When the war of 1812 came on the six sons of John Lewis joined the Howard Rangers and fought the Indians. One of them came home with arrow wounds.

The Once Rejected Prairie.

When Major T. W. Higgins settled on the prairie of Caldwell County in the early spring of 1842, people on the creeks pitied him. They told him if he didn't freeze in the winter he would be scorched in summer; if he survived the weather he would be starved out by crop failures. But Higgins selected his home site on fifteen inches of snow with the mercury below zero and proceeded with an object lesson in Missouri farming.

Even so late as 1842, "too much prairie" was the objection raised by many a home seeker as he traversed what have since become the garden spots of Missouri. First comers had located along the rivers and creeks. They chose timber land in preference to prairie every time. They cut and grubbed and burned rather than break the prairie. There were reasons for this. One was that game which helped out the living was more plentiful in the forest. Another explanation was that upon the rich black soil of the prairie the sod had formed six inches thick and the pioneers had only weak, wooden-mold plows with iron points. A clearing of trees and brush left ground "as mellow as an ash heap" which could be worked with primitive tools. Not only were there turkey roosts and haunts of other game in the brush, but honey trees were numerous. The stories of the bee hunters handed down through the generations are almost beyond belief. There are many localities which were chosen for the earliest settlements because of the abundance of wild honey. It seemed to the pioneers as if every hollow tree was a hive. What stronger proof of varied and profuse flora could be furnished!

With what lack of appreciation the rich prairies of Missouri were viewed by early settlers, Lewis C. Beck tells in his Gazetteer of Missouri. This book was published in 1823. Mr. Beck was an author of scientific attainments. He wrote: "The prairies, although generally fertile, are so very extensive that they must, for a great length of time, and perhaps forever, remain wild and uncultivated, yet such is the enterprise of the American citizen—such the emigration to the West, that it almost amounts to presumption to hazard an opinion on the subject. Perhaps before the expiration of ten years, instead of being bleak and desolate, they may have been converted into immense grazing fields, covered with herds of cattle. It is not possible, however, that the interior of these prairies can be inhabited; for, setting aside the difficulty of obtaining timber, it is on other accounts unpleasant and uncomfortable. In the winter the northern and western blasts are excessively cold, and the snow is drifted like hills and mountains, so as to render it impossible to cross from one side of the prairie to the other. In summer, on the contrary, the sun acting upon such an extensive surface, and the southerly winds, which uniformly prevail during this season, produce a degree of heat almost insupportable.

"It should not, by any means, be understood that these objections apply to all prairies. The smaller ones are not subject to these inconveniences; on the contrary, they are by far the most desirable and pleasant situations for settlement. They are of this description in the county of which we are treating; surrounded by forests, and containing here and there groves of the finest timber, watered by beautiful running streams, presenting an elevated, rolling or undulating surface, and a soil rarely equaled in fertility."

The First Breaking Plow in Henry County.

Rev. Henry Avery was one of the pioneers who proved that the prairies of Central Missouri were fertile. He was a man of enterprise and declined to accept the first impressions of settlers that the only good and productive soil was along the streams where the timber and brush must be cleared. In 1830, Mr. Avery went to St. Louis in search of a plow which would break prairie. He couldn't find such an implement in the city but did get one several miles

below St. Louis. With the plow and a four-wheeled wagon, the first plow and the first wagon of that kind seen in Henry County, Mr. Avery selected a piece of prairie land in what is now Morgan County and broke twenty acres. The motive power was four yoke of oxen. No tractor and gang plow ever excited the intense interest on the prairie as did Avery's oxen and breaking plow that first day on the prairie of Central Missouri. The crops of corn raised there revolutionized sentiment among the settlers of that part of the State.

Rev. Henry Avery was a man of note in the early days of Henry County. The house he built was the first one in that part of the State with window glass in it. Two sash with four panes each gave the Avery home its distinction. When the house was ready for occupancy, the children didn't sleep in the wagon bed. However the time was July and outdoor bedrooms were no hardship. In 1831 Mr. Avery was "recommended to the governor of this State as a proper person to be appointed justice of the peace for Tebo township." He received his commission and the first marriage took place in Henry County. The date is remembered. It was the 15th of May, 1832. But the names of the two that were joined have been forgotten. It is tradition that they came from down near Springfield and that they had ridden their ponies four days in search of some one with authority to perform the marriage ceremony. Sympathetic Osages, down in what is now St. Clair County, had directed the couple to Squire Avery's, telling that he was a "heap big white man, plenty law."

In the fall of 1832 was the Presidential election. Justice Avery was one of the clerks of the election. On his way to John Brummet's house, the polling place, he lost his quill pen. There was a serious question about the means of recording the vote until Drury Avery produced a toothpick. One end was split and a stick was whittled and stuck into the other end for a handle. Then the recording of the votes proceeded, with twenty-four votes for Andrew Jackson and six votes for Henry Clay. In that early day the political faith was established.

As early as 1837 Missourians began to realize the value of their prairies. William Muldrow, the founder of Marion City, whose extraordinary career is supposed to have given Mark Twain the suggestion of Colonel Mulberry Sellers, is given the credit of being "the first man in all North Missouri who brought a prairie farm into subjection."

A Gazetteer of 1837 said: "At first, for want of more force, he yoked his milch cows with his oxen, and so turned up the soil. When well broken, in a few months it becomes so mellow that even a pair of horses will suffice to cultivate it. Mr. Muldrow's success produced a new era in the State, and ever since intelligent farmers have regarded a prairie farm as the best in the world, provided they can procure at no great distance timber enough to fence it. From early spring until a severe frost comes, the whole surface of these immense mowing lands, in a state of nature, is covered by a continued succession of flowers, intermixed with the prairie grass; and most of the flowers, as well as the grass are delicious food for cattle. This part of Missouri is indeed the Lord of Nature's flower-garden."

One drawback to the attractions of the Missouri River country in pioneer days was the number of rattlesnakes. Wetmore's Gazetteer of Missouri in 1836 said: "They are to be seen, but the infinite number of hogs that range through

MISSOURI'S CORN PAVILION IN PALACE OF AGRICULTURE AT WORLD'S FAIR, 1904

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the forests and prairies are carrying on a war of extermination against these natural enemies of the human family. Rattlesnakes are likewise frequently killed by deer. An old buck makes it a pastime to leap upon the coil of a snake, and cut it in pieces with his pointed hoofs. A horse will instantly take alarm, and sheer off from the rattling caution the snake is accustomed to give. Professor Silliman very justly remarks of the rattlesnake, that 'he never is the assailant; when he gives battle, it is with previous notice; and when he strikes his fangs inflict a fatal wound.' There are, however, within the knowledge of all medical men, antidotes for this poison; and there is a plant in almost all of the prairies and barrens of Missouri, called 'rattlesnake's master,' the botanical term not remembered, that never fails to effect a cure when properly applied and in season."

Missouri at the Chicago World's Fair.

The management of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 discouraged the placing of exhibits in state buildings. It provided for no competition or awards in that way. And so Missouri put her unparalleled display of fruit in Horticultural Hall, and her plants under the big glass roof of Floriculture with the other States that chose to display in this way. Her zinc and her lead and stone and onyx went with Mines and Mining. Her life-size horse of oats and her Eads Bridge in corn, with grains and grasses, were lost in the wilderness of the Agricultural building. In like manner Missouri scattered other resources in Fish and Fisheries, in Educational, in Wool and Forestry.

It was a four-mile tramp to see all of Missouri at the Chicago world's fair. If what Missouri had in Jackson Park had been grouped under one roof there would have been nothing to compare with it. Other States like California and Florida had great displays of fruit. The Dakotas had wheat, wheat, wheat. Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas impressed one with their capacity for corn-growing. Montana's show of minerals was wonderful. So was Colorado's. In woods, Arkansas, Louisiana, Washington and half a dozen other States astonished. And so it went. Each State had its one, two or three specialties. But Missouri entered the field of comparison with all of them. Another State ran short on its exhibits in a certain line. Its representative came to Missouri and borrowed Missouri products, labeling them as shown from his own State. The largest wool clip shown at the world's fair was from Missouri, but it was hidden away in the gallery of the Agricultural building, and the fact that it was there had to be taken on faith for nobody except Executive Commissioner Gwynn and those who had gone there with him had seen it.

In the variety of her resources and the comprehensiveness of her products, Missouri led. Yet that effect was almost entirely lost by the scattering of exhibits. From their standpoint the managers of the exposition may have acted wisely, but Missouri did not get the credit to which she was entitled at Chicago. During his visit, Superintendent Gaiennie made the rounds of the Missouri exhibits with Commissioner Gwynn so that he might begin to lay his plans for the transfer to the St. Louis downtown exposition. Said he:

"I was astonished. I got down at eight o'clock one morning, and went from building to building. Our exhibit in Fish and Fisheries was easily first of all the States. At the Agricultural building there was nothing like the magnificent

showing Missouri made in tobacco. Each leaf was arranged on a sheet of white paper. There is no place on God's green earth for fruit like our Ozark region. And you would think so when you looked over the Missouri fruit in Horticultural Hall."

"A man was in here a few days ago," said Commissioner Dawson, "who has started a prune farm in Howell County. He came there from California. He told me that he believed the southern slope of the Ozarks was the finest place for prunes in this country."

"We haven't seen the beginning of what our fruit industry is going to be in the Ozark country," said Mr. Gaiennie. "In the East the apple orchards are running out. I happen to know that New York apple growers are now making inquiries and investigations with a view to transferring that industry to the most favorable location, and they are likely to flock to Missouri. In Mines and Mining our display in zinc and lead is the best by long odds. One thing I observed is that our commission has shown most excellent judgment in the presentation of the exhibits. The first approach to the Missouri collection is good in every building. It conveys a fine impression. But what we need is to bring out in some way the comprehensiveness of the Missouri display. We want to make people understand in what a variety of ways Missouri is great. Now the 19th of July is Missouri Day. I said to Commissioner Gwynn: 'Why don't you get up some kind of a demonstration that day? Have a brass band, start from the Missouri building, go to each one of the Missouri exhibits in turn, make a stop and have a talk from some one at each place. That will at least call attention for once to the way Missouri has spread herself until she is well represented in every part of the Fair. When we make such a splendid showing it is too bad that we can't get the full benefit of it. I don't believe there is another State which has such a variety of notable exhibits as Missouri has.' "

And there wasn't. Illinois filled a great building with interesting things at a cost of $1,000,000 or thereabouts. It was a wonderful display in products of the soil, but it was nothing like as varied as Missouri's scattered exhibits. California, with an expenditure of $800,000, gathered under one roof such a show of fruit as was worth a journey of 500 miles to see. A clergyman, the Rev. Cameron Mann, of Kansas City, came. He saw the Illinois and California buildings and their contents. He also saw the Missouri building, and he went home so full of indignation that on Sunday he devoted a sermon to his impressions. He drew the contrast sharply between Missouri and those States which grouped their best exhibits under one roof. He lamented that Missouri had no art, and he referred bitterly to the picture of the home of the late Jesse James which hung in one of the rooms of the Missouri building. The criticisms were not just. They showed that the clergyman had made use of his eyes, but not of his legs.

Normal Opportunities for Missouri.

J. Sterling Morton, who was Secretary of Agriculture in the second term of President Cleveland, said in 1897: "The Missouri valley presents fine opportunities for normal manufacturing. That is the reduction of the products grown here to manufactured forms with the labor of our cities and towns located along the Missouri. This muddy stream, ugly as it looks, abused and ridiculed as it

MISSOURI BUILDING AT WORLD'S FAIR, 1904

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has been, is of great advantage from a manufacturing standpoint. When we were establishing the starch factory here we sent a sample of the Missouri River water, just as it is, to the chemist. We also sent a sample of it filtered. The analysis showed that the water, which is of such unprepossessing appearance, is exceptionally pure. A few days ago we received the report of comparative tests made at London of starch from several countries. The result gave to this starch manufactured at Nebraska City the first place in excellence."

The starch was made from white corn grown in the Missouri Valley. The labor that produced it was local. That was what Mr. Morton meant by normal manufacturing in the Missouri Valley. Thirty years ago the Missouri Valley, with rapidly increasing population, attempted to insure permanence of prosperity by wholesale encouragement of manufactures. The purpose was laudable but misdirected. Towns were laid out under suggestive names to manufacture steel and machinery and other things which would necessitate the shipment of the raw material from long distances. The ambitious movement fell hard. For years some of the factory buildings stood deserted, with the glass disappearing from the windows and the doors sagging and breaking from the hinges. This was abnormal manufacturing. It was the exaggeration of mistaken opportunity from which the whole West suffered in those flush times. But while some Missourians were sinking large sums of capital in these directions, an industry that was strictly normal was quietly taking possession of its natural field. The packers of meat, one after another, were coming West, buying ground, and building plants with no other inducements than the normal conditions presented, of making meat where the steer and the hog grow and fatten. The packing industry grew to the employment of an army of people, and to the annual killing of millions of cattle and hogs. Each year has shown an increase in this industry, the employment of more people and the manufacture of more meat from the raw material. Soups and soaps of various kinds and a great assortment of products other than meat go out in finished state from these places. "Packing houses" they are called. Manufactories they are in the most comprehensive sense. Nature seems to have destined the banks of the Missouri for the exercise of certain great economies. Somebody asked the elder Armour why he chose the bank of the Missouri to build on such a scale.

"These people have got a soil six feet deep," was his reply. "It is the place for hogs."

Practical Suggestions of J. Sterling Morton.

Mr. Morton pointed out various possible lines of normal manufacturing for the Missouri Valley in addition to those which had been developed. "Any of the products of the West," he said, "may be turned into manufactured forms successfully with the labor which can live here and own homes. For a new thing take this strawboard industry. I am not able to see why the straw, which we now burn to get out of the way, can not be made into strawboard at a profit. Some fellow down in Kansas has invented a process to compress straw and prairie hay into siding, sills and other forms. It seems to me we are letting a lot of raw material go to waste while we bring lumber hundreds of miles. We ought to have more and larger grist-mills along the Missouri. This is becoming more and more a wheat country. As the land is worn down by corn it becomes

more adapted to wheat. I doubt whether we could manufacture hides into leather successfully. We would have to bring the material for tanning too far. Until we look around and experiment some we don't know what are the possibilities of manufacturing here. Look at the superior quality of brick with which we are now paving the streets. Until a few years ago we didn't know that we could make such bricks. Recently we have found in these bluffs on the Missouri a clay which promises fine results in pottery and tiling and such things. We have just completed an experimental furnace, and we are going to give the clay thorough tests. It may be that we shall fail, but the opinions given by those who have examined the clay justify the cost of the tests."

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WATERFALL IN THE OZARKS

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE OZARKS.

Discovered by the Pioneers—Overlooked by the Railroads—Edmund Jennings—The Six Boils—A Family that Hated Andrew Jackson—The First Settler—An Acquittal Face—Feuds that Were Not Fatal—Geology of the Ozark Uplift—Ridge Roads—A Journey over the Hog Backs—Thrift in the Osage Hills—Captain Owen's Narrative of the Hunt for Gold—Parson Keithley—A Secret Sub-Treasury—Nature's Burial Vault—Jay Linn Torrey—From Rough Rider to Model Farmer—The Air Drainage of the Ozarks—Exit the Squatter—The "Horse" Apple—Fence Corner Peach Orchards—Seedlings and Elbertas—From Seven and One-half Cents to Four Dollars a Bushel—The Drying Season—Home Made Evaporators—September Scenes at the Crop Centers—Dried Apples by Machinery—No Bottom Orchards—Rocks or No Rocks—No Demand for the Pick-me-up—The Theory of Heat and Moisture in Stones—Apples and Altitude—Where Fruit is Currency—A West Plains Bill of Fare—Historian Haswell's Ozark Stories—A Macadamized Bed of Strawberries—Flint for Mulch—A Yield of $500 on Three-quarters of an Acre—Peach Trees Planted with a Crowbar—Not a Crop Failure in Twenty-five Years—The Secret of the Soil.

The traveler in the interior is often surprised to behold, at one view, cliffs and prairies, bottoms and barrens, naked hills, heavy forests, streams and plains, all succeeding each other with rapidity, and mingled with pleasing harmony. I have contemplated such scenes, while standing upon some lofty bluff in the wilderness of Missouri, with unmixed delight; while deer, elk and buffalo were grazing quietly on the plains below.—*Schoolcraft's Adventures in the Ozark Mountains.*

"Ah!" said a Scotchman who came from Glasgow to examine a mining proposition in the Ozarks, "this reminds me of my ain Heelands." He delighted in the Ozark country. With the rolling ranges of green-clad hills, the precipices and rock-covered slopes along the clear streams he felt much at home.

In 1895 a thoughtful man stood before the great map of the United States in the lobby of the House of Representatives at Washington and said: "As it appears to me there are just three places left in this country where a man with a little can go and have an almost absolute certainty of making a great deal. That is, I mean we have three regions which seem to have been passed by while the rest of the country was being taken up and to which, in the immediate future, there is going to be a rush of capital and immigration. They are the sections in which he who locates early is going to reap the advantage of rapid development."

"One of these locations," he continued, "is that southwestern strip of the United States stretching down the terra caliente, between the Rio Grande and the Gulf. I don't know much about it, was never there, but if there is enough moisture, and there ought to be so near the Gulf, I imagine that that almost wholly unoccupied strip is going to be a great place for tropical fruit culture some day. Another place is the Indian Territory. Of course it is necessary

to wait for the action of the government opening that to white settlement, which can not be delayed much longer. The third and largest of these three places and the one which I would choose if I was going somewhere to 'grow up with the country' is right there."

He pointed to the Ozark country. This man had never been in South Missouri. But he looked on the map and he saw how the railroad builders, in the rush to the South and West, had gone by and left a great block of unoccupied territory. The twenty years that have passed have witnessed the transformation of the Indian reservations into a State. They have developed the possibilities of Southwest Texas. They have focused attention upon the long overlooked Ozarks.

The Old and New of the Ozarks.

A strange combination of old and new the Ozark country presents. One meets a man who has just come down from the North, and is enthusiastic over the home he has just acquired. The next acquaintance may be a native whose family, back to his great-grandfather, has lived right here. The Ozark country was settled before the Missouri Valley was. The oldest town in Missouri, next to St. Louis, is out in the Ozark country. Pioneers found their way into the region long before Missouri was a State. They recognized the fertility of the valleys, the salubrity of the climate, and they made their homes on these slopes and plateaus when Iowa was Indian country. After the Louisiana purchase was made and the vast region west of the Mississippi was transferred to the United States, that which was first chosen for settlement by American citizens was this Ozark country of South Missouri. The descendants of those old pioneers live there today. They scattered widely. They occupied first what were to them the choicest lands, the valleys. And now, a century after the early settlements, there are between the valleys occasional stretches of virgin forest in which the deer graze and the wild turkeys roost.

Country of the Six Bulls.

On the way from Springfield to the wonderful scenery of White River the traveler is in "The Country of the Six Bulls." Most of the residents have forgotten, if they ever heard, the origin of this name for the section. A hundred years ago Edmund Jennings came out from Tennessee and lived fifteen years among the Indians of "Aus Arcs," as the French had named the region. Jennings was a mighty hunter. He carried back to Tennessee marvelous stories of the woods, the caves, the springs, the rivers and the game. He called the locality "The Country of the Six Bulls." That was Jennings' way of pronouncing "boils." This was the country of the six boils. The "boils" were six great springs. These springs boiling up from the enormous reservoirs under the limestone strata started six rivers on their courses. Indian, Shoal, Center, James, Spring and North Fork, streams of considerable size, have their beginning in the six boils. Jennings' stories of hunting and fishing started a migration of Tennesseeans to "The Country of the Six Bulls." These settlers came in almost as soon as the United States was in possession of the Louisiana Territory. They crowded out the Osages and the Shawnees. They kept the country and the curious name that Jennings had given it.

A FREAK OF THE OZARKS

AN OZARK CAVE ENTRANCE

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Some Ozark Pioneers.

The Ozark country had a historian in the person of A. C. Jeffrey. According to his researches white settlement dated back to 1801. It is traditional that the Spanish explored the region very thoroughly for silver. It is also tradition that they found the white metal—so much of it that they couldn't carry it away, but left it in caves. Mr. Jeffrey said the first white man who brought his family and came to stay was a Frenchman named Jehu Falenash. This pioneer came up the White River by canoe in the first year of the century. One of these earliest settlers was an educated Virginia lawyer, John Carter by name. Carter's nearest neighbor was a man named Irons, with whom he had a disagreement. Carter accused him of stealing his hog meat. Irons retaliated with a story that Carter and his son Bill were making counterfeit money. One day Carter made his appearance at Irons' place. He had learned that only the women folks were at home.

"Good morning, ladies," he said, with much gallantry. "Cool day. I believe I'll come in and warm."

Without an invitation he pushed his way into the house, took a seat by the fire and began to peer about. He saw a piece of bacon hanging in the rafters above his head, the usual place for curing meat in those days. He began to hum as if to himself an improvised song. The words ran in this way:

"My Billy will come out of the kinks yet,
If that silver mine goes on, he, he."

Looking up at the meat among the rafters he added:

"And there hangs some of my hog's bacon, he, he."

This was too much for the Irons women. They hadn't said a word before, but now they assailed the visitor with brooms and sticks and ran him off. Carter considered it a great joke.

Tennessee and Kentucky contributed some noted characters in the early settlement of the Ozark country. One of these was known far and wide as Big Bill Woods. Big Bill and his father came while the war of 1812 was in progress, and as long as they lived they cursed Andrew Jackson. Old Man Woods and his two sons, Bill and John, so the story goes, enlisted under Andrew Jackson and went south to fight the Indians and the British. They were good enough fighters, but had little idea of discipline. John Woods was on picket duty one night and left his post. The court-martial sat on him. There was no defense, and yet no great harm had been done. The usual sentence of death was passed, with a recommendation to mercy. But it happened to come just at a time when Jackson, having reversed many of these court-martial sentences, had declared that the next one should be carried out. When the case of John Woods was brought to him the general refused to reprieve him. Old Man Woods and Big Bill dressed the boy and saw him led away to his death. Then they deliberately left the army, crossed the Mississippi River and settled in the Ozark country. Jackson made no effort to have them brought back. As long as Big Bill lived the mention of Jackson would bring from him the bitterest oaths.

In the southern part of Phelps County lived a man who had the name of being the ugliest resident of the Ozarks. He had white hair, slant eyes like a Chinaman, no eye-brows, an enormous nose which bent to one side and almost touched the cheek bone. He was tall and lank. This ugly man of the Ozarks was arrested for cutting timber on government land in Pulaski County at a time when United States officers were vigorous in punishing offenses of that character. He was taken to Springfield. The district attorney got up and read the charges as set forth in the indictment. The district judge then presiding—he need not be named—looked in amazement upon the prisoner. As the district attorney concluded the reading of the indictment the judge, without waiting to ask the prisoner how he pleaded, said to the attorney, "You may enter nolle prosequi in the prisoner's case. After a careful scrutiny of his physiognomy I am convinced that any man who is compelled to carry that face is punished quite enough for the amount of lumber which he is charged with having unlawfully taken from government lands. You are discharged, Mr. Blank. Go as quickly as you can, and don't forget to take your face with you."

After the war there was some illicit distilling and some "whitecapping" along the Piney and Gasconade rivers, but neither the production of moonshine nor the punishment of local offenders with the hickory switch was very serious. These descendants of East Tennessee mountaineers brought their industries and their codes in only modified form to the Ozarks. In the locality mentioned there was only occasional night riding. The leader of the white caps was a man of fine presence, splendid physical proportions and educated as a physician. He was known far and wide along the creeks for his care of the sick and suffering. He was a fine sportsman.

One night "Doc" and his band called on a local offender near Spring Creek. They took him out and applied the switches. The man recognized the white caps and reported them. Conviction followed and sentences of three months in the penitentiary for the whole party. One of the number was a man who had a small farm and a large family. After sentence had been pronounced "Doc" arose in court and, addressing the judge, made this plea for the one upon whom the sentence would work the greatest hardship:

> "Your Honor, this man is the head of a large family, and his enforced absence means untold sufferings to his wife and children, and perhaps the loss of his home. Without doing violence to the official code can not I serve the three months my neighbor and friend has charged against him? I am bigger and stronger, and can do more work for the State while he is at home fighting the battle of life and the weeds that threaten to destroy his corn crop. Your Honor, I am serious, and I can best serve the State when I serve my friend at the same time."

The man with the large family was discharged. Subsequently all of the party implicated were pardoned. There was no more whipping by that band.

The Ozark Uplift.

Missouri is the oldest part of the continent. As the crust of the earth cooled and the shrinkage went on, convulsions shattered the strata and threw up the mountain ranges. One of these great convulsions reared the Rockies and piled sections on end and at every possible angle. Another created the confusion of

AN EMIGRANT'S CAMP

AN OZARK BUNGALOW LIVING ROOM

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the Alleghanies. But earlier, and between the two, there occurred an entirely different movement. A great, irregularly bounded section broke off from the crust around about and was raised to a higher level. This was the Ozark uplift. With everything in place, its strata in the horizontal positions where they had formed, the great section now known as the Ozarks was carried upward gently and made the beginning of North America.

The "ridge roads" of the Ozarks are not only the best of national thoroughfares. They afford fascinating entertainment. For many miles they can be followed without much change in grade. Every few rods are openings among the oaks and pines. These reveal vistas of valley farms and ranges of hills clothed in forest garb with occasional clearings where the newcomer is preparing for an orchard. Twenty miles of this varied landscape is nothing unusual in the views from these ridge roads.

To the average unscientific man one of the most satisfactory descriptions of the Ozarks, geologically speaking, was given by Professor W. Albert Chapman:

"Deep, narrow, tortuous valleys wind between long, oval ridges and domeshaped hills, the trend of which is northeasterly. Bluffs and precipices form the termini of many of the ridges. Others of the ridges drop by easy descent to the valleys. The summits of the ridges are often contracted and narrow. Again they widen into parks of many thousand acres in extent. Here are seen basin-like depressions perhaps many feet in diameter. Into these the surface waters flow to find entrance into subterranean passages. Occasionally irregular pits, with precipitous sides, occur, showing where the upper strata have sunk into a hidden cavern. While the general position of the strata is nearly level, there may be seen, in the valleys and along the streams, strata in somewhat tilted positions, caused by the subsidence of a mass partially undermined. Fractures, separations and depressions all indicate where partial settling has taken place. These effects and other departures from the general rule of everything in place are the results of the erosive action of the water. Caverns and crevices are very common throughout this region. Some of the strata easily decompose, and the material goes to make up other formations which often fill in the caves, crevices, sinks and faults. In this way from decomposition and disintegration of the primitive strata have come soft, pulverent sandstones, quartz, quartzite, calcite, satin spar, onyx, alabaster, clays, ochres, iron, lead and zinc ores, either in compact form or scattered in crystals.

"The alterations everywhere observable in the exposed strata are due to water or atmospheric agency. That can be seen easily by examination. In some places the process is still going on. Water is nearer being the universal solvent than anything else. Its erosive power becomes almost irresistible after it has filtered through soft, carbonaceous substances. The soluble parts of the rock are dissolved and leached out. The action of the air completes the disintegration. But between this dissolution of strata and the production of secondary formations I have mentioned there takes place an intricate and complex series of chemical actions. In one place the secondary product will be ore. In another there will be no such culmination of force. Carbonates and sulphides may be the first result from overcharged solution. Through a succeeding change the material may part with the carbonic acid and become impregnated with sulphuric acid. Solutions of potash enter into the subterranean alchemy, and gradually the deposits of ore in various forms come about."

Over the "Hog Backs" to an Ozark City.

Bonnot's Mill is a village with its business houses in a narrow defile and its homes clinging to the sides of the precipitous bluffs on either side. Out through this defile the road leads to Linn. And with the first climb to one of these Ozark "hog backs" the surprises begin. Talk about a good roads movement!

Here is a traction engine hauling a great scraper and turnpiking long stretches of road faster than fifty teams and 100 men could do it.

The road traverses the "hog back" from snout to tail and sidles down to a beautiful valley with a clear running stream bounded by fields, in which fifty bushels of corn to the acre is ripening. Then come another "hog back" and another valley, and so it goes. Every valley has its rich fields and comfortable farm buildings and contented-looking people, who

"Laugh and the crops laugh with them."

Thus you come to Linn, the county seat of Osage, one of the quaintest and prettiest towns of its size in Missouri, a municipal gem of the Ozarks. Linn's site is a ridge. Along the center of the ridge extends the Main and almost the only street of the little city. The pioneers did not skimp the street, if the ridge was narrow. They made it broad enough for future growth. The ridge spreads on either side a hundred feet or so from the street line, and then drops away rapidly 200 feet to the two valleys which bound it. The resident of Linn may look from his front window on the street, but when he goes out the back door it is all down hill to the barn.

A mile and more the town of Linn lies along this wide, single street, on the crest of the narrow ridge. At one end of the lofty perch for a town is the court house, an impressive structure of stone and brick, of solid and enduring look. An iron fence surrounds the yard. The old residents have not forgotten the controversy which arose when the court house having been completed, the matter of the proper fence was under discussion. The progressive element was for something which would befit the new court house. The more conservative taxpayers were still counting the cost of the big court house. One old farmer was appealed to by the progressives.

"Yes," he said, "I am in favor of public improvements. I believe in being liberal. We have got a fine court house. We certainly ought to have a good fence. I would be in favor of a fence at least eight rails high and staked and ridered."

The court house and its surrounding square may be likened to the head of Linn. The body and the tail stretch far away down the long, wide street. Conspicuous on the street is a Catholic church larger than many in St. Louis, of almost cathedral proportions. And in this noble house of worship, miles away from the railroad, there are wall decorations each of which cost hundreds of dollars.

On this single street of Linn a 50-foot lot sold for $1,400. With bank and stores and newspapers and good schools, these people have no idea that there is a better place than Linn for home. And furthermore, "the best fishing in the world" is within half a dozen miles in several directions.

Thrift in the Ozarks.

Surprises await the traveler who leaves the railroad and rides away into the Ozarks. One of them is the county of Osage. The picturesque journey along the Missouri is a succession of magnificent curves, with great sweeps of the river from one car window and frowning, overhanging hills from the other.

GRANITE QUARRY IN IRON COUNTY

AN OZARK FREAK OF NATURE, NEAR VICTORIA

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Now and then the train glides across a narrow valley, giving a glimpse of great fertility. But almost before the vision has taken note and the suggestion of possibilities beyond has formed, the limestone cliffs shut in again. And so one passes on with little more than the impression of mountain and river. Well toward the state capital the road crosses a river and then another of still greater breadth, the clear blue water contrasting strangely with the always dense and silt-bearing Missouri. With the expanse of first the Gasconade and then the Osage comes the evidence that there is less of ruggedness behind than the river bluffs might indicate. Nevertheless it will awaken astonishment in those who have passed over this part of Missouri by rail to know that the people who live up the valleys and behind the far rolling hills pay more personal taxes than do the occupants of some of those prairies which charm the eye farther west. That is the practical and prosaic comparison. There are other ways of looking at the Ozark hills and valleys.

Before Linn had attained the dignity of a good bank, the cashiers at Jefferson City were not a little astonished at the run upon them by Osage farmers desiring to make deposits and open accounts. These farmers came from fifteen to thirty miles and deposited sums ranging from $500 to $5,000. The money was in gold, silver and paper, and bore various indications of having been in home-devised safe deposits. Inquiry showed that these Osage farmers had accumulated, in their careful, thrifty ways, snug fortunes. Lacking the accommodation of a bank at the county seat, they had been keeping their money in hiding places at home. Smart rogues had discovered the rich field. They had learned that there was a great amount of "idle cash" in the Osage farm houses. They had been at work restoring it to circulation. A series of rich robberies had taken place. Farm house after farm house had been relieved of its hoard while the family was away. Thousands of dollars had been taken. The farmers, alarmed at the raid upon their savings, had turned to the banks at Jefferson City in the adjoining county. That was the explanation of the sudden rush to deposit the handsome accumulations.

Few counties in Missouri show heavier returns of personal property for taxation than Osage, population considered. These farmers who cultivate the rich creek bottoms have money loaned in surrounding counties. Their places are well improved. A ride through the valley of the Maries shows fine houses and barns and well-kept fields. It reveals that improvement of agricultural conditions which one sees in parts of Pennsylvania. Westphalia is a revelation of an ideal farming community, at which the visitor may well rub his eyes and wonder if he has not been transported to some favored valley of the "vaterland."

The Story of a Hunt for Gold.

A gold hunters' expedition left Springfield in 1855. In the winter and spring months marvelous stories of discoveries were carried from settlement to settlement in the Ozarks. The new eldorado rivaled California. It was not so far away. Somewhere near the headwaters of the Arkansas, in the Rocky Range, as they then called the Rocky Mountains, was the location. The finder was a man named Poole from Newton County, Missouri. Poole, in his wanderings, had seen a tribe of Indians who used gold instead of lead for bullets. He had

even visited the gulch where nuggets were scattered like pebbles. Not only had Poole seen, but he had handled. He was sure he could lead a party to the place.

Adventurous spirits in the Ozarks took up the suggestion. Companies were formed in several counties. One of the largest made rendezvous in Springfield. Among those who joined were young men afterwards to become prominent in Southwest Missouri affairs—C. B. Owen, Dr. E. T. Robberson, J. M. Forrester, James Johnson, Samuel Leak, Thomas Chambers, D. C. Smith, Eli Armstrong, Elisha Painter, R. A. M. Rose. Owen was afterward General Sigel's guide at the battle of Wilson's Creek and an officer in Fyan's 24th Missouri.

These companies of Missouri argonauts elected captains and other officers. They divided into messes of five men each. They equipped with ox teams for hauling supplies, loading the wagons with flour, meal, bacon, sugar and coffee, with a ten-gallon keg of Ozark corn whiskey to each man. The wagons were drawn by six yokes of oxen. Most of the members had their own horses.

By the arrangement of the leaders with Poole, who was now called "Colonel," the companies left Missouri by the most direct routes from their starting places to meet on the Verdigris River, a short distance southwest of Fort Scott. Colonel Poole found himself at the head of 400 men, with 800 oxen and nearly eighty wagons. Some of the Missourians had never seen Poole. They had joined on the stories. Not in the habit of taking things too much on faith, they pressed the leader for definite information. Poole couldn't give it, but he made a speech. He said he had seen the gold and believed he could lead them to it. Some of the Missourians talked doubtfully and resentfully. Poole then said he would not start until every man signed a promise to protect him from ill treatment whatever the result of the search. After much palaver the written pledge was given and Colonel Poole led the way westward from Cooley's Bluff in the Cherokee Nation. The Missourians followed the California Trail through the Indian country until they came to the Santa Fe Trail. Fourteen miles from Fort Mann Poole left the Santa Fe Trail and took a pathless route over the plains toward the Rocky Mountains. To H. Clay Neville, the historian of the Ozarks, Captain Owen, in 1894, told the adventures and what finally befell the expedition:

"We saw millions of buffalo on the trip. They were so gentle that it was no trouble to get in close range of a feeding herd, and any one could kill the younger animals. When a calf was cut off from the herd it would follow the horses right into our camp. This method of capturing the young was quite commonly practiced, and we were seldom without a good supply of the tenderloins of the buffalo calf. We had plenty to eat at all times, and only suffered for water. Now and then nothing but the worst kind of alkali water could be found, and this would only increase the thirst of man and beast if drank. Each man had a ten-gallon water keg, which he filled at every pure spring, but this supply often proved insufficient, and the cattle suffered greatly sometimes. We traveled about thirty miles a day when no serious obstructions were encountered. We had to make our own roads often by filling up gulches and bridging treacherous quicksand streams. Poole kept the train on the 'divides' as much as possible, thus avoiding the roughest country.

"The greatest wonder of the whole trip was the change which came over the cattle as soon as we struck the plains. The wild nature of the original bovine seemed to return to the oldest plow steer in the train after he had traveled a few days over the pathless wilderness. He became a new animal, and would every day astonish his driver

STOCK FARM NEAR PIEDMONT IN THE OZARKS

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and the entire party. Not only did the cattle travel better after they had eaten the wild grass and drank the brackish water of the Arkansas Valley for a few days, but the old work steers would run away in the yoke or stampede at night on the slightest provocation. The first serious affair we had with the cattle was caused by a very little circumstance. One of the horses had a sore back, and the animal was turned loose with a saddle on to follow the train. The saddle got turned under the horse's belly, and this scared the pony. He started to run along by the train, kicking and snorting, while the saddle dangled and flapped between his legs. This started one of the teams, and in an instant the whole train had caught the spirit of fright. Every steer of the 800 seemed to bellow at once, and the wildest runaway ever seen in an ox train began. There was no such thing as stopping the frantic beasts. They rushed madly over the plain in all directions, snorting, bellowing, and making the earth tremble with their wild plunges and the heavy wagons pulled after them. Some of the wagons were turned over and wrecked, many of the cattle crippled and the train scattered for miles. It took a whole day to get the train straightened up after this runaway.

"But the worst of all the stampedes occurred one night. We always made a corral of the wagons by driving them around in a circle before going into camp. Inside of this the cattle were placed to protect them from the Indians. The guards were stationed on the outside of the wagons. It was early in the night, before we had gone to bed, when an ox, in rubbing his neck against a wagon, knocked down a yoke. The steer jumped and snorted, and like a flash of powder the signal was communicated to the whole herd. In two seconds every ox in the corral was on his feet, and the stampede began. For a few minutes the cattle ran round and round in the corral, getting more terrified and resistless as the mighty mass of hoofs and horns thundered and rattled. The men were helpless. A herd of wild buffaloes could have been as easily tamed as those frightened steers checked at that moment, and we could only take refuge in the wagons and watch the terrific spectacle. Soon the circling herd made a break on the corral. Two or three wagons were overturned and through the gap the cattle plunged madly. Before the last ox had left the corral the ill-fated wagons were a mass of ruins, fit only for kindling wood, and several steers lay in the passage, disabled or dying. The men mounted their horses and followed the scattering herd, but the cattle could not be rounded up that night. Some of the steers ran thirty miles, and it took three days to get the train in motion after the stampede.

"Indians were seen almost every day, but they gave us no actual trouble. We had several false alarms, which caused great sensations at the time, and much amusement in camp afterwards. One night, when D. C. Smith, of our company, was officer of the guard, a fellow on duty saw a buffalo calf approaching the camp, and thought it was an Indian. He fired and retreated into the corral. Smith called to his men, shouting at the top of his voice: 'Fall behind the water kegs!' He thought the kegs would make the safest breastworks that could be hastily formed to resist the attack of the savages. As the Indians did not make their appearance a reconnoiter of the field soon discovered the cause of the alarm. It was also ascertained that instead of 'falling behind the water kegs' most of the men had hidden in the wagons, and were making breastworks of the grub boxes, when the scouts reported no enemy but a buffalo calf near the camp.

"At another time, when most of the men were out hunting a mile or two from the train, they saw the drivers begin to corral the teams. This was the signal for danger, and we all supposed that the Indians were about to attack the train. Then every man started toward the wagons at his best speed possible, those on foot trying to keep up with the horsemen. Some of the mounted men ran into a gulch, and were badly hurt. When we reached the train the drivers had discovered that the Indians were only hunting buffalo, and not seeking our scalps.

"All the time Poole went scouting the country on both sides of the train. He rode a small gray horse, and left the wagons every morning with his favorite squad of guides and prospectors. The man seemed in dead earnest, but often greatly perplexed. As summer wore on and no gold was found, the men began to get very impatient. But few of us had any idea of the country we were travelling over, and the distance home seemed now very great. We had been out several months, and the treasure sought seemed as far

away as ever. Poole grew more and more uneasy and confused as we advanced toward the region where he had claimed the gold would be found. He talked less and less about the exact location of the mine and seemed much in doubt at times as to his bearings. We had reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and the country was getting very rough. It took a great deal of work often to get the train over a gulch. The vision of the rich treasure, which had allured us over the alkali plains, began to vanish as we saw the perplexity of our leader. At last the dream was broken, and the men refused to go farther in pursuit of such an uncertain prize. Poole made excuses for his failure, and still declared that the gold could not be far away, and wanted a little more time to hunt, but the men would not advance another step after they held a general council, and discussed the situation. The leader's influence over his followers was completely gone now, and Poole became more alarmed for his own safety, as he saw the demoralized condition of the camp.

"When the vote was taken nearly every man favored a return home, but before the train changed its course toward the rising sun Poole and his little gray pony had disappeared. We never heard of the man after the wagons started homeward. The fellow got afraid he would be killed, in spite of the pledge we had all signed. There was much disagreement among the men, after the first feeling of disappointment passed off, as to the character of Poole. Some thought he was honest and had seen at least what appeared to be gold, while others regarded him as an out-and-out fraud. I never could see what motive the man had if he was an imposter. He must have had some faith in the movement or the expedition would never have been organized. Whatever became of the man I never knew. He never came back to Missouri as far as I could ascertain.

"We partially reorganized the command when Poole left, and began to retrace our steps. It was not difficult to follow backward the trail of the train. The tread of the 800 oxen and the wheels of eighty wagons left their unmistakable signs on the open plains. The Fourth of July soon came after we started back. Not a wheel turned on that day. We were too patriotic to travel on the anniversary of liberty, homesick as most of the men had become by this time. We had some whisky in our kegs yet, and every man drank a health to the Stars and Stripes and his native State that morning. Then the boys began to hunt for fun. After some old Tennessee pastimes in the way of trials of strength and activity, a difficulty between two companies arose. It was an old grudge that had been growing ever since the train left the Verdigris River. This we thought was a good time to have the feud settled. The combatants were accordingly disarmed and led by pairs into a ring, where they fought under old Tennessee fist-and-skull rules, until one of the men announced in loud and unmistakable tones that he was whipped. By the time one fight was over another couple would be ready for the ring, and in this way we spent a good part of the day, umpiring these rough-and-tumble combats. By night the strife between the two companies was exhausted, and the plight of some of the men could hardly be imagined. They had fought in the corral, rolling over and over on the ground often, and their clothes were soiled with all the filth about the camp. Some had lost their shirts in the fight, and black eyes and swollen noses and lips told where gouging thumbs and pounding fists had done their bloody work.

"When the train reached the Arkansas River the companies began to separate, each one taking the most direct course home. Our men traded some of their provisions to the Indians for dressed deer skins, and then we hurried on to Springfield, glad to get back, but not a little ashamed of the result of the trip."

Parson Keithley's Mysterious Hoard.

Old Parson Keithley was one of the strange characters of the Ozark country. One day in the week he preached. The other six he roamed the country with his gun on his shoulder and his dog at his heels. He loved solitude. It was his custom to disappear. For days his family would hear nothing of him. Then he would return as suddenly as he had gone. He was reticent. Nothing more than disjointed accounts of his wanderings ever came from him. Relatives

learned to ask no questions. When the old man buckled on his belt and went over the ridge he might be back for supper or he might be gone weeks.

When the California gold fever spread the parson was well advanced in years. One day he walked out of the house. Months afterward a brief letter came from him. It was written in the Rocky Mountains. In it the parson said he was on his way to California. Two years and eight months passed. One day the old man walked into the house, greeted his family pleasantly and resumed his old way of living. Little by little the family learned that the parson had found gold. He had acquired all that he wanted and had come back by Cape Horn, landed at New Orleans and made his way overland to the Ozark country. Nobody ever learned how much the parson brought back. The neighborhood story, which took no account of avoirdupois, was that the parson had actually lugged $6,000 in gold into the Ozark country. What he did with the treasure was a mystery. He made no exhibition of it, and he did not keep it in the house. There was a garden and an apple tree some distance off. At intervals of weeks or months the old man would draw from his pocket a $10 gold piece and hand it to his daughter, saying, "See here what I've found." The gold was usually produced on some occasion of domestic need. Where the gold was "found" the old man never told. The "shiner" came to light just after the old man had been taking a walk. Some of the family supposed that the treasure was buried under the old apple tree in the garden, and unearthed a piece at a time. Others speculated that the hiding-place was in a cave to which the parson was wont to retire for meditation. So much did he frequent the place that it became known, and is still known, as Keithley's Cave.

The strangest part of the parson's career came toward the end. Shortly after the close of the war he told his friends that he felt he had not much longer to live. It was his fondest wish to make the cave his tomb. He set about the preparations for that purpose. A portion of the cave was very dry, and that was chosen by the parson for his last resting place. He walled off a room and built of rock an entry five feet wide leading to it. The stones for the purpose he carried from some distance on the hillside, dressing them so that they would fit well, but laying them without mortar. At the entrance to the passage Keithley built a double stone door, inclined at an angle. The door was of two slabs, eighteen inches wide and three feet long. In the sides he made handles. When he entered his tomb the parson pulled the doors over and their weight held them snugly in position. On one side of the inclosed room, close to the wall, he laid up a stone coffin just large enough to hold him comfortably. For this he had a slab which he could work into position so as to cover the top after he had lain down inside. For several years before the end came Keithley was in the habit of retiring to the cave, closing the doors of the tomb and pulling the slab upon the coffin. There he would lie for days at a time waiting for death. Then, when the feeling of weakness or depression passed away, the old man would come out and preach and hunt. At all times he impressed it upon his people that they must see to it his bones rested in the cave, if death came suddenly when he was away from the chosen spot. In his leisure the parson carved on the wall of the cave a short sermon. The text he engraved was, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." The Ozark country has many Keithleys, some of them direct descendants of the old parson.

The floor or bottom of the coffin was dry clay, and stretched at full length upon it the parson passed many nights and days. The darling wish of Parson Keithley's heart was not fulfilled. The old man was far past 90 when the sudden summons came. His waiting and watching in the tomb had been in vain. Death found him in a lonely spot on the mountain, several miles from the cave. Faintness had come upon him. He had rested his gun against a tree and had lain down. The dog had dropped beside him. Days afterward the searchers who had failed to find him in the tomb came upon the body.

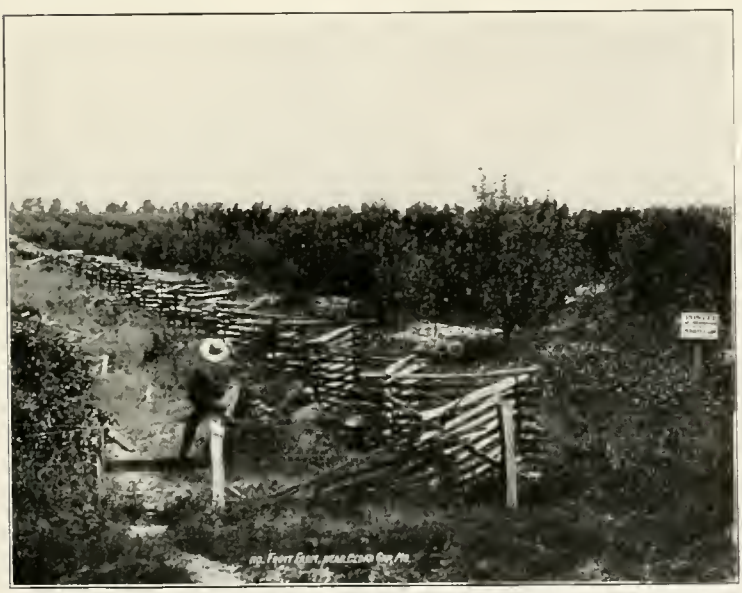
The Fruitville Experiment.

Perhaps the most notable institute to teach the possibilities of the Ozarks is Fruitville Farms of Howell County. The professor is Jay Linn Torrey. One of the interesting characters in the present generation of Missourians is Colonel Torrey. He is colonel by right of commission. He first suggested to President McKinley the organization of Rough Riders as specially adapted to the campaign in Cuba and was given the command of the Second Regiment.

Torrey was born in Pike County, Illinois, and lived in Pike County, Missouri. He worked his way at Columbia and was senior captain in the cadet organization of the University of Missouri. Then he practiced law in St. Louis for twenty years, was president of the three national bankruptcy conventions and framed the present bankrupt law. Going to Wyoming in the days of the cattle barons, Torrey conducted a ranch and sold Herefords by the train load. After such varied experiences came his fascination with the Ozarks. About ten years ago Torrey bought 11,000 acres of land and began the development of Fruitville Farms. He satisfied himself as to the unparalleled versatility of the soil and climate by raising in a season 167 varieties of grains, grasses and vegetables, many of these products taking first premiums at the Missouri state fair. He ascertained by study and experiment that air drainage on certain slopes of the Ozarks is one of the peculiar advantages the orchards enjoy. Long growing seasons, healthful altitude and clear cold water are the combination that give an extra profit to dairying in the Ozarks. The flora of Fruitville Farms has been tested for honey production with the conclusion that the long season of flowers and the short mild winters are found to offer special encouragement to the apiary. Another of the very practical experiments on Fruitville Farms has been the immunizing of hogs. In a great oak forest Colonel Torrey defies cholera and produces pork with a greater margin of profit than is obtained anywhere outside of the Ozarks. With cattle, horses, mules, sheep and goats and especially with poultry, results have been obtained which in Colonel Torrey's judgment show the Ozarks to be ideal for profitable production.

The time was when squatters' rights were thought to suffice for title in the Ozarks. Men took land, reared families and passed away without going through the formality to record an entry, although $14 would have secured the farm to the children. Heirs came to the county seats to have estates administered upon only to discover that Uncle Sam still owned the land upon which they had been "born and raised." Nobody thought of disturbing a squatter. It wouldn't have been safe. But when lawyers came to settle estates they were up against the absence of title. In another peculiar way some of the early settlers held their farms. They homesteaded the land, but before the time came to patent it the

NURSERY NEAR FARMINGTON



FRUIT FARM NEAR CEDAR GAP

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right was relinquished by the holder and another member of the family made a fresh entry. In this way some farms have remained from before the war until now in the possession of the same family by successive homestead entries without final patent. The advantage of this kind of land holding is that taxation is escaped. But "the bum," as one old settler called the boom, came. All kinds of lands in the Ozarks were in demand. Complete titles had market value. The squatter hustled to make sure of his homestead and to be in a position to sell when the fruit raiser, the dairyman, the chicken farmer and the miner came.

Habitat of the Peach and the Apple.

Away from main traveled roads and in the remote parts of the Ozarks the explorer comes not infrequently upon some long abandoned homestead. The pioneer settler, restless for a change has pulled up stakes and moved on. A heap of stones marks the wreck of the chimney, and that is all remaining of the house. The once cleared ground has grown over with black oak and young pines. Every vestige of fence has disappeared. Yet in the midst of such discouraging conditions will be found apple and peach trees thriving and loaded with fruit. There are peach trees in the Ozarks which have been bearing longer than the oldest settler can remember. There is the "horse" appletree said to have been brought to the Ozarks by Tennesseeans long before the Civil war.

It is characteristic of the men who have seen most of the Ozark country to be warmest in their expressions of confidence in its future as a fruit-raising section.

"I have been here thirty years," ex-Congressman Tracey once said, "and in that time I have seen only one failure of the apple crop. Our orchards are increasing by additions of thousands of acres annually. This will be the apple country of the world. There is as much certainty about the apple crop of the Ozark country as there is—well, as there is in the interest of a well secured loan. It is the same way with the small fruits."

The fact may have escaped the rest of the busy world that Missouri is making rapid progress in fruit production. This State now stands nearly at the top of the list. When Northwestern Arkansas, Eastern Kansas and Southeastern Nebraska are added to Missouri the limits of the greatest fruit-producing section in the world are defined.

Peaches and Peaches.

"If you will guarantee me 7½c a bushel, I'll undertake to deliver to you 1,000 bushels of peaches. I know I've got 1,600 bushels on my place." This was the proposition an Ozark farmer made to the manager of an evaporator. Of course, these were not the great, rosy Stump-of-the-World, or the far-famed Elbertas, and certainly not the White Heath cling, which, seen through the glass of the air-tight jar, make a man's mouth water. They were the seedlings. Still they were peaches, and 7½c a bushel seemed very low for any kind of a peach. The seedling is the peach tree which comes up in that encouraging country wherever a peach pit is dropped. If not cut for a switch or plowed up in the course of cultivation for something else, the seedling flourishes. All it asks is to be let alone. Like Topsy the thousands of seedling peach orchards of South Missouri have "just growed." The fence corner is a favorite spot for

the seedling peach. Among the apple trees, around the back doors of the farm houses, beside the hog lots, are clumps of seedling peach trees.

If the Ozark farmer had gone forth with his jack-knife and a bundle of buds some spring morning the southern counties of Missouri would be shipping train loads of peaches where they now send out car loads. But the farmer didn't do it. And so, on countless farms there are from half a dozen to half a thousand seedling peach trees. In good peach seasons the boughs bend toward the ground with the festoons of these little peaches clustered as thick as they can stick. Farmers' wives and daughters pare the seedling peaches for drying. Every shed roof is preempted. Some of these seedlings are no larger than a hickory nut. Others reach the size of a goose egg. Some are hard and about as agreeable in flavor as a green apple. Others are soft, juicy and sweet. There is as great variety in the seedling peach as in the native population. With all of the other uses which may be found for the enormous seedling peach crop of Howell, it still remains a fact that many thousands of bushels go to feed the hogs. Good feed they make. Hogs put on fat and never sicken from a seedling peach diet. The peach crop is beyond capacity for human consumption, even at a nickel a bushel.

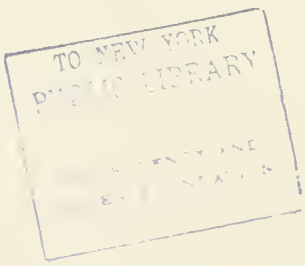
There is another view of the peach problem of the Ozarks. Several years ago, in the pioneer period of the industry, Howell County peaches were carefully packed and inclosed in refrigerator boxes with enough ice to insure cold storage for a long journey. When these peaches were taken out in New York they sold readily at $4 a bushel. The price was not exceptional. Similarly prepared peaches have brought $6 a bushel. Here, then, are the extremes of the peach business in the Ozark country from 5c to $4 a bushel. The tree which produced the $4 peaches started on equal terms with that which gave the 5c surplus. Neither had the advantage in original seed or soil. But in one case a pruning-knife was applied and a bud was inserted when and where it would do the most good. On the other hand, the original shoot grew into a tree. The same sunshine and the same showers brought both to fruition. A discriminating market put the $4 approval on one and the 5c condemnation on the other.

The Apple-Drying Season.

In the early days of autumn the Ozark country is one big evaporator. The apple-drying season is at its height. Every farmer's wife has a basket at her feet and a sharp knife in her hand. From morning until night she pares and slices. Thousands of bushels, hundreds of thousands of bushels, it may be said, which would be sent to market if the transportation facilities would warrant, are saved in this form. The horticulturists call it "evaporating." The farmers say "drying." The process amounts to the same result. By various methods, natural or artificial, the apple is reduced to one-tenth its weight on the tree. Ninety per cent is evaporated. Two hundred bushels of apples, weighing 10,000 pounds, become 1,000 pounds of dried fruit.

The primitive way is to take the quilt which is not needed on the beds at this time of year and lay it on the roof of a shed. The sliced apples are spread out on the quilt. If a rain storm comes up, the four corners of the quilt are lifted and the apples carried indoors until the clouds roll by. Some of the Ozark people do not go to so much trouble, but let the sun and rain alternate until the fruit

APPLE ORCHARD IN THE WHITE RIVER COUNTRY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is cured. The forehanded Ozark farmer constructs of thin boards shallow trays which will hold 20 or 30 pounds of sliced apples. The women folks are able to handle these trays easily and carry them indoors when it rains.

Frequently, in the corner of the house lot, a home made evaporator may be seen smoking away. Sometimes the evaporator is constructed of boards, but often of logs. The trays are placed on supports in the upper part of the little building and a fire is started below either in a stove or in a furnace which will throw out heat. The only openings in these little houses are the door by which the trays are put in and the flue by which the smoke gets out. A stranger passing would guess a long time for the purpose of these almost airtight structures unless he saw the evaporation going on.

These home-made evaporators are from 3 to 5 feet wide, from 5 to 8 feet long and as high as a woman can well reach. They are simply rude ovens, calculated to hold drying but not baking heat.

The threshing machine which goes from farm to farm in the grain country, has its counterpart in the evaporator on wheels which travels from orchard to orchard and saves the crop on shares or for a stipulated price per pound.

Corporations That Eliminate Water.

At the more important fruit centers of the Ozarks evaporators which do the work on a large scale have been built by companies. Farmers' wagons stand before the door at all hours of the day, discharging the surplus of the small orchards which are yielding more than the owners can care for. Fifteen cents a bushel for apples and 5c a bushel for peaches bring to the evaporator about as much as can be handled. These are the small seedling peaches and the fall and defective winter apples which sell at such figures. When good fruit is brought in the evaporator management packs and ships it.

Machinery does the work in the evaporator. It can't pick up the apples, but that is all it asks of human agency. As soon as the apple is impaled on the fork the machine carries it round and round at varying angles under the knife until in a few seconds it is beautifully pared. The last twist of the machine leaves a round hole where the core was. A single paring and coring machine will turn out eighty bushels of apples a day. Wheels and belts apply the power. All that the attendant does is to pick the apple from the basket and stick it on the fork. Two girls sit in front of the box into which the pared and cored apples fall from each machine. They pick up the apples and trim away any speck or bit of skin which may have escaped the machine knife. As fast as the girls fill a tray it is pushed into an almost air-tight chamber. Sulphur is burning below, and the fumes rise through the slats in the bottom of the tray and reach almost the entire surface of the apple. This is the bleaching process. From the bleaching box the apples come out a beautiful white. An inquisitive man, on his first visit to the evaporator, picked up a newly bleached apple and ate it. He said it had the queerest flavor of any apple he had ever tried. The taste in his mouth reminded him of the time his mother used to give him sulphur and molasses every other morning in springtime "for his blood." Bleached apples are not intended for immediate consumption. A few hours will dissipate the fumes. The smell of the brimstone is noticeable at first, but it soon passes away.

The automatic slicer is as ingenious as the paring and coring machine. After being bleached the apples go into a hopper. They drop, one by one, upon an endless chain, and are carried through a machine which deposits them in evenly cut slices. The slices are spread on a tray which is pushed on the slides of the drying room. There it remains in a heat of from 130 to 140 degrees. Five hours completes the process from the farmer's wagon to the finished fruit ready to be packed in 20-pound boxes. The evaporated fruit, after the method described, is a much handsomer product than that which comes off the bed cover and the back shed of the farm house. It commands considerably more per pound.

One of these paring and coring machines will do eighty bushels of apples a day. The slicer will chew up 600 bushels a day. While the pressure of the ripening season is on they run night and day. That is to say, the drying room will be kept going continuously. The machinery has a capacity sufficient to turn out in ten hours enough pared, cored and sliced apples to supply the drying room in operation twenty-four hours.

The Rocks and the Orchards.

Throughout the Ozark country, valleys, or "bottoms," as they are called, are found along the streams. These bottoms, from a few rods to a mile or two wide, have deep and wonderfully fertile soil. They grow from fifty to seventy-five bushels of corn to the acre. No fruit man of experience wastes his time in setting out bottom orchards, for there is simply no comparison between results in the valleys and on the rocky hillsides and hilltops. The rougher the ground the better the orchard seems to be the rule. On a slope where the little round stones cover the ground from 3 to 6 inches deep fruit trees do gloriously. Unpromising as the surface looks, there is soil underneath the stones which makes an apple tree laugh.

Some astonishing theories are advanced to account for the fruit conditions of the Ozark country. Riding along a road, a local horticulturist pointed to a great heap of stones which an industrious farmer had picked off his land.

"Within five years," the horticulturist said, "that man will be hauling those rocks back on his land."

The head of one of the commercial fruit companies of Howell, who came down from Illinois, had the stones picked off the slopes of his orchard and piled in a fine wall along the highway. He says he would not do it again. It is contended by some of the fruit growers that this coating of small stones is a great advantage to the land. One will hold that it keeps the moisture in the soil. Another will argue that when the rain falls, these stones, many of which are porous, absorb water like so many sponges and then give off moisture when the weather turns dry. A third defender of the rocky soil will explain plausibly how the heating of the stones by day and the cooling of them by night greatly increases the condensation and precipitation. There may be something in this last claim; the dews of the Ozark country are equal to light rains. For one reason or another the fruit growers would not have the stones taken away if they could. An ingenious inventor patented one of the oddest-looking vehicles ever seen. It was designed to pick up stones automatically as it was driven over the field. The first impression of a stranger would be that the patent was a great thing for

this country. But the pick-me-up was scarcely more than a curiosity. There was no demand for it among the fruit growers.

Fruit growing has received a tremendous impetus around West Plains, and the would-be horticulturist naturally goes there to see the big orchards. It does not appear, however, from the statements of the unprejudiced, that Howell County enjoys marked advantages in natural fruit conditions over other parts of the Ozark country. There are ten or twelve counties in South Missouri where fruit enterprises will give the same magnificent results. The lower slopes probably insure more regular peach crops. But wherever there is a slope or a plateau a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and most of the Ozark country shows that or a little more altitude apples will grow to beat the world. The success of the Olden experiment naturally attracted attention to that immediate portion of the Ozark country. That explains largely why Howell County is so much in advance of counties east, west, south and north of her in orchard development.

Fruit is the barter. Farmers bring in fruit for sugar, fruit for coffee and fruit for calico. Fruit is on exhibition in the store windows. At the hotel, you face a pyramid of apples, peaches, pears and grapes in the center of the table. You get boiled apples with your fried chicken and fried apples with your boiled pork. The dessert is apple dumpling or peach cobbler, and by way of relishes there are pickled peaches, plum butter and apple jelly. This is not overdrawn. An observant traveler counted eleven forms of fruit, fresh and preserved, in the course of the unwritten bill of fare of a West Plains hotel.

Stones and Strawberries.

A. M. Haswell told this story of the rocky Ozarks: "I was near the thriving little city of Anderson, in McDonald County, the southwest corner of Missouri. Across the road from the farmhouse where I was entertained there was a typical Ozark hill—stony, steep and mostly wooded. But on the east this hill ran down into a long, stony point to the level of the adjoining valley, and on this tongue of hill was growing the thriftiest field of strawberry plants that I had ever seen, and I am an old strawberry raiser. The great, sturdy plants stood up a foot high and the rows had formed solid masses of vines from end to end. But it was not alone the thrifty plants that attracted my attention; fine strawberry plants are no rarity in the Ozarks; but it was the fact that between the thrifty rows there was not one single grain of soil to be seen! Literally true—not an atom of soil, nothing but flint rocks!

"I climbed the fence and made a closer examination. Those magnificent strawberry plants were growing in as well macadamized a tract as I ever saw in a roadway in my life! Just then the owner of the field came along and, with a smile, said:

"'I see you are looking at my strawberry patch. Fine, ain't they?'

"I assumed him that I had never seen finer plants and added: 'I wish you would tell me how you ever planted them among these rocks and how, when planted, they managed to grow into such plants as these?'

"'Well,' he answered, 'when the ground is newly plowed we turn up a good deal of soil, but it washes in among the rocks again as soon as it rains.'

"'But why don't you pick up the rocks?' I asked.

"'Pick 'em up! Why man, I'd feel like taking a shotgun to the man that would try it!'

"And then he explained, that that covering of flint rock was the best possible mulch for his plants. That six inches or less from the surface all rock ceased, and that once set, the plant roots reached down into a permanent reservoir of moisture, which no drouth could affect. Moreover, the stony covering held the frost in the ground in the spring, and kept the plants from starting to bloom before danger from frost was passed.

"How much do you suppose that stony point of hill brought its owner that year? There were just three-quarters of an acre of it, and it had yielded strawberries which sold on board the cars at the station for a fraction over $500!

"Speaking of stony land and what it will do recalls an experience I had a few years ago in Stone County, down near the Arkansas line. I had stayed over night with a farmer, and as I was about to drive away in the morning he said to me:

"'Come out in the orchard and get some peaches to eat on the road.'

"That orchard occupied the summit of one of the 'Bald Knobs,' such as are immortalized by the name 'Bald Knobbers.' It was a steep hill, probably 300 feet above the valley at its foot, and it was by nature as bald as Bill Bryan has got to be in these latter years. Also it was a thoroughly fitted out stone quarry. The whole rounded surface of the hill was a solid gray of rock. Look across it and you could not believe it any better than a solid city pavement. But the rocks were loose, and scattered among them were some hundred or so of the largest, thriftiest peach trees that I ever saw, and every tree was loaded to the limit!

"In answer to my surprised questioning, the farmer told me that he had set those trees out in 1870! That is, they were over 35 years old, when I saw them. Remember, that in most locations fifteen years is about the length of life of a peach tree. Old as they were, they were not showing any signs of dying, and they were full. That farmer told me of digging the holes to set those trees with pick ax and crowbar, but he also told me, as did the man at Anderson, that six or eight inches deep you would run into a fine reddish clay, without so much as a gravel stone in it. That was what gave those trees their chance, and, if their owner is to be believed, they had not failed of a crop in twenty-five years."

The Lesson Taught by the Wild Products.

From the wild products of the Ozark country John H. Curran has drawn the impressive lesson of possibilities:

"Ask the Ozark farmer boy about nuts and wild fruits. In the spring he will bring you the tart sheep sorrel, the creamy May apple and the wild strawberry hiding in the grass. As summer advances he will show you blueberries, blackberries and dewberries along the lanes, and mulberries hanging low, with sweet roots and Indian tobacco after the meal.

"As the first frost falls he will shake the persimmon trees and catch for you mealy dainties or lead you to the paw paw patch where hangs nature's charlotte russe. Black and red haws with flavors all their own hang from bending branches.

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE OZARKS

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"This Ozark lad will show you his store of walnuts, hickory nuts, hazelnuts and pecans and perhaps some chestnuts and butternuts, all speaking eloquently of the soil, the rain, the sunshine and the pure air of his country home."

In the soil of the Ozark country Mr. Curran discovers the secret of the successful horticulture:

"From the limestone of Bonne Terre and the weathering porphyrys of the eastern part to the great galena formation of the Southwest extends a field of intensely interesting geological study. The soil content shows mineral saturation in many districts. Much of it contains iron which is said to be responsible for the rich color of the fruit and for flavors unexcelled by any fruit in the world.

"Phosphate is richly present on many chert-covered ridges and hillsides, a prime necessity in any successful orchard region. The weathering of this stone gives a constant supply of this important plant food.

"Ninety per cent of the uncultivated lands of the region are in timber—white, black, red, burr and post-oak, hickory, gum, walnut, bullpine, maple, elm and an unlimited variety of hardwoods, cover the hillsides, valleys and ridges, an ever-present reminder that the Ozarks lie in natural tree country. Where the forests are, there also are the forest fruits, and where wild fruits grow naturally, cultivated varieties thrive. The tree food is there and will do its work if given a chance."

CHAPTER XXIX.

LANDMARKS AND LEGENDS.

Elephas Americanus in the Ozarks—A Whole Pine Tree Top for a Meal—The Discovery at Carl Junction—Dr. Hambach's Conclusions—Zinc in Solution—Miners and Mineralogists Disagree—The Missourium Teristocolodon—Dr. Koch, Scientist—A Trade with the British Museum—The Market for Zuglodons—Star Curiosity of Wyman's Museum in 1842—Mastodon Beds at Kimmswick—An Amazed Professor—Tom Sauk Falls—Allen Hinchey's Indian Legend—The Footprints Which Laclede Found—Lilliput on the Meramec—A Scientific Investigation—Gerard Fowke on "The Clayton Ax"—Beckwith's Discoveries in Southeast Missouri—Eugene Field's Folk Lore Study—Alexander, King of the Missouri Voodaos—Mary Alicia Owen—The Initiation—Some Philosophic Conclusions—The Mamelles—A Variety of Topographical Eccentricities—Freak Work by the Water Courses—Murder Rocks—The Granite Potato Patch—Shut In and Stone Battery—The Pinnacles—Knob Noster—Cedor Pyramid—Treasure Traditions—The Springfield Chart—A Dying Sailor's Secret—The Michigan Man's Unsatisfactory Experience—Three Turkey Tracks and Three Arrows—Mystery of Garrison Cave—A Tradition of the Delaware Indians—Woody Cave in Taney.

I have just paid my first visit to the mastodon beds of Kimmswick, and they are the most wonderful I have ever seen. Missouri may well boast of them as a page out of the history of the world that has no duplicate. It is a treasure most rare. Every piece of this great collection ought to be carefully preserved until science may reach the point where it can put this page in the right place in the history of the earth and leave the story complete.—*Professor W. H. Holmes, Curator, Smithsonian Institution.*

Elephas Americanus roamed in all parts of the Ozarks. Skeletons have been unearthed near Kimmswick on the bank of the Mississippi and at Carl Junction within three miles of the Kansas border and at several places between those extreme limits. The bones taken out of a zinc mine at Carl Junction in 1892 were shipped to Washington University. Dr. Hambach, the paleontologist, said they indicated an animal from thirteen to eighteen feet in height. Elephas Americanus was from twenty-five to thirty feet long—could not walk the streets of St. Louis without burning off its back all of the long hair by contact with the trolley wires. One of the tusks was nine feet long and nine inches in diameter. This animal had teeth with a grinding surface nine inches long and four inches wide. Elephas Americanus of the great tooth and greater tusks walked on four legs, and ponderous underpinning it was. The ball on which the hind leg moved in the hip socket is as large as the body of a man. The length of that thigh bone can only be proven by proportions. The ball and part of the thigh bone have been found, but where the bone tapers midway between thigh and knee there is a break. Better preserved is the upper bone of the fore leg. The first of the joints of the backbone, that on which the head rolled, has been found and so has the last of the vertebræ, that from which the tail extended. This animal had a foot which was a mass of bones, like the hog's foot. Coarse

hair, as long as the goat's, covered it from proboscis to tail, and it wandered among glaciers and was glad.

A while ago the miners near Carl Junction found half-digested pine cones and needles far underground, and later they got the animal that fed upon such coarse provender. In this day and generation there are no pine trees within forty or fifty miles of Carl Junction. The mammoth took whole pine tree tops for a living. He chewed up chunks of pine wood as large as sections of telegraph poles. And for that purpose he had four of these great teeth on each side of his mouth, two upper and two lower.

About the time of the Civil war a storekeeper in southwestern Missouri turned over all of his visible assets to three St. Louis wholesale houses for his obligations. These assets included a tract of land. In the division of the wreck the land fell to Fiske, Knight & Co., and in the division of the profits of that firm Mr. Knight came into possession of the land. The acres are arable. They would class as pretty fair farming land. But at that time land within three miles of the Kansas border was not in demand, and Mr. Knight accepted the tract at a valuation of $2 or $3 an acre—all it was worth as things were then. There was no junction, for the first of the two roads hadn't been built. Lead miners didn't know zinc ore when they saw it. They were throwing it out on their dumps by the thousands of tons. They called it "black jack" and usually prefixed a little profanity to indicate its utter worthlessness in their opinion.

Mr. Knight allowed his land to remain idle. Carl Junction came into existence. The two railroads were built. Soon the tract was the only unoccupied land in the vicinity. Men went to the owner and asked the terms on which he would lease and let them inclose for farming purposes. Mr. Knight refused to name any figures. He said the people of Carl Junction wouldn't have any place to pasture their cows free if his land was fenced, and so he left it open. The line of the zinc mining came closer and closer until the shafts were sunk close up to the Knight line. Mr. Knight found himself called upon to refuse an offer of $100,000 for the land, which represented to him a bad debt of perhaps $2,000 and the taxes paid through a long series of years. Then, for the first time, he consented to the development work which might show what lay under this long-preserved virgin prairie. Holes were drilled at intervals from one end to another of the long strip. The drill struck ore everywhere, and in three places it developed four and five-foot veins of coal.

Down in the valley of Center Creek is a depression. The earth sinks as if the top of a small cave somewhere underneath has fallen. In such places zinc miners look for "a chimney," as they call it, and for ore. In this depression S. A. Stuckey, the manager for Mr. Knight, proceeded to sink a shaft. He went through five feet of rich black soil. Then came clay, a stratum eight feet thick. The next thing was gravel—water-worn gravel with the edges rounded and smoothed as if the mass had been stirred in a great mortar for years. Below the gravel the diggers encountered a black, sticky, muck-like mass, and in that they found the burying ground of the Elephas Americanus.

A Curious Theory about Zinc.

It has been ages since the Elephas Americanus roamed the slopes of the Ozarks and crunched huge branches of the pine trees to fill his enormous paunch.

"Ages" is indefinite enough to be safe. It is long enough to furnish the basis for a mineralogical revelation. Practical zinc men have developed a curious theory about that curious ore. Most of the scientists rather scoff at the theory. Manager Stuckey and some others of the more intelligent and thoughtful class of practical zinc miners contended that zinc is a shifting ore. They believe it shifts from place to place; that water is the chief agency in carrying and depositing the ore. This ore is not a carbonate; it is a sulphide. Sulphuric acid is a principle in the formation of it. The sulphuric acid breaks down the crystals and water carries the zinc in solution from place to place, depositing it and leaving it to form ore. This is the argument of the practical zinc men. Mineralogists do not accept any such idea as to the shifting about and growth of the ore. But mundic is the beginning of zinc formation. It is "the shine" which indicates the probable presence of ore. Some of the mammoth bones uncovered in Center Creek Valley have become honeycombed by decay, and in the openings thus left mundic has made its appearance. Since the owner of the bones went down to burial in some cataclysm the underground currents of water have been carrying the elements of zinc in solution and have left zinc crystals in the rotting bones. In this zinc belt is frequently found what the miners call "mineral wool." It is ore honeycombed. The miners explain the appearance by saying that the acid has broken down the zinc crystals and water has carried off the ore in solution to be deposited in some new place.

The Missourium Teristocolodon.

One day a wandering scientist from St. Louis was journeying through the interior of the State. He came to a farmer digging a well in Osage County. True to his geological instincts, he began overhauling the heap of dirt beside the well. He examined the different strata with professional interest. But when he suddenly came upon some half-decayed bones his whole paleontological nature was aroused. Veiling his curiosity with the calmness which is part of the scientist's outfit, the stranger climbed down into the well and saw a sight that fired his soul. Bones were sticking out in a dozen places. The scientist and the farmer talked over the discovery, and the former drove a bargain with the latter. It was agreed that the scientist should finish the well and in return for the labor should have any bones he might find. The bargain was carried out. The professor dug the well to water and carried away the bones of a mastodon. This was in 1840. The scientist was Dr. Koch. At his leisure, in St. Louis, he put together the fragments until there stood before him the frame of a mastodon. He took his prize to pieces, packed the bones in boxes and sailed for London. The Britishers were charmed, but they were not bidding high for prehistoric skeletons. The tusks of all well-regulated mastodons curve upward. That is the decision of paleontology. Dr. Koch turned the tusks of his mastodon so that they curved outward. He insisted that his mastodon was of an entirely new species. He gave it the name of Missourium Teristocolodon, or the sickle-toothed mastodon. Perhaps the sickle-tooth caught the foreigners. At any rate, after much dickering they entered into a contract by which they agreed to give the professor $2,000 for the skeleton and an annuity of $1,000. They had previously looked the doctor over and concluded that the death risk was a good one to take. Dr. Koch, however, was tough. He lived until 1866 and

drew his annuity for twenty-six years. The British Museum paid $28,000 for the Missourium Teristocolodon. After studying the skeleton awhile the paleontologists came to the conclusion that there was something wrong with the sickle-tooth. They twisted the tusks around until they pointed in the same way that other mammoth tusks point, and they crossed off the books the new species which Dr. Koch claimed to have discovered.

And Then the Zuglodon.

With the good British gold in his pocket Dr. Koch came back to St. Louis and became a hunter of prehistoric bones. He traveled up and down and across the Mississippi Valley, investigating every discovery of bones. For years he kept up the ceaseless search. At length his patience was rewarded. In a corner of Alabama he found the remains of a monster which seemed to be related to the whale or sea-cow. The doctor gathered up all of the bones he could find and took them to Germany. The skeleton was set up at Dresden, and the professors had a high old time disputing the correctness of the locations which Dr. Koch had given the bones. "The Zuglodon" was the name Dr. Koch gave this new monster. After the bones had been arranged and rearranged until the professors were satisfied the puzzle had been worked out, a bargain was struck for the transfer of the skeleton to the Vienna Museum. But when the museum authorities had bought the zuglodon they were in the fix of the Vicar of Wakefield with his family picture—they had no room in the museum large enough for the skeleton. The zuglodon measured ninety-six feet in length. Another sale was made, and the gigantic frame found a resting place in the Berlin Museum.

Dr. Koch came back to the United States, leaving his family on the other side in comfortable circumstances as the result of his latest deal in prehistoric bones. It wasn't long until he turned up a second zuglodon. When this was disposed of the doctor started out again and brought in his third zuglodon.

In St. Louis, on Market street, opposite the court house, about the time of the war or a little earlier, was a collection of wonders known as Wyman's Museum. Dr. Koch's third zuglodon was the star curiosity in this museum for several years. The museum building ran back the depth of the lot, but the exhibition hall was too short to accommodate the full length of the zuglodon. The vertebræ were not complete. Those which were missing Dr. Koch had supplied with imaginary substitutes made from plaster of paris. The head of the zuglodon was near the entrance. The body extended down the side of the hall to the extreme end and then curled around and left about fifteen feet of tail on the other side of the hall. The zuglodon remained on exhibition in the Market street museum several years. Then it was sold to a Chicago man, and was given the chief place in the museum there. The head of the zuglodon was the first thing the visitor saw when he entered the Chicago Museum, and when he had followed the vertebræ in their winding course he had about completed the circuit of the various rooms. The zuglodon held its place as the biggest thing in Chicago until the great fire of 1871, and then it disappeared in smoke.

EXCAVATING MASTODON SKELETONS AT KIMMSWICK

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An Official Announcement.

The St. Louis New Era of March 31, 1842, announced that "Koch's Missourium and the Mammoth or great Mastodon" were on exhibition. Professor Koch said by way of information: "These astonishing relics of the ancient world bear indisputable testimony of the great changes that have taken place upon the earth and how different the forms of creation from the present. Also, how limited our knowledge of the ancient world. These remains were discovered some miles from St. Louis in Jefferson County and in the vicinity of each other. They are indisputably the greatest curiosity of the present time, and any museum in Europe or America would consider it an honor to possess them. The Missourium is until now, a perfectly unknown animal, and as it has never before been found, leads me to the conclusion, that it only inhabited the 'Far West,' and this consideration induces me to call it the Missourium, in honor of the State where it has been found.

"The animal has been much larger than the elephant, especially remarkable is the construction of the forehead, which shows that the animal was of the genus proboscis, but of an utterly different construction from those of this class of the present day. The back part of the head has a near resemblance to the mastodon. The tusks protrude from the nose or rather with the trunk has formed the nose, and are only half an inch apart, projecting to right and left from the trunk, which, on the head, lies above the tusks. The head of the mastodon is undoubtedly the largest of this gigantic animal that has ever yet been found. The tusks that are now in the head, precisely as when the animal was living, measure from tip to tip 21 feet; from the tip of the nose to where the spine enters the neck, 6 feet; from the zegomatical arch over the head to the opposite zegomatical arch, 4 feet; from the tip of the nose to the root of the tusk, 2 feet; the nose projects over the lower jaw 15 inches; breadth of the nose at its extremity, 17 inches. That these animals were destroyed by the hand of Providence, through a great and wonderful convulsion of the earth, the situation in which they were found bears ample and indisputable testimony."

The Great Mastodon Graveyard.

Near Kimmswick, in Jefferson County, is the historic mastodon graveyard of Missouri. Professor W. H. Holmes, curator of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, wrote about this wonder:

"I have just paid my first visit to the mastodon beds of Kimmswick, and they are the most wonderful I have ever seen. Missouri may well boast of it as a page out of the history of the world that has no duplicate. It is a treasure most rare. Every piece of this great collection ought to be carefully preserved until science may reach the point where it can put this page in the right place in the history of the earth, and leave the story complete.

"The deposit lies at the foot of a bluff, varying in height from a few feet to fifty feet. At some time there has been a river or lake at the base of the bluff. The water has left a deposit common to all bodies of water; added to this the cliff, which is of friable material, has washed away on the ground beneath.

"Where those two deposits meet a great number of mastodons, probably hundreds, have found their death. There are evidences that there have been, besides mastodons, such species of animals as bison, buffalo and probably wolf, etc.

"As to the age of the deposit, there is no saying in a definite way. The time at which scientists begin to reckon is the primary age, previous to which there are millions of years of which no record is clearly made. Following the primary age there is the secondary age, and after that the tertiary age. Following that we have the glacial age. The records which scientists have found of this latter age incline one to the belief that the Kimmswick deposits belong to that age. One cannot be sure, however, that different ages are not represented.

"This much is sure, that as time passes these prehistoric relics will become of more interest to the scientific world. Some day we shall evolve a brain that can read these scattered fragments of the book and put them together in their correct order. Then we shall have the whole story of the earth complete.

"More than a thousand prehistoric bones, including 30 great tusks from 14 to 18 inches in diameter and from 18 to 20 feet long, and 350 teeth, 60 jaws of the mastodon with teeth in them, remains of the skeleton of a man, the musk ox, the reindeer, threetoed horse and many other bones not identified, have been found there. Some of these fossils were found as much as sixteen feet under ground. These fossils were found in a space 260 by 800 feet. In the same vicinity Indian mounds exist and parts of earth pots used by the Indians for making salt have also been brought to light."

The Legend of Mina Sauk.

Not far from the Arcadia Valley, as the crow flies, is "the Tom Suck country." The name is an Anglo-Saxon corruption of Ton Sauk who was an Indian chief. The Tom Suck River rises in a great spring on the Big Tom Suck Mountain. In its course are the falls of Mina Sauk who was the daughter of the chief. Allen Hinchey has told the legend which ascribes the origin of the spring high up on the mountain to a bolt of lightning. This was sent by the Storm King. The chief of a hostile tribe had made love to Mina Sauk. He was captured and killed.

"According to the legend, the young captive was thrown from ledge to ledge, being caught on the points of up-lifted spears. His grief-stricken bride, calling down a curse on her tribe, leaped from the highest ledge and was dashed to death beside the body of her slain lover. The Great Spirit invoked the Storm King, causing a cyclone to utterly destroy the people of Ton Sauk. A bolt of lightning striking the mountain top caused a stream of water to flow over the ledges into the gorge below, to wipe away the blood of the young lover. On the banks of the stream sprang up flowers of crimson hue, which grow there today, by the everflowing water and which are known as Indian pinks.

"Down in the valley of the Tom Suck, where the stream winds its turbulent way through granite boulders, is a country hard of access. Ingress is possible at one point, through a rent in the granite bluff so narrow that careful driving is necessary to guide a vehicle through the portal. It is known to the people of the Tom Suck as the Devil's Toll Gate, and this opening is accounted for by a Piankisha legend as follows: Long years ago, before the coming of the Piankishas, a maiden of a tribe living in the Valley of Flowers became lost in the Tom Suck wilds. A monster of gigantic size and ferocious aspect accosted her, and as escape was cut off by the granite wall her capture seemed certain until the Great Spirit, with a bolt of lightning rent the granite wall, affording her opportunity to escape."

The Prehistoric Footprints.

The impressions of a foot on the limestone at the river's edge interested greatly visitors to St. Louis in the early days. They seemed to have been made

DEVIL'S TOLL-GATE, NEAR ARCADIA

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by a giant walking from the water toward the plateau. Edmund Flagg, the newspaper man, made a critical examination of the footprints and offered a theory about them:

"The impressions are, to all appearances, those of a man standing in an erect posture, with the left foot a little advanced and the heels drawn in. By a close inspection it will be perceived that these are not the impressions of feet accustomed to the European shoe; the toes being much spread, and the foot flattened in the manner that is observed in persons unaccustomed to the close shoe. The probability, therefore, of their having been imparted by some individual of a race of men who were strangers to the art of tanning skins and at a period much anterior to that to which any traditions of the present race of Indian reaches, derives additional weight from this peculiar shape of the feet. In other respects the impressions are strikingly natural, exhibiting the muscular marks of the foot with great preciseness and faithfulness to nature. The rock containing these interesting impressions is a compact limestone of a grayish, blue color. This rock is extensively used as a building material in St. Louis. Foundations of dwellings and the military works erected by the French and Spaniards sixty years ago are still as solid and unbroken as when first laid."

Major Long and his party of scientists, on the government expedition of 1819-20, devoted attention to the footprints. As early as that time the slab had been quarried out and was considered a scientific treasure:

"This stone was taken from the slope of the immediate bank of the Mississippi below the range of the periodical floods. To us there seems nothing inexplicable or difficult to understand in its appearance. Nothing is more probable than that impressions of human feet made upon that thin stratum of mud, which was deposited upon the shelvings of the rocks, and left naked by the retiring of the waters, may, by the induration of the mud, have been preserved, and at length have acquired the appearance of an impression made immediately upon the limestone. This supposition will be somewhat confirmed, if we examine the mud and slime deposited by the water of the Mississippi, which will be found to consist of such an intimate mixture of clay and lime, as under favorable circumstances would very readily become indurated. We are not confident that the impressions above mentioned have originated in the manner here supposed, but we cannot by any means adopt the opinions of some, who have considered them contemporaneous to those casts of submarine animals, which occupy so great a part of the body of the limestone. We have no hesitation in saying that, whatever those impressions may be, if they were produced as they appear to have been, by the agency of human feet, they belong to a period far more recent than that of the deposition of the limestone on whose surface they are found."

In addition to impressions of the human foot, there were upon the stone irregular tracings as if made by some person holding a stick. The local theory was that these marks were made by a human being walking on a limestone when it was in a plastic state. The stone passed into the possession of George Rapp, founder of the society of Harmonites. Rapp was from Wurtemberg. His sect believed in communism. The members practiced primitive Christianity as Rapp conceived it to have been. Harmony, Pennsylvania, and New Harmony, Indiana, had been established. Rapp moved about making converts. The "prehistoric footprints" at St. Louis appealed to his imagination. Years after Missourians had forgotten about the limestone slab it was doing duty at New Harmony in Posey County. Rapp was telling his disciples that the angel Gabriel visited him one night, blessed the location of the colony and said it would always be favored with peace and plenty. As a token he left his footprints on the rock and there they were.

Lilliput on the Meramec.

About 1820 St. Louis newspapers told of the discovery of many graves on the bank of the Meramec River about fifteen miles from the mouth. The graves were said to contain skeletons of a diminutive race. So much had the story impressed the neighborhood, that a town which had been laid out bore the name of Lilliput. In one of the graves a skull without teeth had been found. This had been made the basis for another local theory that these prehistoric residents of the Meramec had jaws like a turtle. Government scientists with Long's expedition were so much impressed with the reports that they took a boat, floated down to the mouth of the Meramec and rowed up stream to Lilliput. They found that the graves were walled in neatly, and covered with flat stones. They opened several and saw that the bones were of ordinary size, seemingly having been buried after the flesh had been separated from them, according to the custom of certain Indian tribes. The skull with the turtle-like jaw was that of an old man who had lost his teeth. The scientists satisfied themselves that there was nothing extraordinary in the contents of the graves. As the narrative ran, they "sold their skiff, shouldered their guns, bones and spade, and bent their weary steps toward St. Louis, distant sixteen miles, where they arrived at 11 p. m., having had ample time, by the way, to indulge in sundry reflections on that quality of the mind, either imbibed in the nursery or generated by evil communications, which incites to the love of the marvelous, and, by hyperbole, casts the veil of falsehood over the charming features of simple nature."

The Discovery of Coal.

Not all of the scientific investigations at St. Louis turned out as discouragingly as the expedition to Lilliput. John Bradbury was well satisfied with a trip inspired by the report of coal discoveries: "In the year 1810 the grass on the prairie of the American bottom in the Illinois territory took fire and kindled the dry stump of a tree, about five miles east of St. Louis. This stump set fire to a fine bed of coal on which it stood, and the coal continued to burn for several months, until the bottom fell in and extinguished it. This bed breaks out at the bottom of the bluffs of the Mississippi, and is about five feet in thickness. I visited the place, and by examining the indications found the same vein at the surface several miles distant."

Brackenridge also reported upon this chance discovery of coal: "On the east side of the Mississippi, in the bluffs of the American bottom, a tree taking fire some years ago, communicated it by one of its roots to the coal, which continued to burn until the fire was at length smothered by the falling in of a large mass of the incumbent earth. The appearance of fire is still visible for several rods around. About two miles further up the bluffs a fine coal bank has been opened; the vein as thick as any of those near Pittsburg."

John Bradbury explored the caverns in the vicinity of St. Louis and told of the encouragement they offered to a new industry: "The abundance of nitre generated in the caves of this country is a circumstance which ought not to pass unnoticed. These caves are always in the limestone rocks; and in those which produce the nitre the bottom is covered with earth which is strongly impregnated with it and visible in needle-like crystals. In order to obtain the nitre, the earth is collected and lixiviated; the water after being saturated is boiled down and

THE GRANITE POTATO PATCH

MARBLE QUARRY IN JASPER COUNTY

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suffered to stand until the crystals are formed. In this manner it is no uncommon thing for three men to make one hundred pounds of saltpetre in one day. In the spring of 1810 James McDonald and his two sons went to some caves on the Gasconade River to make saltpetre, and in a few weeks returned with three thousand pounds weight to St. Louis."

John Bradbury's Investigations.

An object of attention by the early scientists of St. Louis was Sulphur Springs. This was in the valley of the River des Peres, not far from what became Cheltenham. When John Bradbury, the English naturalist, decided to make his home in St. Louis, he built his house near this spring. The members of Long's expedition found Bradbury living there in 1819. They included mention of the water in their report to the government. At that time horses and cattle at pasture went a long distance to drink the sulphur water in preference to any other. When thirty years later the Missouri Pacific began building westward there was a station at Sulphur Springs. A wooden hotel was built and a resort was maintained. The spring boiled up in the channel of the River des Peres. When that stream became an open sewer, as the city extended westward, the spring was polluted, and the use of its water was abandoned. John Bradbury made expeditions with the fur traders and trappers. He brought back to St. Louis marvelous stories about animals along the Missouri.

"I will here state a few of what I certainly believe to be facts; some I know to be so, and of others I have seen strong presumptive proofs. The opinion of the hunters respecting the beaver go much beyond the statements of any author whom I have read. They state that an old beaver which has escaped from a trap can scarcely ever afterwards be caught, as traveling in situations where traps are usually placed, he carries a stick in his mouth with which he probes the sides of the river, that the stick may be caught in the trap and thus save himself. They say also of this animal that the young are educated by the old ones. It is well known that in constructing their dams the first step the beaver takes is to cut down a tree that shall fall across the stream intended to be dammed. The hunters in the early part of our voyage informed me that they had often found trees near the edge of a creek in part cut through and abandoned; and always observed that those trees would not have fallen across the creek. By comparing the marks left on these trees with others, they found them much smaller. They not only concluded they were made by young beavers, but that the old ones, perceiving their error, had caused them to desist. They promised to show me proofs of this, and during our voyage I saw several, and in no instance would the trees thus abandoned have fallen across the creek.

"I myself witnessed an instance of a doe, when pursued, although not many seconds out of sight, so effectually hide her fawn that we could not find it, although assisted by a dog. I mentioned this fact to the hunters who assured me that no dog, or perhaps any beast of prey, can follow a fawn by the scent. They showed me in a full grown deer a gland and a tuft of red hair situated a little above the hind part of the forefoot, which had a very strong smell of musk. This tuft they call the scent, and believe that the route of the animal is betrayed by the effluvia proceeding from it. This tuft is mercifully withheld until the animal has acquired strength. What a benevolent arrangement!"

Of the trappers with whom he traveled, Bradbury said: "They can imitate the cry or note of any animal found in the American wilds so exactly as to deceive the animals themselves."

The Clayton Ax.

In the collection of the Missouri Historical Society, is a grooved stone ax, presented by W. K. Kavanaugh. "If the statement regarding its discovery be cor-

rect," said Gerard Fowke, the archeologist, "it is the oldest specimen of human handiwork that has been found in the State. In making the cut near Clayton for the Belt line, particular attention was paid to the character of the earth to be removed. The specifications called for different prices per cubic yard according to the material excavated. For this reason the contractors were careful to note and measure all the variations of rock and clay. The native clay in this region, which remains after the weathering away of the limestone, is much older than the glacial or later deposits. It was dry land before the ice-sheet appeared. Above this clay lies the loess, a yellow earth which was deposited by the floods immediately following the receding of the glacier. It is positively stated by the finder, that the 'Clayton ax' was lying on this original clay and partially imbedded in it; and that the loess lay immediately upon it. The impression of the implement was distinct in both the materials. If this is actually the case, it can be explained only upon the fact that the person, Indian or whatever he is to be called, who owned this ax was living in the region before the close of the glacial period. Moreover, at that time he had learned how to fashion stone implements in a manner suitable to his needs, for this ax is fully equal in symmetry and finish to those which are found on the surface and to be attributed to the race which last preceded the white man in the territory. It is unfortunate that the matrix in which the ax was found, was not preserved. If it had been taken out with the clay adhering to one side, and the loess to the other side, there could have been no question as to its antiquity. As the matter stands, however, the most that can be said is that the chance for inaccurate observation in such a case is too great for a statement of this kind to be accepted unless abundantly and absolutely verified by persons who are so thoroughly familiar with the various geological formations as to avoid the possibility of error."

Beckwith's collection of Missouri antiquities indicates a large population in Southeast Missouri before the white man came. These aboriginal inhabitants not only made pottery for utility, but they decorated and embellished. They had pots and kettles with handles to be lifted and with ears to be hung over fires. They put handles on bowls and shaped them to represent fishes and squirrels. Some of the pots were of several gallons capacity. There were water bottles of plain shape like gourds. There were other bottles shaped like men and women. A favorite design for a water bottle was a deformed woman with her legs bent under the body, her arms resting on her knees. Mr. Beckwith found one water receptacle shaped like a man with his arms hanging down and his hands across his stomach. This vessel was painted a deep yellow with white stripes curving about the body. A breechclout in red completed the art work. Another of the images found in Southeast Missouri was formed like a woman with skirts and having what appeared to be a pappoose on her back.

Missouri Folklore.

The study of folklore was one of the few things that Eugene Field did not satirize. The poet was a folklorist in good and regular standing. He became one of the investigators about 1890. His fellow students said that his verses gained in beauty and expression from that time. Field delved into the folklore of childhood and brought out the wealth of it. In that field he was considered easily the master.

EXCAVATING FOR MASTODON SKELETONS IN THE OZARKS

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The colored population of Missouri is comparatively small. It is scattered. It has schools and churches and as a whole is much further advanced in intelligence and morals than the large negro element of Southern States. Yet Mary Alicia Owen of St. Joseph gathered information about voodooism in Missouri, showing this State to be a surprisingly rich field for that branch of folklore study. Gaining the confidence of the priests and priestesses of voodooism, this lady received from their own lips the story of voodooism, its rites and practices. Much of her information was given to her personally by the King of the Voodoos in the Missouri Valley, a negro named Alexander, who died some years ago.

To become a voodoo it is necessary to take four degrees, according to Alexander. The instruction in the use of persons and remedies, in the significance of dreams, the names of things which go to make up the charms into which the "power" is most easily attracted—all of this is merely preparatory.

"Any fool," Alexander said to Miss Owen, "can know the way to mix sulphur, salt, alum, may apple, clover, feathers, needles, blood, or rags the color of blood, and he may say the four times four times four, but he can't throw his own spirit made up from Old Grandfather into them."

To make a voodoo priestess of a woman who had gone through the preliminaries, Alexander commanded her to hide herself and fast for many days at the same time keeping her thoughts, not on her deprivation, but on the great glories that would be hers when she attained high rank. He commanded her at other times to go cheerfully among people as if she fasted not. He commanded her again to eat all she wanted of pleasant food and then to swallow anything loathsome to the eyes and palate. He required her to go sleepless, to go cold and weary, to burn and cut and bruise and lash herself and think not at all that she suffered. She was made to drink awful mixtures and to swallow tobacco smoke. Then she must walk in cemeteries, in dense woods, beside bean hills, through deserted streets, at night when the moon was on the wane and ghosts were strongest and most threatening. All of these are bits of courage by which the voodoo initiate is tried. Next come the dances until feet are bleeding and mind is frenzied. These are the dances of the Snake, of the Moon, and the Fire.

Having gone faithfully through all of this preparation of self-conquering, which takes months and sometimes years, the candidate receives the final instruction. And it is—

"Never obey any one. Never know any will but your own, except when you are helping another voodoo against a common enemy. Make every one give in to you. Never change your purpose once it is fixed. If you do, you will form a habit of scattering power and will bring against yourself Old Grandfather Rattlesnake, who never changes, never forgets."

So the initiation into voodooism seems to be along the lines of theosophy and faith cure in savage forms.

Miss Owen says the great gods of American voodooism are old Grandfather Rattlesnake, who, in this country, corresponds to the green serpent in Africa, Old Sun, Old Boy, Old Boy's wife, who has no name, but is sometimes referred to as the Old Mistress, and the Moon. Below these come hosts of "haunts," "boogers," "rubber devils," "free jacks" and the sorcerers, Old Woodpecker, Old Rabbit, Old Blue Jay, Old Wolf, Old Perarer Chicken, Old King Catfish.

King Alexander's Story of Voodooism.

King Alexander gave Miss Owen the story of the founder of voodooism as the American voodoos believe it.

In the old, old times Old Sun took a notion to make some live things. He squatted down on the bank of a river and began to make all sorts of birds and animals and folks from clay. He stopped a moment and tore a fragment from his body and flung it into the weeds. It came forth hissing, a great rattlesnake, and watched Old Sun work. When Old Sun's work was done—that is all, except making people, for the first attempt in that direction was a failure; he breathed life into the creatures without going to the trouble of "stepping in circles or saying words." When each began to move in its own way and to cry out in its own peculiar voice, the delighted creator leaned over his work, breathing flames of joy. All caught fire. At this juncture the watching snake bored a hole in the moist earth and saved himself. Old Sun put out the fire, and Grandfather Rattlesnake came out to condole with him, but Turtle, who had been the despised one, was there ahead, with his hair singed off, his eyelids shriveled and his eyes weakened by heat and smoke.

"Hello, my child, do you still live?" cried Old Sun.

The Turtle replied:

"Oh, yes! my fine daddy! oh, yes! oh, yes!
But my back is dried hard as a gourd in the fall,
And my inwards is all swivelled up like the grass,
Can't you spit on my back, my daddy so fine;
Can't you spit on my back and cool me off?"

Old Sun said:

"Oh, yes, my child, I can cool you off;
Oh, yes, my child, I can cool you off;
But if I spit on your back to cool you off
You will live so long you won't know your name."

But Turtle insisted:

"Oh, I won't mind that, my old daddy, so fine.
Oh, I won't mind that, my old daddy, so fine,
If you can make out, oh, why shouldn't I?
If you can make out, oh, why shouldn't I?
So, just spit on my back and cool me off."

Old Sun spat on Turtle's back and cooled him off. The sacred spittle gave poor homely Turtle a great increase of vitality, a gift Old Sun never thought of bestowing in the first place because Turtle was his first experiment at forming man. When the clay image was made alive and wabbled about, the large-bodied, small-limbed, hairy, awkward creature on two legs, Old Sun was so mad he hit him a slap, knocked him down on all fours and said: "There, you, crawl! you ain't fitten to walk."

After the bestowal of long life on the Turtle he found favor in the sight of Old Sun, who asked him if he wanted anything more. He said he would like a

fine plumy tail, and Old Sun was about to give it when Grandfather Rattlesnake chipped in and said that such an appendage would be a great mistake, because the plumy tail would get draggled. Turtle was sent off without the plumy tail. Old Sun resented Grandfather's interference and tried to kill him, but couldn't, because he was part of himself. He drove him back into the hole, from which Rattlesnake peered out and watched the progress of creation. As soon as Old Sun had made everything over again he climbed back into the sky to prevent a second conflagration. Everything created had a mate, except Grandfather Rattlesnake. The latter married an Ash Tree, but there were no descendants. Grandfather crawled into a cave and "worked his mind a long time." When he came out he had perfected voodooism and was able to make himself a wife out of a dead limb. Then he had plenty of children. He was satisfied until he discovered that jealous Ash Tree poisoned some of his children and the other creatures wouldn't allow their children to associate with his. He worked his mind again. When he found himself full of strength and "poison" he organized a voodoo circle, taught the mysteries and the dances to all of his enemies and then "thought death" to them. After that he organized another circle which handed down the power. When old Grandfather Rattlesnake found he must go away he made a promise to his followers to "fling himself outen his hide," which is something all high voodoos can do, and to come back at intervals. This promise, Alexander told Miss Owen, had always been kept. And such is the origin of voodooism according to Missouri folklore.

The Philosophy of Voodooism.

Miss Owen found a philosophy in voodooism, something more than the external forms. She says it is hypnotism, it is telepathy, it is clairvoyance—in a word, it is will. Its motto is "control yourself perfectly, and you can control the world—organic and inorganic."

Old Alexander, the Missouri voodoo adept, put it in this way: "Make up your will strong against yourself and you will soon have it strong enough to put down everything and everybody else."

He claimed that the conjurer needed no tricks, balls or luck stones for himself. He ought to be able to look a man dead, or make him see things that were not before him, or do what his heart despised. "I'm the snake man," Alexander would boast, "and my enemies are flapping, squeaking birds."

The voodoos are great travelers. They have their organization, called the circle. The purpose of it is to disseminate knowledge and to try strength. Voodoo men and women wander from town to town from New York to Texas, and circulate among themselves a vast amount of information about their clients, white as well as colored. Miss Owen frankly admits it is astonishing to her how the voodoo news travels so rapidly. She tells of one instance where the information of the death of a voodoo on Long Island was known in Missouri as soon as it occurred, although the papers did not announce it for two days afterwards. She tells of voodoos receiving vivid impressions of coming events, although this is never quite reliable for more than one impression. She is sure that telepathy is an agent of voodooism and that clairvoyance is another. But hypnotism is the great reliance. There was a voodoo circle in Missouri which met in an out of the way church, the use of which was kindly given by the sexton. A part of

the voodoo circle programme is "willing." One of the voodoos stood at the front of the church and the others grouped at the back. The one in front "willed" the others one by one to come to him, and they did it. Suddenly a strange negro arose in a corner of the church and willed the whole crowd to come to him. Then he put them asleep and went through their pockets. The next year the same thing took place with the same circle. Miss Owen suggested to the voodoo who told the story to her that this might have been a spirit possessing unusual power of control. The voodoo didn't think so, because they wouldn't have gone to sleep so readily in the presence of a ghost. He thought the unknown must be a traveling voodoo king. The most disgusted member of the voodooed circle was Alexander, king of the Missouri voodoos. Alexander couldn't get over the fact that he had been "done up." His theory for the wholesale hypnotizing and robbery was that "some low-down Arkansas nigger had sneaked into the church and had prevailed by surprising the folks and scattering their will."

The Mamelles.

A landmark which received much attention from early travelers and scientific explorers was known as the Mamelles. It is north of the Missouri River and about three miles from St. Charles. Brackenridge, the pioneer newspaper correspondent of Missouri visited the place and wrote a letter on what he saw. The Mamelles are two large circular mounds which project some distance eastward from the range of hills and overlook a great expanse of prairie.

"To those who have never seen any of these prairies," Brackenridge wrote, "it is very difficult to convey any just idea of them. Perhaps the comparison to the green sea is the best. Ascending the mounds I was elevated about one hundred feet above the plain; I had a view of an immense plain below, and a distant prospect of hills. Every sense was delighted and every faculty awakened. After gazing for an hour I still experienced an unsatiated delight, in contemplating the rich and magnificent scene. To the right the Missouri is concealed by a wood of no great width, extending to the Mississippi the distance of ten miles. Before me I could mark the course of the latter river, its banks without even a fringe of wood; on the other side the hills of Illinois, faced with limestone in bold masses of various hues and the summits crowned with trees; pursuing these hills to the north, we see, at the distance of twenty miles, where the Illinois separates them in his course to the Mississippi. To the left we behold the ocean of prairie with islets at intervals, the whole extent perfectly level, covered with long waving grass, and at every moment changing color, from the shadows cast by the passing clouds. In some places there stands a solitary tree of cottonwood or walnut, of enormous size, but from the distance diminished to a shrub. A hundred thousand acres of the finest land are under the eye at once, and yet on all this space there is but one little cultivated spot to be seen. The eyes at last satiated with this beautiful scene, the mind in turn expatiates on the improvements of which it is susceptible, and creative fancy adorns it with happy dwellings and richly cultivated fields. The situation in the vicinity of these great rivers, the fertility of the soil, a garden spot, must one day yield nourishment to a multitude of beings. The bluffs are abundantly supplied with the purest water; those rivulets and rills which at present, unable to reach the father of waters,

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TRAIN OF CORN WAGONS FROM ONE FARM

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lose themselves in lakes and marshes, will be guided by the hand of man into channels fitted for their reception, and for his pleasure and felicity."

Missouri's Topographical Freaks.

Nature has scattered freak work generously in Missouri. Time and the elements have wrought marvels above and below the ground. Riding out of Springfield to the southward the traveler looks from the car window upon what at first sight appears to be the fossilized form of a prehistoric monster. Body, legs and head are there in massive proportions. The animal as it appears to be, stands firmly on its feet. But nearer inspection reveals that the mammoth is a product of the wearing work of water course upon an enormous mass of lime rock.

Along White River, about twenty miles below the town of Forsyth, is a collection of strange effects. The water has moulded and left standing erect pillars of rock thirty and forty and fifty feet high.

On Pine Mountain, near the Missouri-Arkansas border, are scattered the "Murder Rocks," as they are known far and wide. Fragments of iron ore have rusted and blotched the gray limestone like splashes of blood. It was among the Murder Rocks that Alf. Bolen, a bushwhacker of the border during the Civil war, killed forty men and made the name seem historically appropriate.

In Iron County is a collection of immense red granite boulders worn smooth by the glacial action. One of these boulders is twenty-two feet wide and thirty-five feet long. It looks like an immense potato. The group of boulders is known as "The granite potato patch."

The Cascades, the Shut In and the Stony Battery are landmarks in Iron County.

In St. Charles County is Cedar Pyramid, a mass of rock over one hundred and fifty feet high. For a long time there was a single cedar tree growing on the top of the pyramid.

The Pinnacles in Saline County are lofty bluffs fronting on the Missouri River. They rise from the bottom lands near Miami and suddenly sink into a wonderfully fertile prairie. On one of the highest points of the Pinnacles can be traced the grass covered mounds of an old fortification. The Petite Saw Plains, Saline County's other topographical marvel, form a very level tableland.

Knob Noster obtains its name from a mound which stands isolated on the prairie.

Pinnacle Rock stands one hundred feet high in a valley of South Bear Creek, Montgomery County. By a narrow path along one side the moss-covered summit is reached.

Lost Treasure Traditions.

As late as 1895 men were still looking for lost treasure in Southwest Missouri. One of them who came to Springfield had explicit directions given to him, he said, by an old sailor whom he befriended in Michigan. This sailor in return for the friendship shown him by the Michigan man turned over two maps with drawings and explanations. One map it was claimed represented the outside and the other the inside of the mine. With the map went these directions:

"Go to the southwest corner of the public square of Springfield, Mo., and then follow the directions of the outside map three miles. There you will find some broken country. Hunt for a limestone rock on the surface of the ground, marked with three turkey tracks and an arrow. Follow the direction indicated by the arrow 200 paces to a native oak, which you will find marked as the map shows. From the tree measure carefully 150 paces as the map directs, and you will find another stone, on the side of a small ravine, marked with three arrows, pointing different ways. Follow the arrow pointing southeast 250 paces and look for what seems to be the entrance to a natural cave in the bluff. The opening is small, and would hardly be noticed by one passing through the ravine. When you have found the cave follow the directions of the inside map and hunt for the silver. There is enough ore in that cave to make twenty men rich."

The Michigan man who came to Springfield bringing the maps had this experience as he told a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat in 1895: "I followed the directions given by the Spaniard in explaining the maps, and went from the southwest corner of the public square into the country. I hunted for the rock with the three turkey tracks, but could not find it. Then I began to inquire of the farmers in that settlement and found such a stone bearing similar carvings had been quarried and used in walling a well in the neighborhood. The turkey tracks had been noticed by several workmen when the stone was taken up. From the spot where the rock was moved I followed the map and found the stump of the tree. The oak had been cut down several years before, and the stump was much decayed. Two of the landmarks named in the story and indicated on the map had now been found, and I confidently hunted for the last rock with the three arrows. This I failed to discover, nor could I ever find any trace of a cave, though the nature of the country fitted very accurately the description of the region given in the story of the mine. I have spent much time and money in trying to locate this lost silver mine, and still have faith in the statement which the dying sailor told me in Michigan."

In Taney County a similar tradition located silver in the Woody Cave. Considerable exploration was done there. An Indian was said to have written a letter telling that when his tribe lived in that vicinity they found silver in vast quantities near the White River. For many years the settlers in the vicinity of White River, which crosses the Missouri-Arkansas border seven times, believed firmly in the existence of silver mines. There were rough maps of the country along the White indicating the locality where the ore would be found. Men came from long distances and spent weeks prospecting in various directions from Forsyth. They had descriptions of ravines and caves to help them. The treasure was never found.

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PIERRE LACLEDE, THE FOUNDER OF ST. LOUIS

Bust in Merchants-Laclede Bank

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FIRST MISSOURIANS.

Early Blending of the Population—The Bearnese—Virile Home Owners—The Scotch-Irish Strain—Cavaliers Well Represented—Jefferson Builded More Wisely Than He Knew—Missourians as Travelers Found Them—Treasurer Didier's Integrity—The Coming of Daniel Boone—The Salt Industry of Boone's Lick—Kentucky's Tardy Recognition of the Pioneer—Don Luis Lorimier's Public Services—Duden and Muench, Pioneers of the German Immigration—The Latin Settlement—Polish Exiles—The Missourian Politically and Physically—Best of the State Soldiers at Chicago in 1892—John N. Edwards on Missouri Courage—Court Days in Saline—How Thomas Jefferson's Grandson Heard the Declaration of Independence—The Jefferson Descendants in Missouri—Pioneer Womanhood—The Mother and Wife of Benton—Three United States Senators in One Family—The First Charitable Society—Shackelford on the Early Preachers—Trial of Rev. A. P. Williams—The First Baptists—Pioneer Methodism—Early Law Givers—The Solomon of St. Charles—John Smith T.—Aaron Burr's Expedition—How John Dodge Quashed an Indictment.

Religion and morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be encouraged and provided from the public lands of the United States in the said territory in such manner as Congress may deem expedient.—*Declaration of the First Legislature of Missouri Territory.*

Blending of the population of Missouri began early. Creation of the typical American has been progressive through every generation since "the first thirty" landed at St. Louis in February, 1764. In the first thirty were those who had come from New Orleans with the expedition, a few from Ste. Genevieve, more from Fort Charles and vicinity. As he passed through Cahokia on his way by the wagon road to join Auguste Chouteau on the site, Laclede was joined by several families.

Gallic strains most virile entered into the earliest blending to populate Missouri. Laclede was of noble family, but of hardy, vigorous stock, developed in the valleys of the Pyrenees. The first thirty were "mechanics of all trades." They dragged their boat up the Mississippi and began the building of St. Louis in the middle of February. What better proof of their physical qualities could be given?

St. Louis was a converging point of migration seeking permanent homes. Generations of these pioneer people in America had softened the speech, had added to the vocabulary, had supplemented the customs. While branches of these families, at home in France, were thinking the way to republican theories, the American offshoots were breathing free air and practicing liberty by instinct. There was nothing of degeneracy, physical or mental, in the first families that settled Missouri.

French fur traders came up the Mississippi in their bateaux; they made homes for themselves; their descendants settled all of the way from Ste. Genevieve to Femme Osage. Tennesseeans crossed over from the Seesaw State. There is not a well-known family of early days in Virginia or Kentucky that has not its flourishing Missouri branch. Every other southern State sent its full quota. A current of Pennsylvania's blood has been circulating in Missouri's population ever since the State was admitted. New Englanders and New Yorkers early saw the coming commercial advantages on the west bank of the Mississippi. They came to court them in numbers and were called "The Bostons."

If the typical American is to be a composite, Missouri should furnish his earliest evolution. All sections of the country have contributed to the settlement of the State. Main traveled roads from other countries have led this way for a century.

The Bearnese.

Pierre Laclede, the founder of St. Louis, was of the Bearnese people. Bearn was a small principality not much larger than the city and county of St. Louis combined. Occupying the extreme southwest corner of France, it embraced some fertile valleys and enough of the foothills and steeps of the Pyrenees to give grazing for the flocks of sheep. Here the Bearnese nation lived long a law unto itself. The Bearnese had their own kings before Bearn became a province of France. The Bearnese spoke and still speak a language of their own, more like the Spanish than the French. But in the speech are found elements of the Greek, so pronounced that the historians have given credence to the tradition that the original Bearnese came westward through the Mediterranean from the land of Jason and colonized this out-of-the-way corner. There is a history of Bearn, Taine says, composed by a Bearnais, who was counselor to the king in 1640. This "fine red folio" is ornamented with "a magnificent engraving representing the conquest of the Golden Fleece."

Pau is the chief city of the Bearnese. Oloron is the place of departure from the railway. Bedous is the village of the Valley of the Aspe shut in by lofty mountains. In Bedous the founder of St. Louis was born, a younger brother in the ruling family. Bedous was the home of Pierre Laclede until he was 31.

Taine, the author of "A History of English Literature," traveled in the Pyrenees and studied the Bearnese at close range. He wrote of them:

"Liberty has thriven here from the earliest times, crabbed and savage, home-born and tough like a stem of their own boxwood."

Taine told how Count Gaston, a Bearnais, was one of the leaders of the first crusade:

"He was, like all of the great men of this country, an enterprising and a ready-minded man, a man of experience and one of the vanguard. At Jerusalem he went ahead to reconnoiter, and constructed the machines for the siege. He was held to be the wisest in counsel, and was first to plant upon the walls the cows of Bearn."

A long record of courage the Bearnese made in the Middle Ages. Taine said:

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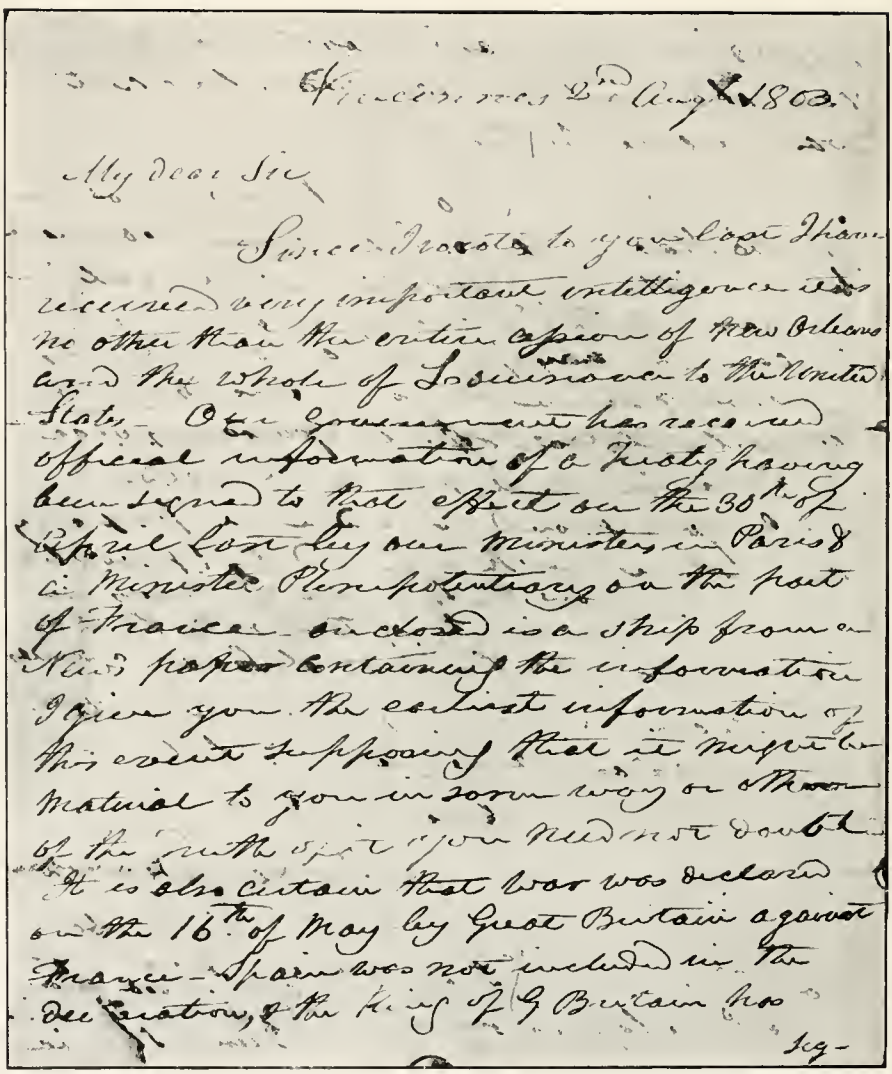

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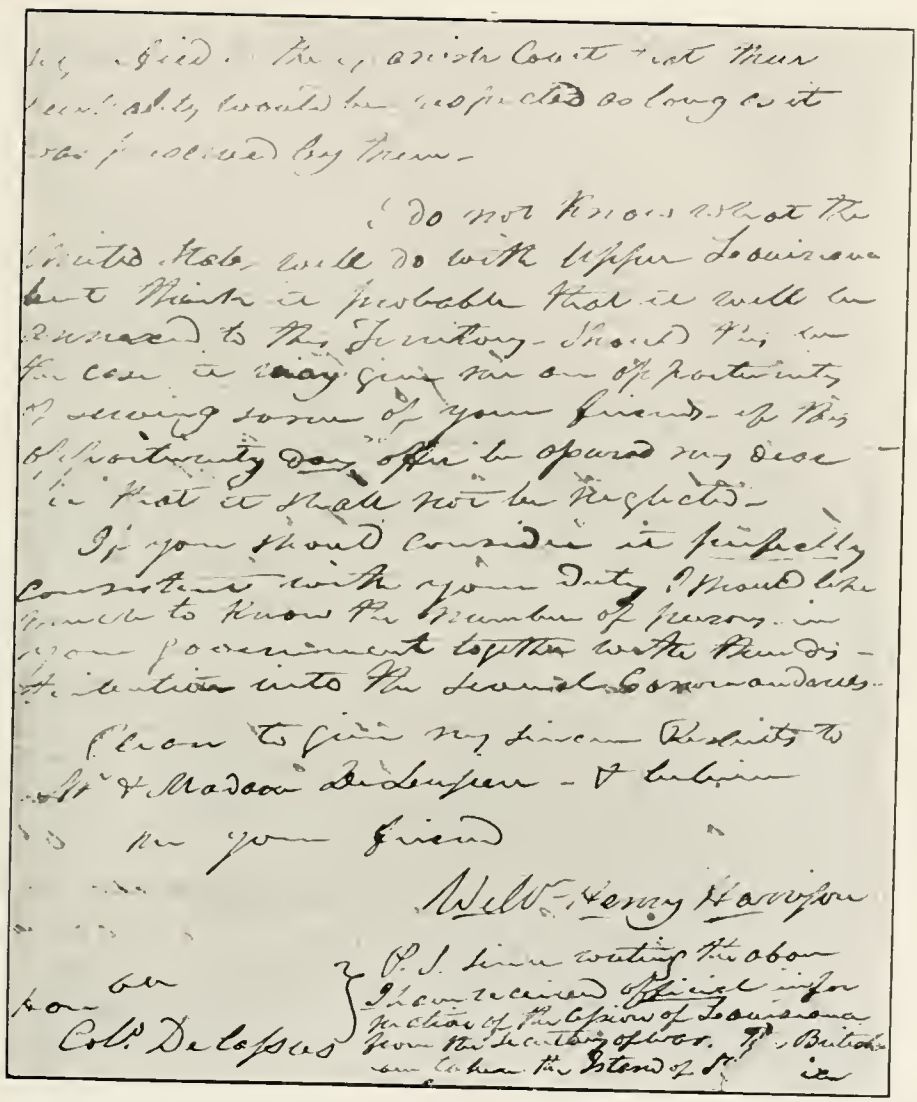

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"The counts of Bearn fought and treated with all the world; they hover between the patronage of France, Spain and England, and are subject to no one; they pass from one to the other, and always to their own advantage, 'drawn,' says Matthew Paris, 'by pounds sterling, or crowns, of which they had both great need and great abundance.' They are always first where fighting is to be done or money to be gained; they go to be killed in Spain or to demand gold at Poitiers. They are calculators and adventurers; from imagination and courage lovers of warfare—lovers of gain from necessity and reflection."

One of the earliest incidents of the French Revolution had its setting in Bearn. The spirit of these freedom-loving mountaineers flamed up, according to Carlyle, in this affair:

"At Pau in Bearn, where the old commandant had failed, the new one—a Grammont, native to them—is met by a procession of townsmen with the cradle of Henri Quatre, the palladium of their town; is conjured, as he venerates this old tortoise shell in which the great Henri was rocked, not to trample on Bearnese liberty; is informed withal that his majesty's cannons are all safe—in the keeping of his majesty's faithful burghers of Pau, and do now lie pointed in the walls there, ready for action!"

In the time of Pierre Laclede, the Bearnese, the peasants, or plain people, were owners of the little farms they tilled. Thus the founder of St. Louis came well by the homestead principle he applied in the formation of his settlement. To those who joined him in the early years Laclede, without any authority, "assigned" ground. To some he gave a half block, to others an entire block. The condition was that the ground must be improved. Laclede secured the confirmation of these assignments with deeds from the government. He brought with him from Bearn this idea of ownership as opposed to tenantry, and he put it in practice.

The idea was a new one to most of those who joined Laclede in the making of St. Louis. The conditions of land ownership in Bearn at that time had not extended to any considerable part of France. Arthur Young traveled over nearly all of France in 1787-89. He was astonished at what he found in this little country of the Bearnese. He described it as "a scene which was so new to me in France, that I could hardly believe my own eyes." He wrote:

"A succession of many well-built, tight and comfortable farming cottages, built of stone and covered with tiles; each having its little garden, inclosed by clipt thorn-hedges, with plenty of peach and other fruit trees, some fine oaks scattered in the hedges, and young trees nursed up with so much care, that nothing but the fostering attention of the owner could effect anything like it. To every house belongs a farm, perfectly well inclosed with grass borders mown and neatly kept around the corn fields, with gates to pass from one inclosure to another. There are some parts of England where small yeomen yet remain, which resemble this country of Bearn, but there is very little that is equal to what I have seen in this ride of twelve miles from Pau to Moneng. It is all in the hands of little proprietors, without the farms being so small as to occasion a vicious and miserable population. An air of neatness, warmth and comfort breathes over the whole. It is visible in their new-built houses and stables; in their little gardens; in their hedges; in the courts before their doors; even in the coops for their poultry, and the styes for their hogs. A peasant does not think of rendering his pig comfortable, if his own happiness hangs by the thread of a nine years' lease. We are now in Bearn, within a few miles of the cradle of Henry IV. Do they inherit these blessings from that good prince? The benignant genius of that good monarch seems to reign still over the country; each peasant has the fowl in the pot."

From such environment Pierre Laclede came to establish "a settlement which might become one of the finest in America." Other Bearnese people followed a few years later. The little province in the Pyrenees was well represented among the first Missourians.

The Scotch-Irish Blood.

Of the strains which entered into the early population of Missouri, Senator Vest said: "Immediately after the Revolutionary war, and even before it had closed, emigrants commenced passing over the Appalachian Range into the gloomy forests of Kentucky and Tennessee to contest supremacy over the soil with the Indians and wild beasts. This emigration was composed largely of Scotch-Irish blood, that most remarkable of all the races which have existed upon this continent, independent, self-willed, impatient of restraint, yet not given to disorder; every man a soldier and his own leader; every woman fit to be the mother of heroes. This Scotch-Irish blood has given to the Western States, into which they went, blazing the paths of civilization with the ax in one hand and the rifle in the other, men who have impressed themselves in war and peace upon these great communities.

"Nearly all the leading families of Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri came from this Scotch-Irish lineage, which possessed so much of individual and racial antipathies; always determined in their own opinions, and with strong passions and high prejudices, but at the same time deeply religious, their religion being militant, like that of the old Jews, who for forty years went through the wilderness praying by night and fighting by day, but always carrying with them the Ark of the Covenant. This Scotch-Irish blood has given to these Western States men who molded their institutions and impressed themselves indelibly upon their destiny—the Jacksons, Hardins, McCullochs, McClernands, McKees, Estills, and Gentrys. Both their ancestors and their descendants have been leaders in every community where they became citizens.

"With this remarkable pioneer migration across the Appalachian Range of Scotch-Irish lineage there went also a small contingent of Virginians, another most remarkable race. They were the cavaliers of England, who, after they lost the cause of the Stuarts, and before the restoration of Charles II, came from England to Virginia. They were the men who charged with Prince Rupert against the Ironsides of Cromwell and knew no fear. Among these families, descendants of whom can be found today in the Old Dominion and in the two Carolinas, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri, were the Lees, known in England as the Loyal Lees, who gave to Virginia Light-Horse Harry in the Revolution, William Henry Lee in the councils of Congress, and Robert E. Lee, the peerless leader of his countrymen in our Civil war. Side by side with the Lees who charged under Prince Rupert were the Bentons. Thomas H. Benton was descended from this family."

Maker of the Louisiana Purchase.

"Even a great philosophical statesman sometimes builds more wisely than he knows," said Champ Clark. "Even the Sage of Monticello, who divides with King Solomon and Lord Bacon the honor of being the wisest man that ever lived, did not fully comprehend the supreme importance of his own work. When

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he came to die he wrote his own epitaph, and passing over the fact that he had been a member of the House of Burgesses, representative in Congress, governor of Virginia when Virginia extended from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and from Tennessee to the Great Lakes, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Versailles, secretary of state, vice-president and finally President of the United States, he selected three things on which to rest his fame, and expressed them in these words:

"'Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statutes of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.'

"Those were indeed tremendous achievements. The grateful recollection of them can never fade from the minds of men as long as this earth shall revolve upon its axis and slide down the elliptic. For these acts all Americans, indeed all mankind, are his debtors; but he should have added a fourth which makes all Missourians, past, present and future, especially his debtors—

"'Maker of the Louisiana Purchase.'

"It is generally assumed by the wiseacres who write the histories that in the border States the old, wealthy, prominent, slaveholding families all adhered to the Confederacy, and that only the poor, the obscure natives and the immigrants from the North stood by the old flag. This is a serious mistake. The great historic dominant family connections divided, thereby making confusion worse confounded. Prominent people wore the Confederate gray. Others just as prominent wore the Union blue.

"In Missouri, Thomas Hart Benton, 'the great Senator,' a North Carolinian by birth and a Tennesseean by training, lost his curule chair in 1851 on the slavery question, and so long as he lived his vast influence was for the Union, and it was his political pupil—Frank P. Blair, a Kentuckian and a slaveholder—who more than any other held Missouri to the Union, while his cousin, General Jo. Shelby, was the beau sabreur of the trans-Mississippi Confederates.

"To the same class belonged James O. Broadhead, John B. Henderson, Edward Bates, Hamilton R. Gamble, Willard P. Hall, John D. Stevenson, Thomas C. Fletcher, Thomas T. Crittenden, John F. Philips, B. Gratz Brown, John D. S. Dryden, James S. Rollins—the most brilliant orator and one of the largest slave owners in the State—and a large minority, if not a positive majority, of the leading Unionists of Missouri."

Impressions of Travelers.

An early traveler in the Missouri territory told of the surprises to be met. He said it was impossible to form an idea from the exterior of some of the houses what might be found within. Speaking of the arrival of a rather unprepossessing habitation, he said: "Here we were politely received and entertained in the house of a gentleman formerly of New York. A large and splendid collection of books, several articles of costly furniture and, above all, manners and conversation like those of the better classes in our cities, formed a striking contrast to the rules in solitary cabin."

"Amongst their virtues, we may enumerate honesty and punctuality in their dealings, hospitality to strangers, friendship and affection amongst relatives and neighbors," wrote Brackenridge of the people who were Spaniards one day,

French the next day, and Americans the third day. The first settler to put a lock on his smoke house in the country north of the settlement of St. Louis was an American. The act was considered an affront to the neighborhood. There was great indignation. Threats were made to remove the lock forcibly.

Rev. Timothy Flint, the New England minister who lived in Missouri from 1816 to 1820 and afterwards wrote his recollections, described the Missourian of that period:

"He is generally an amiable and virtuous man. He has vices and barbarisms peculiar to his situation. His manners are rough. He wears, it may be, a long beard. He has a great quantity of bear or deer skins wrought into his household establishment, his furniture and dress. He carries a knife or dirk in his bosom, and when in the woods has a rifle at his back and a pack of dogs at his heels. An Atlantic stranger, transferred directly from one of our cities to his door, would recoil from a rencounter with him. But remember, that his rifle and his dogs are among his chief means of support and profit. Remember, that all of his first days here were passed in dread of the savages. Remember, that he still encounters them, still meets bears and panthers. Enter his door and tell him you are benighted, and wish the shelter of his cabin for the night. The welcome is indeed seemingly ungracious: 'I reckon you can stay,' or 'I suppose we must let you stay.' But this apparent ungraciousness is the harbinger of every kindness that he can bestow, and every comfort that his cabin can afford. Good coffee, corn bread and butter, venison, pork, wild and tame fowls, are set before you. His wife, timid, silent, reserved, but constantly attentive to your comfort, does not sit at the table with you, but like the wives of the patriarchs stands and attends to you. You are shown the best bed the house can afford. When the kind hospitality has been shown you as long as you choose to stay, and when you depart and speak about your bill, you are most commonly told with some slight mark of resentment that they do not keep tavern. Even the flaxen-haired children will turn away from your money. If we were to try them by the standard of New England customs and opinions, there would be many that would strike us offensively. They are averse to all, even the most necessary, restraints. They are destitute of the forms and observances of society and religion; but they are sincere and kind without professions, and have a coarse but substantial morality."

Brackenridge, as he traveled through the region west of St. Louis, observed the extraordinary qualities of the new settlers and wrote about them:

"The frontier is certainly the refuge of many worthless and abandoned characters, but it is also the choice of many of the noblest souls. It seems wisely ordered that in the part which is weakest, where the force of the laws is scarcely felt, there should be found the greatest sum of real courage, and of disinterested virtue. Few young men who have migrated to the frontier are without merit. From the firm conviction of its future importance, generous and enterprising youth, the virtuous, unfortunate and those of moderate patrimony, repair to it that they may grow up with the country, and form establishments for themselves and families. Hence in this territory there are many sterling characters. Amongst others I mention with pleasure that brave and adventurous North Carolinian, who makes so distinguished a figure in the history of Kentucky, the venerable Colonel Boone. This respectable old man in the eighty-fifth year of

BISHOP P. J. RYAN

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THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL
At St. Louis

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his age resides on Salt River, up the Missouri. He is surrounded by about forty families, who respect him as a father, and who live under a kind of patriarchal government, ruled by his advice and example. They are not necessitous persons, who have fled for their crimes or misfortunes, like those gathered about David in the cave of Adullam; they all live well and possess the necessities and comforts of life, as they could wish. They retired through choice. Perhaps they acted wisely in placing themselves at a distance from the deceit and turbulence of the world. They enjoy an uninterrupted quiet and a real comfort in their little society, beyond the sphere of that larger society where government is necessary; where without walls of adamant and bands of iron, the anarch fiend of the monster despotism would trample their security, their happiness and their dearest possessions under foot. Here they are truly free; exempt from the vexing duties and impositions, even of the best governments; they are neither assailed by the madness of ambition, nor tortured by the poison of party spirit. Is not this one of the most powerful incentives which impels the wandering Anglo-American to bury himself in the midst of the wilderness?"

In the early days when the newcomers were flocking to St. Louis, the keepers of hotels and boarding houses had a way of classifying them as northerners or southerners. If one of these strangers called for sour milk to drink, he was at once identified as from a southern State. If he asked for sweet milk that meant he was from north of the Ohio River, from New England or a middle State. Sweet milk sold in St. Louis then at twenty-five cents a gallon and sour milk at eighteen and three-quarters cents a gallon.

Religion, Morality and Knowledge.

In a room on Market street, near Second, George Tompkins opened the first English school. He was a young Virginian, coming to St. Louis in 1808. His journey exhausted his resources. The school was planned to make the living while Mr. Tompkins studied law. In time Mr. Tompkins became Chief Justice Tompkins of the supreme court of Missouri. While he was teaching school he organized a debating society which held open meetings and afforded a great deal of entertainment to visitors. The members and active participants included Bates, Barton, Lowry, Farrar, O'Fallon and most of the young Americans who were establishing themselves in the professions.

"The most trifling settlement will contrive to have a schoolmaster who can teach reading, writing and some arithmetic," a traveler in the Louisiana Purchase wrote from St. Louis in 1811. The next year the Missouri territory came into political existence with this declaration adopted by the territorial body which met in St. Louis:

"Religion and morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be encouraged and provided from the public lands of the United States in the said territory in such manner as Congress may deem expedient."

Thomas Fiveash Riddick was an enthusiast. When Third street was the limit of settlement he told people St. Louis would some day have a million of population. Thereat, the habitants smiled. Riddick's enthusiasm prompted him to works. Coming from Virginia, a young man just past his majority, he was made clerk of the land claims commission in 1806. His duties revealed to him

lots and strips and blocks of ground, in various shapes, which nobody owned. Instead of capitalizing his information, forming a syndicate and acquiring these pieces of real estate, Riddick was true to his inheritance. That was a high sense of public duty. The Riddicks of Nansemond County for generations, through the colonial period, through the Revolutionary years, through Virginia's early statehood, had been patriots who made laws or fought in war as the conditions demanded. Pro bono publico might have been the family motto. Thomas Fiveash Riddick was true to the strain. He started the agitation to have all of this unclaimed land in the suburbs of St. Louis "reserved for the support of schools." The situation called for more than mere suggestion. Speculators already had their plans to buy these scattered lands at public sale. That generation was too busy taking care of itself to give serious consideration to the next. Quietly Riddick got together the data, mounted his horse and, in winter, rode away to Washington. Before Edward Hempstead, the Delegate for Missouri in Congress, Riddick laid the proposition. Hempstead was Connecticut born and educated. He took up Riddick's idea and coupled it with a general bill to confirm titles to portions of the common fields and commons in accordance with rights established by residence or cultivation before 1803. And he added a section that the lands "not rightfully owned by any private individual, or held as commons" shall be "reserved for the support of schools." Riddick remained in Washington until assured that this legislation would pass. Then he mounted his horse and rode back to St. Louis. All of this he did of his own motion and at his own expense.

A Story of Official Integrity.

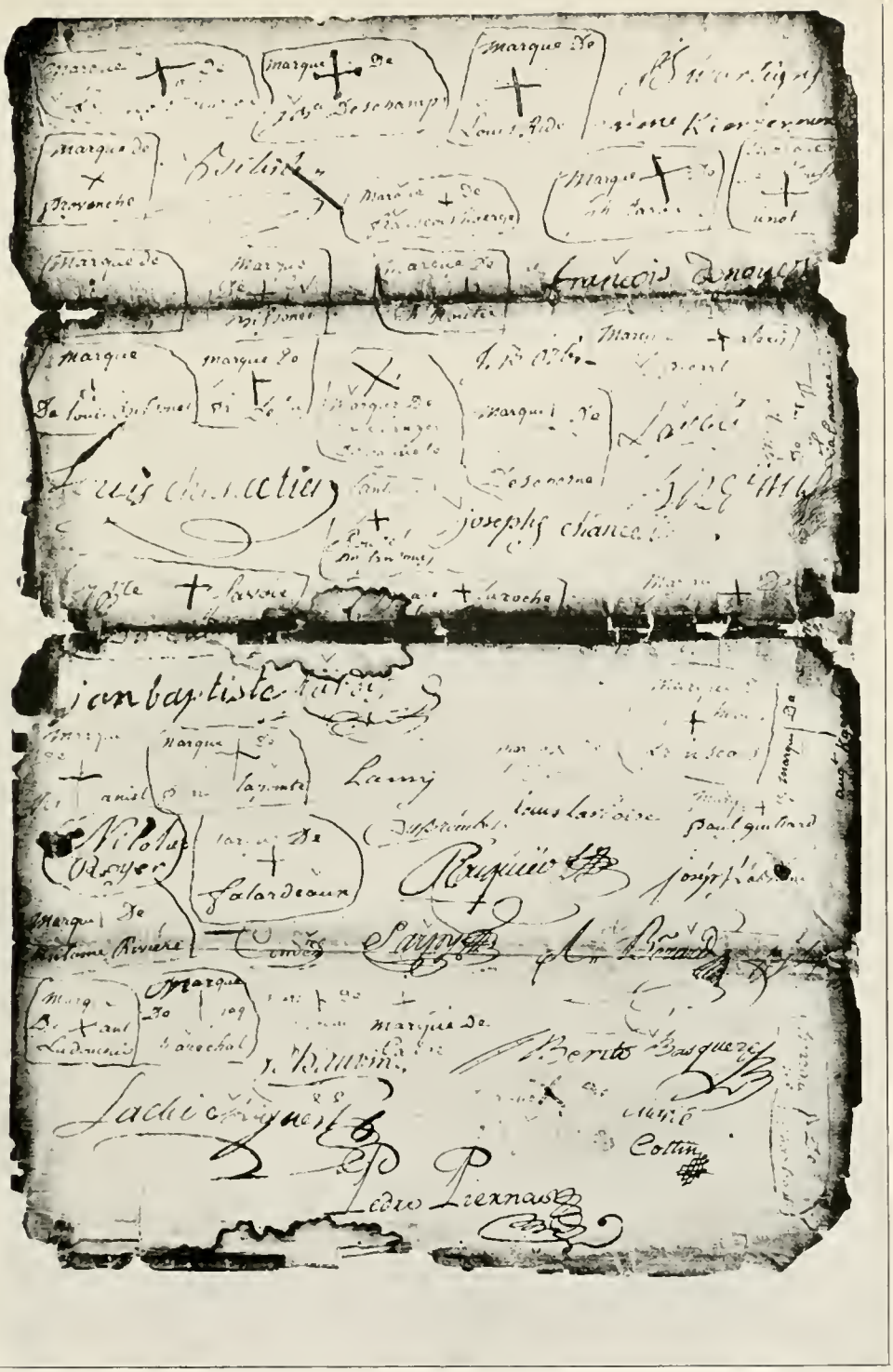
Perhaps the earliest realization of what financial panic meant came to Missouri in 1819. It brought out a good illustration of the official integrity which was standard in those days. Pierre Didier was treasurer of the territory of Missouri. He had a large sum of public money. The funds would not be needed for six months. Pierre Chouteau and Bernard Pratte were Didier's bondsmen. They went to the treasurer, told him they were hard up for cash and wanted to borrow $1,000 apiece for ninety days. Didier seemed very sympathetic, but said he didn't have the money. Pratte and Chouteau suggested that the amounts might be taken from the territorial money.

"My friends," said Didier, "it is not my money. You cannot get him. Here is my house and lot, my horse, my cow, and my bed. Take them and sell them at auction and relieve yourselves."

It seems that Pratte and Chouteau had gone to Didier to try him rather than to get the loans. According to the story which was preserved by William Grymes Pettus and deposited with the Historical Society, the bondsmen wanted to assure themselves that the territory funds, for which they had given security were all right. They went away, Mr. Pettus said, "perfectly satisfied that Didier was an honest man."

The Earliest American Immigration.

Captain Stoddard asked Governor Delassus for a list of the officials under him. He discovered that the syndics of Missouri districts were, in several places, neither French nor Spanish, but Americans. As he proceeded with his inquiries,



SIGNERS OF THE AGREEMENT TO BUILD THE FIRST CHURCH IN ST. LOUIS, 1770, SIX YEARS AFTER THE FOUNDING. AUTOGRAPHS OF LACLEDE AND THE SPANISH GOVERNOR, PIERNAS, AT THE BOTTOM

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the captain was somewhat surprised at the number of Americans he found residing in the interior. He estimated and reported that at least three-fifths of the country population was American, and that in the settlement of St. Louis four-fifths was French and Canadians.

When Americans came to settle in St. Louis or in the surrounding country the Spanish governor informed them officially that the law required every resident to be "un bon Catholique." Then he proceeded to put some very general questions as to spiritual opinions. He concluded by declaring the answers were satisfactory, and that the newcomers were evidently good Catholics and could remain. It is not of record that otherwise desirable Americans were turned back from St. Louis because of their religious convictions. John Clark, a Scotchman, was the first Baptist preacher and probably the first Protestant preacher to hold services in the vicinity of St. Louis. He and a man named Talbot started the denomination in St. Louis County by immersing each other. Clark, for some years, lived on the Illinois side, crossed over by night near St. Louis and held his meetings. The Spanish governor waited until he thought the Baptist preacher had about completed his round of visits among the American Protestant families and then sent him word he must leave within three days or he would be imprisoned, as the teaching of the Protestant faith was in violation of the Spanish laws. The Rev. John Clark would smile, hold a farewell service and go back to the Illinois side, to repeat his missionary trip a little later. The liberality of Governor Trudeau was put to a rather severe test when Abraham Musick called at government house and boldly asked for a permit to hold Baptist meetings in his house out in the county. The governor denied the petition and quoted the law. Then looking significantly at the sturdy Kentuckian, he added:

"I mean you must not put a bell on your house and call it a church or suffer anybody to christen your children except the parish priest, but if your friends choose to meet in your house to sing, pray and talk about religion, you will not be molested, provided you continue, as of course you are, a good Catholic."

The pioneer of Presbyterianism in Missouri was a Connecticut man, Rev. Salmon Giddings. Appointed a missionary, he rode horseback 1,200 miles, in winter, arriving in April, 1816. He organized the First Presbyterian Church in St. Louis with nine members. As his chief means of support Mr. Giddings conducted a school for girls on Market street opposite the court house. The missionary spirit prompted him to go among the newcomers in Missouri and to gather them into congregations. In this way he organized twelve Presbyterian churches. He got together in his school room a number of Missourians and organized a society to distribute Bibles. It is told of one of the churches Salmon Giddings organized that the pastor who was installed over it, Charles S. Robinson, a Massachusetts man, was at one time "entirely out of money and out of food for his family, but just when his need was greatest he found a silver dollar imbedded in the earth, which sufficed for all his wants until a more permanent supply came."

Daniel Boone's Salt Industry.

As early as 1798 Daniel Boone visited the salt springs which have borne his name ever since. He was on a hunting trip and had come from St. Charles.

Runways of deer and other animals centered at these springs. Boone saw that the place had been the resort of salt-loving animals and that they had licked the ground wherever the water ran. Salt springs in that day were generally known to the hunters and settlers as "licks," because of the manner in which the animals obtained the salt from the saturated earth.

There was great demand for salt in the pioneer period when game was plentiful and when pork was one of the chief products. Boone realized the importance of these springs. He built a cabin near them and spent the most of the winter shooting deer that came to lick the ground. He also tried the waters to discover which spring contained the strongest solution of salt.

These springs were eight miles northwest of New Franklin on the Missouri River in what became later Howard County. Not only was the name of Boone's Lick given to the principal spring, but when the county was organized and subdivided that portion including the spring was called Boone's Lick Township. When increasing settlement led to the location of thoroughfares, the principal one from St. Charles west was called first Boone's Lick Trail and later Boone's Lick Road.

Upon his return to the settlements Boone told his relatives about the salt springs he had found. In 1807 Daniel M. and Nathan Boone, two of the old trapper's sons, with three other men went to Boone's Lick, taking with them kettles and an outfit for the manufacture of salt. They succeeded in making some hundreds of pounds. To deliver the product at St. Charles they resorted to one of the oddest forms of transportation ever known on the Missouri. Hollow sycamore trees were cut down, the salt was packed within them, the ends were plugged. Then the logs were rolled into the river and fastened together with strips of hickory bark. The men in canoes towed these logs to St. Charles where, it is tradition, "the salt arrived in good condition."

Some one asked Boone if he was ever lost in his wanderings. The reply was carefully considered. "No, I can't say as ever I was lost, but I was bewildered once for three days." He described his first years in Missouri the happiest since his long hunt in Kentucky with John Finley.

Boone's Chosen Burial Place.

Boone came all the way from Kentucky on horseback. His first home was close by Marthasville, one of the oldest towns in Missouri. Marthasville is on the Warren County bluff, overlooking the Missouri River. It consists of two or three stores and a dozen houses. Before the railroad it was a point of considerable importance, for the farmers of Warren hauled their products there to reach the river. Indians were troublesome in those days, and a fort was built soon after Boone's arrival. It was called Callaway Post, after Flanders Callaway, who had married the daughter of Boone. A brother of the great Daniel, Squire Boone, and Nathan, the old pioneer's youngest son, came from Kentucky and joined him.

After Daniel Boone had lived near Marthasville for some time, Nathan built for his father and mother a cabin in Femme Osage, about five miles from what is now the hamlet of Augusta, in St. Charles County. Later the cabin gave place to a commodious stone house, which was Boone's home until he died. The house is still standing, on what is now the Johnson place.

Mrs. Boone died in 1813. The burial place selected was the Teuque Creek, a beautiful spot, a mile or so from the Missouri, glimpses of which can be had through the trees. His wife's death was a great loss to the old pioneer. He frequently visited her grave, and required many promises of his children that he should be buried beside her. In the summer of 1820 Boone had an attack of fever while visiting his daughter, Mrs. Callaway. He partially recovered, and went back to his son, Nathan, on Femme Osage. There he had a relapse, and died on the 26th of September, 1820. The convention engaged in framing the constitution under which Missouri became a State was in session at St. Louis. Benjamin Emmons, the St. Charles member of the convention, announced Boone's death, and as a mark of respect adjournment for the day was taken and mourning for a month was worn by the delegates.

Boone was buried beside his wife on Teuque Creek, in accordance with his oft-expressed wish. All honor that was possible in those primitive times was shown the memory of the departed pioneer. Neighbors opened a quarry in a rocky ledge on the Femme Osage and with much care got down two large slabs of limestone. On the slabs John S. Wyatt, the blacksmith, chiseled the names of Boone and his wife, the dates of birth and death, and the usual bit of mortuary sentiment.

It was not till 1833 that Warren was declared by the legislature "to be a separate and distinct county known and called in honor of General Joseph Warren, who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill." One of the early representatives in the legislature was Harvey Griswold, a noted character, who had been one of the earliest settlers and had established the second store in Marthasville. Griswold was a great admirer of Boone and a friend of the family. He offered a bill in the legislature appropriating $500 to erect a suitable monument over the grave of the pioneer. The economists of that day and generation voted it down. But for that act the subsequent desecration might not have occurred.

Kentucky's Opportunity.

Kentucky took immediate advantage of Missouri's formal refusal to honor Boone's memory. The Kentucky legislature, with flourishes which looked well on paper, passed a bill appropriating $10,000 to remove the bodies of Daniel Boone and his wife to Kentucky and to erect a suitable monument. John J. Crittenden was at the head of the committee which came here from Kentucky to secure the bodies. Strong protests were made by the Warren County folks. Griswold opposed the proposition with all his might. The Kentuckians argued and coaxed.

They reminded the objectors that the place of interment on Teuque Creek was really private property, and there was no certainty that it would be kept sacred. They dwelt upon the niggardly act of the Missouri legislature and then they enlarged on Kentucky's great intentions. Nobody knows just how it was brought about, but a reluctant consent was obtained and on the 17th of July, 1845, the graves were opened. Mrs. Boone had been buried thirty-two years. Daniel Boone's body had been crumbling twenty-five years. The coffins had almost entirely disappeared. A few bones was all that nature had not assimilated. These the Kentuckians gathered up and took away. When the graves were opened, General Crittenden made some remarks, expressing the

satisfaction Kentucky felt in showing honor, tardy though it was, to the great pioneer. And Mr. Griswold expressed the regret the people, among whom Daniel Boone had passed his last years, felt that his resting place should be thus disturbed.

The bones were taken to Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky, and interred. An excavation for the monument was left open beside the place of interment. Notwithstanding all of Kentucky's fine promises, nothing more was done for nearly forty years. The boasted monument was not erected till 1880.

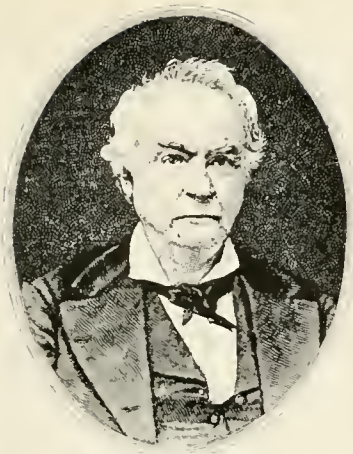
The graves from which the bones were taken were partially filled. The spot is readily found, although only a depression locates it, for the tombstones have been carried off. It is a mile southeast of Marthasville, on a farm now owned by Henry Dickhaus. One of the tombstones, quarried so carefully by Boone's neighbors, and engraved with so much labor by the blacksmith, is in the museum of the college at Fayette. The other, when last heard from, was held by Dr. Sam Jones, a descendant of Boone.

Relics of Daniel Boone are few. The Johnson family, of St. Charles County, have the cane upon which he leaned in his old age, it having been given Charles M. Johnson by Mrs. Callaway many years ago. But there are chapters in the history of Warren County which are closely associated with the name of Boone. The most mysterious crime ever perpetrated in the county was the killing of Dr. John Jones, in 1842. Dr. Jones had married the granddaughter of Boone. He was shot in his dooryard at Marthasville, and the assassin was never known.

Removal of the bones of Daniel Boone from their resting place on the banks of Teuque Creek was a desecration. There was the fit place for the old pioneer's body to crumble to dust. There the last and happiest days of his life were spent but Kentucky would have it. The smooth words of the great John J. Crittenden over-persuaded the Warren County folks, and they gave a reluctant consent to an act which has been often regretted.

Kentucky had no claim upon Boone. She had suffered him to be despoiled of the fruits of his labors. Speculators and sharpers were sustained in their grabs upon his hard-earned acres, and when he had almost nothing left he departed from Kentucky and became a resident of Missouri. That was in 1798. He came on horseback to make a new home in Missouri, for he had been cheated out of his old one in Kentucky. This was not Missouri then, but a Spanish province. The governor of it knew Boone by reputation, and gave him a concession on 1,000 arpents in the Femme Osage Valley, now in St. Charles County. This concession was given Boone for himself. He was offered 10,000 arpents more if he brought to this vicinity 100 families from Virginia and Kentucky. He took the contract and kept his part of it, but, neglectful as ever of the technicalities, he failed to get on his contract the signature of the direct representative of the Spanish Crown, and so when Upper Louisiana passed into the possession of the United States, Boone was without a title to his Missouri estate. He appealed to the American Congress to do him justice. His petition was unique. The concluding paragraph was as follows:

"He approaches the august assemblage of his fellow-citizens with a confidence inspired by that spirit which has led him often to the deep recesses of the wilds of America, and he flatters himself that he, with his family, will be induced to acknowledge that the United States knows how to appreciate and



Mayor John F. Darby

Mayor John M. Wimer

Mayor Peter G. Camden

Mayor Bernard Pratte

Mayor Luther M. Kennett

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encourage the efforts of her citizens in enterprises of magnitude from which proportionate public good may be derived."

Three years after this petition was sent to Washington Boone received the patent to his 1,000 arpents.

His visit to Missouri in 1798 was inspired by the Spanish governor. When he had found this region so much to his liking that he decided to settle here he was elected syndic of the district. Old as he was he still hunted and trapped in what is now Warren County, making trips eastward into St. Charles and westward into Montgomery. Every year he had a fine collection of peltries to send to St. Louis, for this region then abounded in "varmints." After he had been there half a dozen years settlers, attracted by Boone's fame and the superior advantage of the country, began to flock in. The old pioneer felt crowded and he talked of going further west, but the people coaxed him out of this notion and he gradually became accustomed to near neighbors, and grew more and more appreciative of the claims of society upon him.

His position as syndic made him the foremost man of the locality. Among his duties was that of holding court from time to time, and he passed upon both civil and criminal cases. When offenders were brought before him he heard the evidence, and if satisfied of guilt he ordered a number of lashes upon the bare back. When the United States obtained possession, the jurisdiction of the territorial court was extended over all that region. But the people ignored the court, and for years they came to Boone with their troubles, and his decisions were accepted without question or appeal. He was a grand old man, and the people revered and loved him. He knew no rules of evidence, but he applied his knowledge of human nature and the principles of common sense to his judicial hearings, and never went amiss. His statutes, and his religious faith for that matter, were comprised in the golden rule, which he quoted on all occasions:

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

The manner in which Boone was respected by his Missouri neighbors was in striking contrast with the outrageous treatment by which he was defrauded of his possessions in Kentucky. This contrast renders still less excusable the removal of his bones from Warren County to Kentucky. He chose his burial spot, and his remains ought to have been allowed to remain there undisturbed.

The Commandant at Cape Girardeau.

To a man who could neither read nor write, the pioneer Missourians owed much. Don Luis Lorimier was the commandant at Cape Girardeau in the Spanish regime. He married an Indian princess of Cahokia and acquired such influence with the tribes, so much in fact that he was able to persuade a great body of them to participate in the judicial execution of one of their number for killing a white man. When Governor Delassus was asked by "The American Captain" in 1804 to give him a confidential estimate of the several commandants and syndics he wrote:

"M. Louis Lorimier, commandant at Cape Girardeau. This officer can neither read nor write, but he has natural genius. Since he has had command of the Cape he has always had some one near him, able to assist him. In regard to his correspondence, he signs nothing without having it read to him two or three

times until he comprehends it, or it must be read again. He has maintained order in his post with incredible firmness against some inhabitants who designed to mutiny against him without cause. He is extremely zealous when employed. Although supposed to be interested, I have known him to neglect all business to execute a commission which would cause him expense instead of profit. He is much experienced in regard to Indians, especially Shawnees and Loups. It was through his influence that the Delaware Indian who had killed a citizen of the United States on the road to Vincennes, was taken by his nation to Kaskaskia. I had an incontestible proof of his talent with the Indians last year at New Madrid, where without his mediation I would have been compelled to employ force to execute the Mascoux Indian. It was he who persuaded them finally to attend the council. The letter of the governor general is a testimonial of his services. He is brave and extremely well posted in the Indian method of war, feared and respected by the savages. I think I should recommend him especially for those matters which he knows thoroughly."

Coming of the German Colonists.

Gottfried Duden, a young German physician, passed through the St. Louis gateway into the Missouri country about 1824. He found an ideal home in what became Warren County, and wrote a book. The descriptions of Duden were pleasant reading. The narrative was published in 1829. It prompted a large immigration from southeast Germany and the upper Rhine to the hills along the lower Missouri.

To St. Louis in 1834 came the 500 members of the Giessen society. They were from all parts of Germany. They were organized into two divisions headed by Friedrich Muench and Paul Follenius. Prompting the emigration was much more than the ordinary desire for change or physical betterment. Here was ardent aspiration for political freedom. These were men and women of ideals. The leaders were men of education. They had belonged to patriotic organizations at the universities. They had labored among the masses to arouse ambition for self government. Friedrich Muench was a pastor with a love for philosophy and for politics. Follenius was a lawyer. He had married Muench's sister. Having quite a following among the educated, the intelligent, Muench and Follenius determined to head an emigration movement and set about the enrolment of members. Their original plan was to seek some part of the United States not yet occupied and to found a German State which should be settled by the great numbers who would follow. They went so far as to frame a set of laws for the proposed colony. Gradually this idea of exclusive occupation of territory was abandoned. A commission sent over in advance reported in favor of Missouri as offering the most encouraging opportunities. St. Louis was chosen as the destination. One division of the party under Follenius came by way of New Orleans. Muench brought his people to Baltimore and down the Ohio.

At St. Louis the plan of a united colony was abandoned. The division headed by Follenius had encountered cholera and had lost many members. Expenses had been heavier than was expected. Muench and Follenius gave from their own funds to replenish a depleted common treasury and made a distribution as equitable as possible. The society disbanded at St. Louis. Some of the mem-

bers became residents of the city and attained prominence. Others went into St. Louis, St. Charles and Warren counties and acquired homesteads. Warren County, from which Duden had written his glowing accounts of country life in America, was chosen by Muench, Follenius and a few others, and there they formed their "Latin Settlement," always cultivating close relationship with St. Louis. They maintained through newspapers, through books and through correspondence an influence which drew to Missouri multitudes of German immigrants. They introduced the vineyards which they hoped to see transform the hillsides along the Missouri into another Rhine country. Sons and daughters of these first German pioneers sought the city. Friedrich Muench was a frequent contributor to the German press of St. Louis. When he came here he was received with profound respect and was known as "Father Muench." He was the type of patriarch, tall with a strong nose and piercing eyes and a great bushy head of hair. His influence among the Germans of St. Louis was strong.

Polish Exiles.

Polish exiles came to Missouri after their revolution in 1831. They fought desperately until the Russians took Warsaw. Those who were not captured fled to France. Thence, in 1832, they were deported to the United States. When they arrived in New York, each of them was given $50 in gold and told to seek his fortune. These Polish exiles were highly educated young men, graduates of universities, civil engineers, architects and physicians. Quite a number of them came to Missouri and settled, leaving many descendants in the present generation.

The Missourian at the Fork of the Creek.

"I want to say that the man at the fork of the creek knows more about what is going on than the fellow who lives in town," Champ Clark once declared. "He takes a bi-weekly paper, and a daily if he can get it, and an agricultural paper. He reads these papers, line for line—even the advertisements. He never holds office; he never expects to hold office. His voting is a matter of faith. When he comes to believe in a man, he believes in him because he thinks the man is right. He doesn't know anything about political manipulation; doesn't want to. That fellow is a stubbornly faithful constituent, a most comfortable kind of a constituent to have."

The Missourian Physically.

"You Missourians are such tall, big men," said a lady from a seaboard State to ex-Gov. Thomas C. Fletcher at a White House reception. "I have met a dozen Missourians this evening, and every one of them was a fine looking man. Are all the men in Missouri of such good stature?"

"Madam," replied the governor, looking down blandly from his 6 feet, "I am rather below the Missouri average."

"Kentucky and Missouri produce men," sententiously interposed Mr. Justice Harlan, who went Gov. Fletcher about 2 inches better.

The seaboard lady said she was prepared to believe it from her observation. It may be that there is developing a Missouri type. Gov. Fletcher said so. He and Mr. Justice Harlan looked over the gathering of 2,000 which filled the east

room, the red room, the blue room, the state dining room, the conservatory and the grand corridor, and compared impressions. They agreed that the representation from the Southwestern States would average at least a couple of inches above the seaboard Americans. As for the foreigners, Mr. Justice Harlan, after surveying the tops of the heads of a hundred or two of them, asked:

"How can the nations of which these are the physical representatives expect to compete with Americans?"

The Marching Missourians.

During Dedication Week of the Chicago World's Fair, October, 1892, the year before the opening, the Missouri National Guard carried off the honors for physical appearance and splendid marching. "I lunched," said Gov. Francis, "with Whitelaw Reid and Gov. Fifer, of Illinois. Mr. Reid said: 'Come, let me tell you something, governor. I was on the reviewing stand, and when you rode by with the Missouri troops, I was standing near some military attaches of the diplomatic corps. These military men were observing the movement of the troops with critical eyes. When the Missourians passed I overheard them agree with each other that that was the finest body in the parade.' As Mr. Reid concluded, Gov. Fifer turned to me and said: 'Look here, governor, what kind of a job did you put up on us? You had picked men, didn't you?' 'We had eight companies selected from four regiments,' I replied. 'Yes,' said Fifer, 'I thought it was something like that. You rung in a cold deck on me.'"

"I have something that matches that pretty well," said Maj. Cavender, of the 1st Regiment. "As we came sweeping by the Mines building Gen. Miles rode up and asked: 'What command is this?' 'The 1st Missouri,' I replied. 'March by in column of companies,' he said, 'and don't stop for anybody.' 'I am marching by column of platoons, general,' I said. 'I can't march in column of companies; the streets of this city are not wide enough. 'I've got eight companies of eighty men each.' 'How many have you got in platoons?' the general asked. 'Thirty-two men,' I said. 'Very well, march by platoons,' he said, and on we went with lines as straight as if there were so many poles running along the rows of knapsacks. You see they weren't used to such large companies. Wisconsin had twenty companies, but they averaged only thirty men each. The Missourians were the only troops which marched by platoons; the others by the formation of column of companies. We took up more room with our platoons than they did with their companies. Capt. Morse, adjutant of Gen. Miles' staff, when we got by the Mines building, said to me: 'Continue your march right down to the lake and then turn north. I'm going to halt and see your troops go by. I haven't seen any troops except the regulars march today as the Missourians do.'"

"It has been a great day for Missouri, surely," commented Adjt. Gen. Wickham. "Our plan of a picked provisional regiment, selected from the whole force of the State, turns out to have been just the right thing for such an occasion. It enabled Missouri to carry off the honors of the parade, in competition with the whole West. I was at the grand review in Washington, and I tell you I haven't seen since 1865 such marching as the Missourians did today."

"Bringing that car load of horses from Missouri was a great thing," added Col. M. C. Wetmore. "Where would we have been if we had to rely on what

Rev. Dr. Truman Marcellus Post

Rev. Dr. Thomas M. Finney

Rev. Artemas Bullard

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we could pick up in Chicago? The black horse the governor had went all of the way down Michigan avenue *au turkey*."

"I stood beside the Swiss Minister, Alfred de Claperde," said Capt. Charles T. Sweagle, of Kansas City. "We talked about the appearance of the different troops. 'You say those are from your State?' the minister asked, as the Missourians went by. I said 'Yes.' 'Well,' said he, after a long and critical look, 'they are the best of the state soldiers.'"

Missouri Courage.

Several years before his meeting with Emory S. Foster, John N. Edwards wrote this analysis of the Missouri character in respect to physical daring:

"Personal prowess always attracts, no matter how utterly abused or misapplied. In the West is this especially the case. Individual daring, more perfect the nearer the man approaches the pastoral life, is a peculiar feature of western civilization. It existed in a latent but easily aroused condition before the war, now and then breaking forth into deeds of sudden yet antique heroism; and since the war—quickened by all the tremendous energies of the strife, and given a new phase because of a society that in losing its homogeneity lost its power to entirely regulate an element so dangerous—it has become a part of the people itself, often made prominent, rarely cruel or vindictive, never brutal, and always more or less serious and tragical. And there are degrees of prowess just as there are elements in the atmosphere. Each Western State has its type of the desperado and each Western State impresses its local characteristics upon its local representative.

"To illustrate: The Texan prefers to fight on horseback. His pistol practice culminates when, at a slashing gallop, he can hit the size of a man at twenty paces upon the right or left. In Colorado the necessity is to draw first, fire first, and advance as you fire. The first shot it is believed demoralizes and makes the answering one uncertain. In the climate of Colorado it is not imagined that one bullet can kill a man, and hence he who gets the first shot and follows it up generally gets the second and the third, and the laurels of the combat. In Utah the fighting is closer. Derringers are relied upon oftener than revolvers. The combatants are not so cool, nor could they be, having only single shots, as those who use revolvers. Death is not so certain as in Colorado, nor wounds so universal as in Texas. The personal prowess of the Missourian, however, is known and recognized throughout the entire West. In rencontres where death finds either the one or the other, it comes to other than to the Missourian in the proportion of eight to ten. Twice in ten times the Missourian gets the worst of it. His points of superiority are soon summed up. He is cooler, quicker, more accurate, and more in practice with the revolver than with any other weapon. The pistol which carries a dragoon ball is his choice. This makes fearful work and ends a combat speedily. Besides, the Missourian—either from superior physical development, or from a larger share of that old Highlander blood which died hardest when the sword-cuts were deepest and the lance-thrusts the most numerous—can carry off more lead than the best of the other States or Territories. The first shot is very rarely fatal, no matter how it may end afterwards. Taken at a disadvantage and mortally wounded, a Missourian

has yet struggled up against the blow and killed even while in the hands of death himself."

The Missouri Sense of Justice.

Thomas Shackleford, in his early recollections of Missouri, given to the Missouri Historical Society, told these stories of early court days in Saline County: "Colonel Benjamin Chambers, a revolutionary soldier, was the first clerk of the county and circuit courts; he was a strict old school Presbyterian and a very positive character. While the court was being held at old Jefferson in a one-roomed cabin, an original genius, named William Job, was sheriff, and lived on a parcel of land as a squatter. He was called Bill Job, and was hardly able to write intelligibly, but was a man of great humor. He had handed the panel of the grand jury to Col. Chambers, who was at his desk, and Job stood in the door to call the jurors as indicated by the colonel. The judge was on the box, elevated a little, the lawyers sitting around; Chambers could not make out the full names of the jurors. He called to Job, 'Jacob—who is this?' Job called out from the door three times, 'Jacob Who-is-this.' Col. Chambers, much irritated at the burst of laughter from the lawyers, then said angrily, 'Now you have done it.' Job immediately caused increased merriment by exclaiming three times, 'Now-you-have-done-it.' Job was a very poor man. As a boy I often heard the expression, 'As poor as Job's turkey,' which I thought was in reference to Bill Job's turkey. As I had never heard that the original Job of the Bible had a turkey, the expression must have originated from the old Bill Job, sheriff of Saline County. When a boy, I was riding with Col. Chambers. I had placed the ball of my foot in the stirrup when the colonel said to me: 'Young man, don't ride in that way.' I said: 'But, colonel, I might get thrown and would not like to have my feet hang in the stirrup.' 'Young man, when you mount a horse, you must not expect to be thrown. Ride with the middle of the foot in the stirrup, and sit upright. I have often in my experience in life, found that when a man expects to fail in life's battle, he generally fails.'

"While Dr. Penn was going to see his daughter, and the court was then held at Jonesburg, Col. Chambers and Dr. Penn were riding on the prairie a long distance from any house. A sudden shower came up, which promised to be of short duration. The colonel, to the astonishment of Dr. Penn, it being a sultry hot day, deliberately got off his horse, took off his saddle, and then took off all his own clothes, put them all under the saddle, covered the whole with the blanket, and stood in the shower without his clothing until the shower had passed; then he dressed and rode comfortably home, while Dr. Penn had to go to the house of his sweetheart perfectly saturated with water.

"Such were some of the characteristics of this old soldier, who lived to be over 80 years of age. During the term of his service as clerk, my grandfather, Drury Pulliam, was sheriff, and his son, John C. Pulliam, who afterwards married a daughter of Col. Chambers, carried the whole of the state revenue, in silver, for one year, to Jefferson City in a pair of saddlebags.

"When Saline County was organized, old Jefferson on the Missouri River was chosen the county seat. The court was held in a one-roomed cabin, and the juries in the summer held their consultations in the shade of the trees. Judge David Todd, of Columbia, Boone County, was judge, and his circuit extended

to the state line west. The lawyers and the judge frequently came to remain all night at my father's house. There often came Peyton R. Hayden, John B. Clark, Abiel Leonard, Hamilton R. Gamble, John F. Ryland, and Charles French and others. I listened to these men with wonder. Judge Todd and Gamble were the only professors of religion. All these men were Whigs. Col. Thomas H. Benton had assumed prominence as a leader of the Jacksonian Democracy, party lines were distinctly drawn, and the Democracy was in the ascendant, and as most of the judges of the State were Whigs, a constitutional amendment was adopted legislating them out of office, and the appointment of Democrats to fill their places.

"These early pioneers had a strong sense of justice. An incident in point: We had a limitation law, which barred all accounts in two years. I was a young man just beginning to practice; a client came to me with an account for flour sold over two years preceding. I said to him: 'It is barred by law.' 'I know it,' he said, 'but I want him to plead the act if he dares.' I brought the suit, the trial came on. The defendant said: 'Squire, I plead limitation on this account.' The Squire said: 'Before you do this, let me ask you some questions. Did you buy this flour?' 'Yes.' 'Did you eat it in your family?' 'Yes.' 'Did you ever pay for it?' 'No.' 'Then you can't plead limitation in my court. I give judgment against you.' The defendant paid the debt. Another incident: A purchaser of tobacco had made a purchase of a farmer by verbal contract. Tobacco raised in price, and, his covetousness getting the better of him, he refused to deliver. The purchaser asked me to sue him. I told him I could not recover if the man pleaded the statute of frauds. 'He dare not do it and put it on record. I will give you five dollars to bring the suit.' I did so, the writ was served; the next day the purchaser came into my office with a five dollar bill in his hand. 'Here, S.,' he said, 'we shot at the bush and got the game. A. has delivered his tobacco.'"

How Jefferson's Grandson Heard the Declaration.

"Can't you give Thomas Jefferson's grandson a seat to hear the Declaration of Independence read?"

The National Democratic Convention of 1900 was in session. Kansas City's great convention hall was thronged. The day was the Fourth of July. The business of making a Presidential ticket and platform had been laid aside temporarily. Delegates and guests and the public were ready to pay honor to the day and the patron saint of the party when in earnest, almost reproachful, tone the question reached the ear of the sergeant-at-arms John I. Martin:

"Can't you give Thomas Jefferson's grandson a seat to hear the Declaration of Independence read?"

"Where is he? Where is he?" The sergeant-at-arms came to his feet as if thrilled.

"Here he is."

"I feel honored to have him accept my chair."

Dr. Carey Randolph Bankhead of Pike County was brought forward and given the seat of the sergeant-at-arms.

A Missouri descendant of Thomas Jefferson unveiled the great marble statue in the Jefferson Memorial at St. Louis on the 30th of April, 1913. This was

fitting. But when the trustees sought the person they were embarrassed. There were Missourians in numbers unsuspected who traced their descent back to the sage of Monticello. In Jefferson City, Pike County, St. Louis and several other localities these descendants were found. The heads of some of these Jefferson families had come to Missouri in pioneer days. One of these was John Warner Bankhead, a great grandson. He was born at Monticello. The birth, in 1810, six years after the acquisition of the Louisiana territory, is recorded by Jefferson in his diary and also mentioned in his correspondence.

Jefferson had two daughters, from whom are descended this numerous posterity. Martha Jefferson married Thomas Mann Randolph who was governor of Virginia. A daughter of these Randolphs married Charles Bankhead. The Missourian, John Warner Bankhead was her son. In 1839 he, with his wife who was Elizabeth Christian of Virginia, moved to Missouri and settled on a farm near what is now Cyrene in Pike County.

John Warner Bankhead lived to be eighty-seven years old. He was the ideal Missourian, a university graduate, a lover of books, a mighty hunter who heaped in the fork of a tree at his home the antlers of hundreds of deer he had killed, a Whig in politics but not a partisan, a kindly man who owned slaves because it was the custom but who, like his great-grandfather said, slavery was "the curse of the South."

From the Bankhead branch of the Jeffersons came the dark-eyed Missouri girl who drew down the flags covering the marble statue in the Jefferson Memorial at St. Louis. She was Miss Natalie Norton. A granddaughter of John Warner Bankhead married Porter Norton of Lincoln County. Her daughter was Miss Natalie. This Missouri girl was not only a descendant of Thomas Jefferson, the apostle of American democracy but also of the Indian princess, Pocahontas, who saved the life of John Smith. Mr. Jefferson had no Indian strain. As family records trace the genealogy, Governor Thomas Mann Randolph, the grandfather of John Warner Bankhead the Missourian, was a grandson of Colonel Archibald Carey who married Mary Randolph, the daughter of Richard Randolph. Jane Bowling, the wife of Richard Randolph and the mother Mary Randolph, was the great-granddaughter of Pocahontas the princess, and John Rolfe, the English gentleman. In the unwritten annals of Pike County the family traditions which mingle the descent from American royalty and American democracy are without flaw.

Bowling Green and Calumet Township and other names of localities have historic significance. John Warner Bankhead named one of his sons Cary and another Archibald after the good old Virginia custom which honors ancestry. He loved the woods. In his declining years he passed many happy days sitting under the trees and watching the birds and squirrels. Two years before his death in 1897 he wanted to go hunting in the Mississippi bottoms. His son, Dr. Carey Bankhead, reminded him of his eighty-five years and tried to dissuade him, saying: "Father, I am afraid you will die if you go down there. It is too hard a trip for you at your age."

"That is just what I would like, Carey," the fine old Missouri gentleman said. "I cannot imagine anything more beautiful than to die under the branches of a great tree with God's own sky above me."

The strain of the best aboriginal blood was strong in him. An authentic portrait of Pocahontas is in the possession of the Bankhead family. It is a copy of the portrait painted in 1613 when the daughter of Powhatan was in England with her husband John Rolfe and was received at court with much honor. This Missouri picture of Pocahontas has the merit of historical accuracy which the great painting of the baptism of Pocahontas in the Capitol at Washington is said to lack. The artist who painted the baptism took for his Pocahontas a Virginia lady, a member of the Fair family.

Jefferson's Descendants in Missouri.

Upon one of the anniversaries of the birth of Thomas Jefferson, Mrs. Champ Clark, wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, wrote a charming narrative of the two daughters of Jefferson and their Missouri descendants:

"Thomas Jefferson married a widow, very beautiful and accomplished, so it is said. She was the daughter of John Wayles, and the "relict" of Bathurst Skelton. She was only 23 years old when she married Jefferson, but, young as she was, she had borne to her first husband a child, a son named John Skelton, who had died in infancy.

"Mrs. Jefferson, by her second marriage, was the mother of six children, one of which was a son. At her death she left three children—Martha, the eldest, whom Jefferson called Patsy; Mary, six years younger, called Polly, and Lucy, who was only an infant at the time:

"Tradition says that on her deathbed, Mrs. Jefferson made her husband promise that he would never bring a stepmother over her little girls, and he never did. He lived forty-four years after his wife died, but no other woman ever took her place in his heart or in his home.

"Of the daughters of Jefferson, Martha, the oldest, is the one most familiar to the American public, because she was so closely associated with her illustrious father. Martha married her second cousin, Thomas Mann Randolph, afterwards governor of Virginia, and a member of Congress.

"Polly married John Eppes, the son of her mother's half-sister, Mrs. Francis Eppes.

"Both of Mr. Jefferson's sons-in-law served as members of Congress from Virginia during his term as President.

"In Bowling Green, Mo., and the surrounding neighborhood of Pike County, there are a dozen or more prominent families who are descended from Jefferson through his oldest daughter, Mrs. Thomas Mann Randolph. The pioneer of this family in Missouri was Captain John Warner Bankhead, who was the son of Jefferson's granddaughter, the lovely and beloved Anne Carey Randolph, wife of Charles Lewis Bankhead of Virginia. Her portrait, painted by Sully, shows her to have been very beautiful and it was said of her that she was as wise and good as she was fair.

"She was Jefferson's first grandchild and her birth in 1790, the circumstances of which are still a matter of family record, was the occasion of much rejoicing. Jefferson was at that time a member of Congress at Philadelphia, and when his son-in-law, Thomas Mann Randolph, wrote to tell him about the baby and to ask him to select a name for her, he chose Anne Carey. This was very tactful in Mr. Jefferson and very pleasing to Mr. Randolph, whose own mother, the

daughter of Colonel Archibald Carey, was dead, and his father had displeased him very much by giving him a youthful stepmother. Mr. Jefferson was trying to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"It was thus that Martha, the eldest daughter, started a long line of descendants of Jefferson. Mary, the second daughter, nicknamed Polly, was the only other child of this illustrious father to bear children. At the time of the birth of the first grandchild the young mother was only 19 years old, and Jefferson, himself, was 48. He wrote a beautiful letter to his daughter.

"'Your two last letters gave me more pleasure than any I ever received from you. The one announced that you had become a notable housewife and the other that you were a mother. The last is undoubtedly the keystone of the arch of matrimonial happiness, as the first is its daily aliment. Accept congratulations for yourself and Mr. Randolph.'

"At the same time Jefferson wrote a letter to Polly, who was then just 13 years of age, in which he felicitously complimented her on her new title of 'aunt' and desired her to write to him minutely telling exactly how the baby looked. To this Polly sent the following characteristic reply:

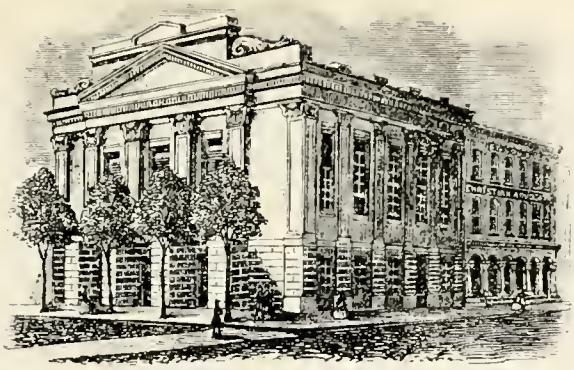
"Dear Papa: I am very sorry that my not having written to you before made you doubt my affection toward you, and hope that after having read my last letter you were not so displeased as at first.

"In my last I said that my sister was very well, but she was not. She had been sick all day without my knowing anything of it, as I stayed upstairs the whole day. However, she is very well now, and the little one also. She is very pretty (Baby Anne), has beautiful deep blue eyes and is a very fine child. Adieu, my dear papa. Believe me to be your affectionate daughter. "Marie Jefferson."

"These two daughters of Jefferson were, then, the two important members of the family from the standpoint of the descendants. Many are the stories of these girls still extant.

"Mrs. Jefferson had not been fond of politics and for her sake her husband had given up the idea of a public career. It was said that he took up politics again after her death to engage his mind and take his thoughts off his own sorrow. He was offered and accepted the appointment as minister to France. He took Martha, then a little girl 11 years old, along with him and put her in school in Paris, and he left Polly and Lucy in Virginia with their mother's half-sister, Mrs. Francis Eppes. There was an epidemic of whooping cough which ravaged the neighborhood and carried off baby Lucy Jefferson and her little baby cousin, Lucy Eppes, who was just about the same age. Polly Jefferson also had the malady, but escaped with her life.

"Mr. Jefferson then determined that Polly should cross the sea and join himself and Martha in Paris, and he wrote to that effect to his brother-in-law, Mr. Francis Eppes. Mrs. Eppes, who was one of the kindest and most motherly souls in the world, was enjoined to get little Polly into the notion to make the voyage, and her father promised her so many nice things that her little cousins were wild to go in her place, but Polly herself was of a different mind. She took her pen in hand and wrote her father a letter which she hoped would settle the matter so that she could remain in Virginia, where the people spoke English. This letter is still preserved in the family, and here it is:



Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, Fifth and Pine Streets, in 1859, and Dr. McAnally's Christian Advocate office on Pine Street.

Church of the Messiah
Olive and Ninth Streets

Second Presbyterian Church
Fifth and Walnut Streets, before the war

ST. LOUIS CHURCHES IN 1861

TO N
PUBLIC
ASTOR, LEN
TILDEN FOUNDA

"Dear Papa: I long to see you, and hope that you and Sister Patsy are well; give my love to her and tell her that I long to see her, and hope that you and she will come very soon to see us. I hope that you will send me a doll. I am very sorry that you have sent for me. I don't want to go to France, I had rather stay with Aunt Eppes. Aunt Carr, Aunt Nancy and Cousin Polly Carr are here. Your most happy and dutiful daughter,

"POLLY JEFFERSON."

"But Polly's dear papa had made up his mind to see his little daughter and he would not take 'no' for an answer. And so finally, although it nearly broke her kind aunt's heart, the parting came about.

"When Polly arrived in Paris, and was put to school, her French teacher asked her name. 'My name is Mary, but they call me Polly,' the child replied. 'Ah, Marie, that is a beautiful name,' exclaimed Madame. And so she was called Marie all the time she remained abroad, and when she came back home her friends there gave it the Virginia pronunciation, and she was called Maria. And strange to say, Maria is the name she bore the rest of her life, and Maria is engraved upon her tombstone.

"Polly Jefferson was married on the 13th of October, 1797, to John Wayles Eppes, who was called Jack, a handsome and attractive young Virginian, who once ran against his kinsman, John Randolph of Roanoke, for Congress. John Randolph was a distant cousin to Jefferson, whose mother was a Miss Randolph. The only descendant of Polly Jefferson was a son, Francis Eppes, from whom there are many present-day descendants.

"John Warner Bankhead, son of Anne Carey, first grandchild of Jefferson, the progenitor of the Missouri descendants of Jefferson, was 15 years old when his great-grandfather died. He was born at Monticello, and, with his sister, Ellen, and his brother, William, was present when Jefferson died. There are numerous letters from Jefferson to his grand-daughter, which are preserved in the family today.

"Four of Anne Carey Bankhead's grandsons fought in the Confederate army in Missouri under General Sterling Price. Young Tom Bankhead fell at the battle of Lexington.

"In Virginia the descendants of Thomas Jefferson Randolph, Mr. Jefferson's grandson and biographer, unsheathed their swords for the southern cause, and one great-grandson, Sidney Coolidge of Boston, took up arms and died in the defense of the Union. His mother was Ellen Wayles Randolph. She married Joseph Coolidge of Boston and became the ancestress of the New England branch of Jefferson's descendants. Her son, Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, held office under President Cleveland.

"I have known personally and intimately many of the descendants of Jefferson, and I would state here and now that the chief characteristic of those of them whom I reckon among my friends and acquaintances is modesty and gentle breeding. For some reason the profession of medicine seems to appeal to the modern Jefferson more than law or politics. The present deputy sheriff of Pike County, Missouri, is Russell Bankhead, a Jefferson descendant; but three brothers of the family are practicing physicians.

"At the time of her death, February 11, 1828, five months before Jefferson's death, Anne Carey Randolph, wife of Charles Lewis Bankhead, had three children living. The oldest one, as I have said, married and came to Missouri. His

sister, Ellen Bankhead, married a Virginian named John Carter, who afterwards became a resident of Pike County, Missouri.

Missouri Women Pioneers.

"Neither song, nor story," wrote Richard Smith Elliott, "has ever done justice to the women of the frontier. Their industry, patience, fortitude and endurance have been so wonderful as only to be accounted for by the fact that they knew no better. Their manifestation of these qualities has often put to shame—or ought to have done so—the men associated with their lives. The great world knows little or nothing of the faithful sisterhood of pioneer women; but their obscure lives were often full of what in men would be called heroism; and we owe to them in a great degree the spread of empire westward, ever since the matrons and maids were first led into the wilderness by Daniel Boone and his courageous comrades. There ought to be an obelisk erected—taller than any on earth—and dedicated to the pioneer women of America, who ever since the landing of the Mayflower, have been the patient and slightly rewarded servitors of civilization."

The Mother and Wife of Benton.

In his autobiography Benton wrote of his indebtedness to his mother, referring, as was his custom, to himself in the third person:

"He lost his father before he was eight years of age and fell under the care of a mother still young and charged with a numerous family, all of tender age, and devoted herself to them.

"She was a woman of reading and observation—solid reading and observation of the men of the Revolution brought together by course of hospitality of that time, in which the houses of friends and not taverns were the universal stopping places.

"Thomas was the eldest son, and at the age of ten and twelve was reading solid books with his mother and studying the great examples of history and receiving encouragement to emulate these examples.

"His father's library, among others, contained the famous state trials in the large folios of that time, and here he got a foundation of British history in reading the treason and other trials with which these volumes abound. She was also a pious and religious woman, cultivating the moral and religious education of her children and connected all her life with the Christian church, first as a member of the English Episcopalian, and upon removal to the Great West—then in the wilderness—then in the Methodist Episcopalian, in which she died. All the minor virtues, as well as the greater, were cherished by her, and her house, the resort of the eminent men of the time, was the abode of temperance, modesty, and decorum. A pack of cards was never seen in her house.

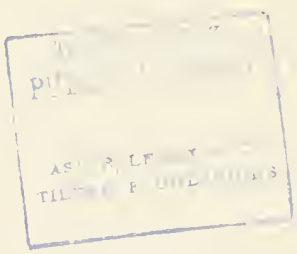
"From such a mother all the children received the impress of character, and she lived to see the fruits of her pious and liberal cares—living a widow above fifty years—and to see her eldest son half through his Senatorial career and taking his place among the historic men of the country, for which she had begun so early to train him. These details deserve to be noted, though small in themselves, as showing how much the after life of the man may depend upon the early cares and guidance of a mother."

Rev. William Potts

Rev. Dr. M. McAnally

Rev. S. B. McPheeters

EMINENT MISSOURI PREACHERS



The wife of Thomas H. Benton was Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel James McDowell, Rockbridge County, Va. Of her Benton wrote in his autobiography: "She was a woman of singular merit, judgment, elevation of character, and regard for every social duty, crowned by a lifelong connection with the church in which she was bred—the Presbyterian Old School. Mrs. Benton died in 1854, having been struck with paralysis in 1844, and from that time her husband was never known to go to any place of festivity or amusement."

The Mother of Senators.

To a Missouri woman was given the honor of having two sons and a grandson in the United States Senate. Anne Hunter, when only fifteen years of age, carried provisions to forts in Kentucky when the surrounding country was infested with hostile Indians. There was much suffering among the settlers who had taken refuge in the forts. This young girl carried food to them. She was married twice, first to Israel Dodge of Louisville and second to Asahel Linn. By the first marriage she was the mother of Henry Dodge, who became governor of Wisconsin Territory, a delegate to Congress and afterwards a United States Senator. Lewis Fields Linn was born at Louisville on the second of March. He was a Senator from Missouri. A son of Henry Dodge was Augustus C. Dodge, who also became a United States Senator.

Good Deeds in Early Days.

Organized charity in St. Louis began in 1824. It was the result of a movement by the foremost women of the city. The first meeting was held at the residence of the governor, Alexander McNair. Mrs. George F. Strother was chosen president of the Female Charitable Society, as it was named, and Mrs. McNair was made the first vice-president. It is told of the wife of the first editor in St. Louis that no one in need was turned away from her door. Mrs. Sarah Charless lived to be eighty-one years of age. She was a resident of St. Louis half a century. St. Louis was notably lacking in hotels when Joseph Charless came to start the first newspaper. Strangers whose credentials or appearances justified were made welcome at private houses. To accommodate the newcomers who often found it difficult to obtain shelter, Mr. and Mrs. Charless opened their home, which was a large one in Fifth and Market streets. A sign was hung from a post, bearing the announcement "Entertainment by Joseph Charless." With the house was a garden, one of the finest in St. Louis, occupying half of the block bounded by Fourth, Fifth, Market and Walnut streets. There the vegetables and fruits were raised for the table which became famous. In a card to the Gazette Mr. Charles stated that strangers "will find every accommodation but whisky." Mrs. Charless was one of the most active members of the Presbyterian church.

Some Pioneer Preachers.

In his early recollections of Missouri, Thomas Shackleford said:

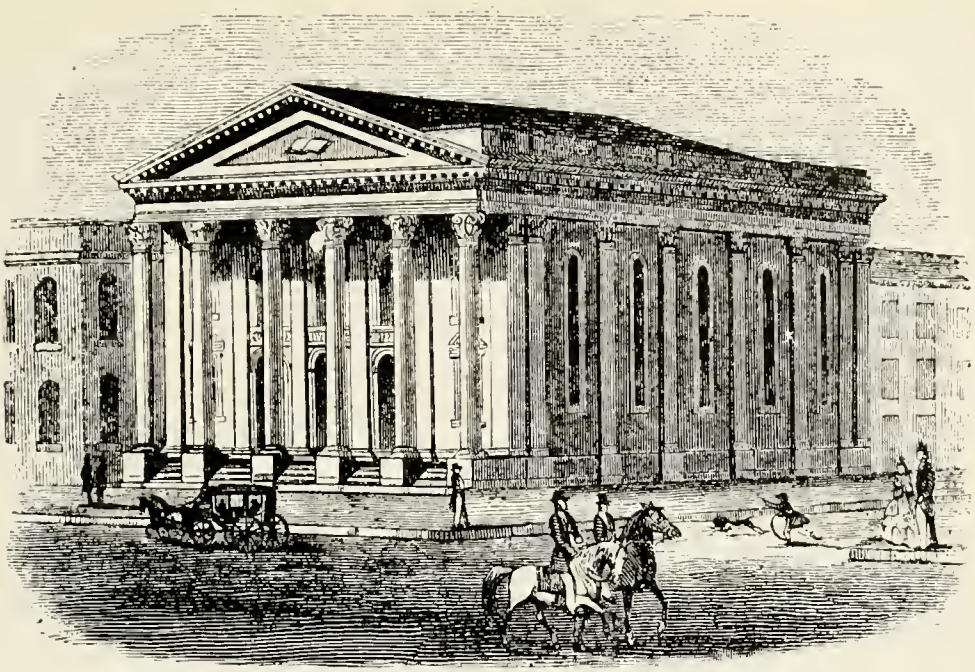
"I cannot close these reflections without calling attention to the influence of the church of Christ, in moulding the character of the early pioneers of Missouri. The Baptist denomination was the first, then the Cumberland Presbyterian, and then the Methodist. I have intimated heretofore what a strong

influence the writings of Voltaire and Thomas Paine had upon the first residents of Missouri. It was a great conflict. A. P. Williams of the Baptist Church was a man of giant intellect, and I witnessed in an early day a great debate between him and Jesse Green, a great Methodist who had come to Missouri after the failure of Sevier to establish the State of Franklin west of the Allegheny Mountains—then a part of North Carolina, now Tennessee.

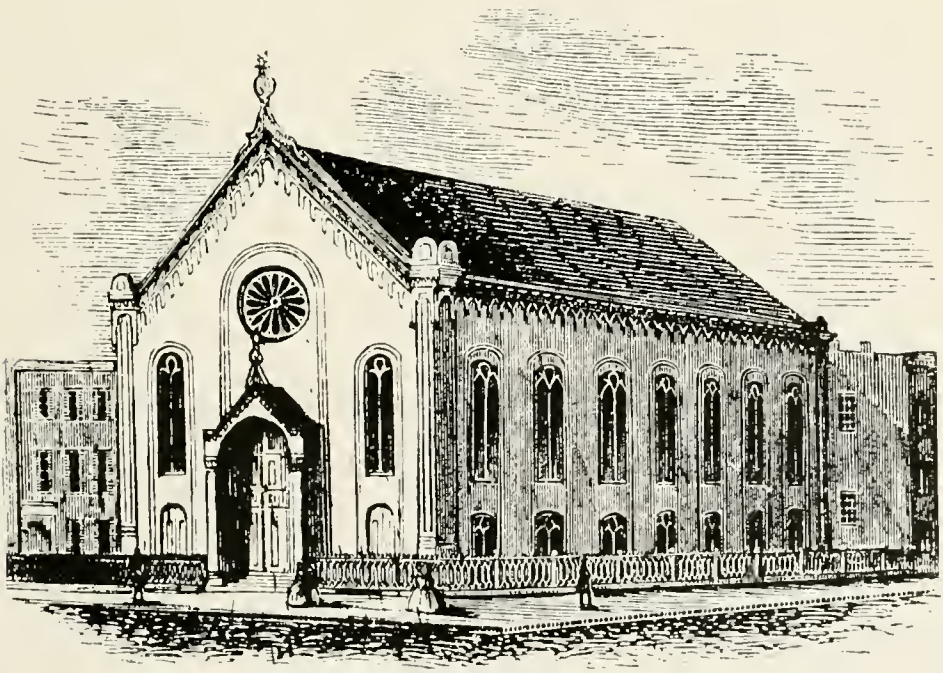
"I want to mention an incident connected with the indictment of A. P. Williams for preaching without taking the oath of allegiance under the Drake constitution. I mention it to show how much influence men of my profession exerted in behalf of civil liberty. When Williams was indicted, Horace B. Johnson was circuit attorney. He wrote the indictments at the behest of a Radical grand jury (let me premise that none but Radicals could sit on a jury), and when the case was called for trial, Johnson came to me and said: 'I don't mean to prosecute a man like A. P. Williams for preaching. You get your client to come in and give bond and the case will be postponed until the excitement is over.' It is needless to say that the Rev. A. P. Williams was never tried under that indictment. The Methodist denomination, by reason of their self-sacrificing ministers in the traveling connection, exerted a great influence on society. Willis A. Dockery, the father of A. M. Dockery, the governor, was one of these pioneer ministers. I remember once, in attending conference, sitting on the seat beside the mother of our governor, and that as we sped in the cars through the prairies, this mother said to me: 'Oh, Brother Shackleford, you don't know what a trial it is to be moving so often; to have no home. I sometimes feel that I can hate the yellow flowers of the prairie which are in bloom when moving time comes.' Ah, that noble mother little thought that while she had no 'cottage in the wilderness,' she was training a boy to be the future governor of the great State of Missouri.

"The Christian world was startled with the publications of Voltaire, and Paine's 'Age of Reason,' and the men in Saline County often got together to discuss the problems of life as indicated by these infidel writers. I have often heard them in animated discussion as they read and commented on the wonderful productions. My mother never permitted me to read these works, and after my father's death destroyed them. With all these prominent men imbued with this spirit of infidelity, it is not strange that they should leave their opinion impressed upon the rising generation."

The first Baptists to settle in Missouri are said to have been Thomas Bull and his wife and mother-in-law, Mrs. Lee, who settled near what is now Jackson, in 1796. Two or three years later Rev. Thomas Johnson, a Baptist preacher, came to the Cape Girardeau District on a visit. He baptized Mrs. Agnes Ballew in Randol's Creek. This was said to have been the first Protestant baptism west of the Mississippi. Bethel Baptist Church was organized in Cape Girardeau District, July 10, 1806, at the home of Thomas Bull by Rev. David Green, who had moved from Virginia. In 1807 William Matthews was chosen "singing clerk." The next year Thomas Wright and two members of his family were excluded for holding "Armenian views." In 1811 John Reynolds was excluded for joining a Masonic lodge. In 1818 it was resolved by the church that Hannah Edwards be allowed to wear gold earrings for the benefit of her health. An entry in the church minutes in 1818 read:



First Congregational Church,
Tenth and Locust Streets



First Methodist Episcopal Church South,
Eighth Street and Washington Avenue

ST. LOUIS CHURCHES IN 1861

"Church in conference. Query: If a member is constrained to shout shall the church bear with it? Answer: Yes."

A noted Methodist preacher in Southeast Missouri about 1817 was Rucker Tanner. He was a man of very dark complexion and when young was wild. The story was told of him that when a boy he went with an older brother to New Orleans. The two spent all of their money. The older one persuaded the other to let him sell him as a negro slave, got the money and disappeared. After some time the boy convinced his master that he was white and was freed. He started to walk home to Missouri, made the acquaintance of a local preacher and hired out to him. In the course of time he was converted and decided to become a preacher. His employer encouraged him. Years after he had been given up for dead, Rucker Tanner came back to the New Madrid District and made himself known to relatives. He accepted an appointment to preach. The congregation that assembled to hear him was the largest that had assembled in that part of Missouri.

A pamphlet called "Pioneer Methodism in Missouri" tells the experience of Rev. R. R. Witten on a circuit in 1856. There were twenty-seven appointments to make. They required a journey of 300 miles.

"The field was one vast spiritual wilderness—not a church, not a parsonage, and no part of the Methodist machinery was at work except the preacher, his horse, and a few scattered members; but at this date we have in that same territory three thousand members, and $50,000 worth of church property. If I did the planting, others did the watering, and great is the increase.

"I started one cold afternoon, when the sun was about an hour high, to go from Black Oak to the present site of Procterville. I had to face a dreadful wind storm all the way. There was but one house on the road, and that not a place where entertainment could be had. I soon found that it would be almost a miracle to avoid freezing to death. I was well wrapped, and exerted myself in every possible way, but suddenly a sense of drowsiness came over me, and I almost fell from my horse. I was alarmed at the sensation, and I instantly dismounted, and leaped and ran until the drowsiness left me. I reached the house of my good friend, Dr. Procter, with frozen toes, ears and fingers, but inexpressibly glad to have escaped such a shocking death.

"There was but one bridge in all this territory, and that was at Kingston. On one occasion, after having traveled all day, the last four miles across Shoal Creek bottom I found to be almost impassable. I finally reached the stream, which was nearly bank full. I could not recross the bottom to find a shelter—the sun was almost down, and half a mile further was the place of my appointment, and I must reach it at all hazards. I was in a 'strait betwixt two,' but was not long in deciding which one I would accept. The path of duty led me forward, not backward, and in a moment my faithful horse was breasting the waves, and in due time brought me to the shore in safety. I soon reached my objective point, and found a good fire, and a chance to change my frozen clothes for dry ones. The Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad was that year being graded. There was a group of shanties at one place called Breckinridge. One building stood at another place, which was called Hamilton. Kidder was a city of stakes. A family near this place said to me: 'Stop and see us.' There was nothing of Cameron then but stakes, but one month from that time I found a number of

little box houses, in one of which lived the family referred to; that night I preached in their house, and organized the church in that city. That was the day of small things, and was in the year 1857."

Early Law Givers.

Thomas C. Burch came upon the bench in Chariton County about 1839. The legislature had created the Eleventh Judicial Circuit. It was told of him that he had little patience with the delays of litigation. One, the calf case, in which a poor woman was claiming an animal which a neighbor had taken, was brought before him. The judge looked over the papers and came to the conclusion from the array of witnesses that the trial would require several days. He rebuked the lawyer of the poor woman for bringing such a suit. The lawyer replied "That it was not so much the value of the calf that was prompting the suit but a desire for justice."

"Well," said the judge addressing the defendant's counsel, "what are you fighting for?"

"For the same that my learned brother is professing to seek—the ever living and eternal principles of right."

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "how many witnesses have been subpoenaed in this case?"

"Forty, your Honor."

"Do you want your fees in the case?"

"No, sir; I will relinquish them if it will tend to settle the case."

"Mr. Sheriff, have you any claim for your services?"

"No, sir; like the clerk, I will abandon my fees if the case stops here."

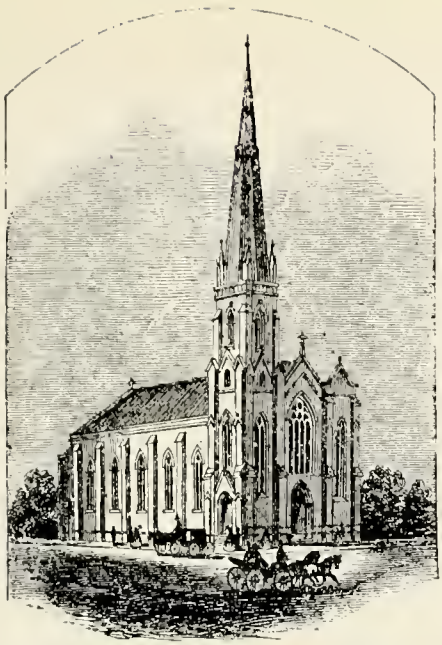
Coming down from the bench and approaching the plaintiff, the judge said: "Madame, how much do you want for your calf?"

"It is worth four dollars," replied the widow.

The judge thereupon took from his pocket four dollars, and, handing the money to the widow, said: "Mr. Clerk, strike this case from the docket."

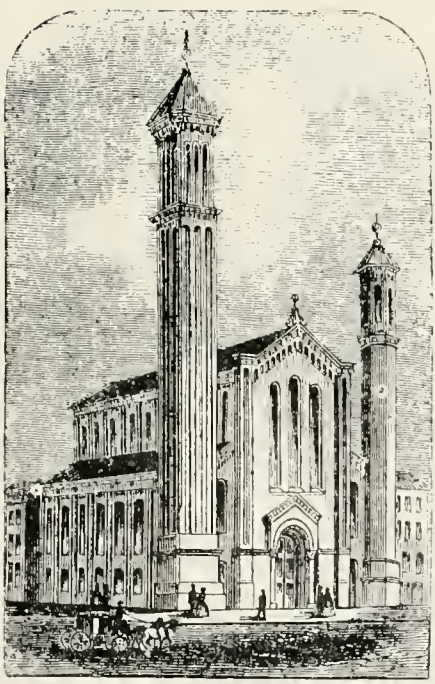
Squire Daniel Colvin was one of the Solomons of pioneer days in Missouri. He presided with native dignity over a justice of the peace court there about the time St. Charles was the capital of the State—from 1823 to 1826. Legislators carried back to their homes stories of the trials before Colvin. Two St. Charles men had a dispute about a chunk of ice. The buyer claimed that the weight was short half a pound. He refused to accept the ice and pay for it. The seller insisted upon delivery. While they quarreled the ice was left on the ground and melted. Then the seller sued the buyer for the price, which was six and a quarter cents. The justice gave judgment against the buyer for that amount but charged the seller half of the court costs, seventy-five cents, because, he said, they ought to divide the cost of litigation between them for being "such blamed fools as to go to law about a little piece of ice that he could eat in five minutes any warm day."

Another of Squire Colvin's cases was the suit of Miller against Kirkpatrick. The litigants were neighbors and couldn't agree on a settlement of business relations between them. Miller won. The judgment was given against Kirkpatrick for certain amounts Miller claimed to be due him. But Miller had a second thought after the judgment was entered. He remembered that he had sold Kirk-



St. Paul's Episcopal Church
Seventh and Olive Streets

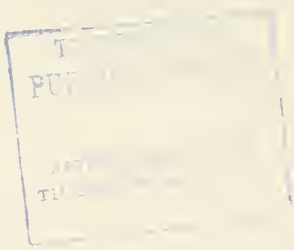
First Presbyterian Church,
Fourteenth and Lucas Place



Union Methodist Church
Eleventh and Locust Streets

Second Baptist Church
Sixth and Locust Streets

ST. LOUIS CHURCHES IN 1861



patrick a buffalo hide and had forgotten to include that in the bill upon which suit was brought. He slipped up to the justice and asked him to include the robe in the judgment. Squire Colvin obligingly entered on the back of the judgment one buffalo robe. Kirkpatrick protested vigorously against this. He said that if he was going to Heaven and saw Judge Colvin coming in that direction, he would change his course and go to the other place. Thereupon the justice further supplemented his original decision. He said such comment on the judgment was contempt of court and fined Kirkpatrick one dollar.

John Smith T.

In an address before the Missouri Historical Society General Firman A. Rozier of Ste. Genevieve gave some interesting reminiscences of John Smith T. He said the affix of "T" was made by Col. Smith to distinguish himself from other John Smiths of the day, and to commemorate the fact that he had lived in Tennessee. Originally a native of Georgia, he located for awhile in Tennessee, but came to Missouri, then known as Upper Louisiana, in about 1798, settling in the Ste. Genevieve District, and giving to his homestead the name of Shibboleth. Col. Smith was tall, slight of build, wiry in person, and mild mannered, even courteous, except when aroused by some real or fancied insult. Gen. Rozier said of him: "He had many personal encounters of the most serious and bloody nature, and stood unrivaled for skill, undaunted courage and great coolness in those terrible conflicts with his enemies."

Col. Smith always went armed to the teeth. His personal equipment consisted of two large pistols swung to a belt about his body, two smaller pistols carried in the outside pockets of his coat, and a large hunting-knife of the bowie pattern, which reposed in his bosom. His home was a perfect armory. He owned a slave whom he called Dan, who was a remarkably fine gunsmith. He built a shop for Dan, and that slave's only duty was the manufacture and repair of rifles, pistols and shotguns for his master. These weapons were reputed to be the truest and best in the western country.

One of the most notable incidents in the career of John Smith T. was his relationship with Aaron Burr's expedition. "There came to Ste. Genevieve an Austrian named Otto Schrader, who had been an aide-de-camp to the Archduke Charles in the first battle with Napoleon. Schrader was made coroner shortly after taking up his residence in Missouri. Col. Smith was then judge of the court of common pleas, and Henry Dodge, afterwards a Senator from Wisconsin, was sheriff of the Ste. Genevieve District. Smith and Dodge were at the time sworn friends, although they afterwards became deadly enemies. They were fired with Burr's ambition to go over to Mexico and the Spanish provinces, and concluded to join the expedition. They purchased a fleet of canoes, and, well supplied with arms and provisions, started down the Mississippi to join Burr. At New Madrid they were met by President Jefferson's proclamation declaring Burr and his whole enterprise unlawful. Much disgusted, the Missourians sold their canoes, purchased horses and rode back to Ste. Genevieve. When they returned they found the little town in great excitement. The grand jury was in session and had actually indicted both of them for treason. Dodge at once surrendered himself and gave bail, whereupon, being a man of wonderful physique, he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and actually whipped nine of

the grand jurors. The other three ran away. Col. Smith lived out in the country. The next day, he was just about sitting down to dinner, when, looking down the road, he saw Schrader, the coroner, coming after him. Smith went to the door and called out to Schrader: 'I know what you have come for; you have come with a writ to arrest me. If you attempt it you are a dead man. It was a great outrage to arrest me. I am as good a friend of the United States as there is in this territory. Mr. Schrader, dinner is just ready. Get down and come in and take dinner, but mark, if you attempt to move a finger or make a motion to arrest me you are a dead man.' Schrader got off and came in. Smith pointed to a chair at the table, and then cocking a pistol, laid it beside a plate and sat down opposite. The dinner progressed as pleasantly as possible under the circumstances, the host plying his guest with the delicacies the meal afforded. After dinner the couple rode into town again, but Smith was not a prisoner, nor was he ever arrested on that indictment."

CHAPTER XXXI.

PIONEER DAYS.

The Armstrong Mill—Commerce in 1820—A Transportation Problem—The Richest Man in Ste. Genevieve—Life on the Gasconade in 1811—The Captain of Militia—Jacob Coonce and "Betsy"—Sam. Thompson's Jokes—A Dog Case—Prof. James Love's Recollections—School Days in Callaway—How John Graves Kept Hotel—Dr. Barlow's Eccentricity—Pioneer Railroading—A Pike County Church Meeting—The First School House in Howard—Missouri Ballads—Judge D. C. Allen's Recollections—"Over the Hills and Far Away"—Missouri River Songs—"My Pretty Little Ben"—Gold Hunters' Chant—The Hound Dog—Aubrey's Ride—Introduction of Quinine—A Physician and a Philanthropist—Sappington's Anti-Fever Pills—Henry Clay Dean of Rebel's Cove—Congressman Cochran's Border Prescription—Adam Cobb, Orator—Judge Henry and the New Madrid Claim—Samuel Cole's Hunting Stories—Pioneer Life in Franklin County—Samuel C. Van Bibber, Promoter—Fish and Game Tales—The Osage War—A Marriage on Medicine Creek—Mike Fink and His Comrades—School Teaching in Boone—The First Settler in Newton—Boys Chased by Deer in Montgomery—A Society Item—Jack Pierce, the Champion Sport—Epic of Chouteau's Ram.

Our cabins are made of logs of wood,
The floors are made of puncheon,
The roof is held by weighted poles
And then we "hang off" for luncheon.
—*The song that went with the "Raising Bee" in Missouri.*

First settlers in Missouri ground their grain by pounding it in a mortar with a pestle. The stranger coming to a cabin about nightfall could hear a long way off the pestle and mortar at work preparing the home made meal and hominy for breakfast. In large families one member was kept busy with the pestle and mortar. A great improvement was the Armstrong mill. This consisted of two flat stones, the upper balanced on the lower by a pivot. A pin was fitted into a hole on the top stone in such manner as to make it revolve on the lower. With one hand on the pin and the other feeding the grain between the stones the meal and coarse flour were turned out. This mode of grinding took a strong arm and suggested the name of the Armstrong mill.

The enterprising young men of Cox's Bottom, Saline County, in 1820 were Henry Nave and James Sappington. They constructed a flat boat or "long horn" of cottonwood logs. In the late fall they loaded the craft with cured hog meat and floated down the Missouri and Mississippi to St. Louis. That market was overstocked. The young men floated on to Herculaneum, the shipping point of the lead mines. They sold out and walked most of the way back to Cox's Bottom. A son of that Henry Nave founded one of the great wholesale grocery houses of Missouri.

The story is told of a pioneer Missourian that after attending the land sales at Old Franklin he started to go south of the river. Approaching the ferryman of the Missouri, he asked:

"Oh, stranger! What do you ask for ferrying man and horse over this 'ere little muddy fixin?" The ferryman answered that the charge was a quarter of a dollar.

"Rip Roan! Take water!" shouted the pioneer as he sent his horse down the bank and into the river. The horse settled for a long swim and with the rider uttering encouraging words made the crossing and climbed the opposite bank. It is a matter of history that when General Dodge and a party of rangers were sent up from St. Louis to discipline the Miamis who had migrated from Ohio and were making trouble along the Missouri, they swam their horses across the river and surprised the Indians.

Thomas Maddin was one of the richest American settlers while Lewis Bolduc was one of the principal business men of Ste. Genevieve. The two men had a dispute as to which was worth the most. Maddin offered to bet on his surplus. Bolduc accepted the wager and called for a half bushel to measure the silver coin in his cellar. As soon as he realized what was in sight, Maddin gave up, acknowledging that Bolduc had the most.

Writing of his trip up the Missouri with Manuel Lisa in 1811, Henry M. Brackenridge gave this incident: "We have been accompanied for these two days past by a man and two lads ascending in a canoe. This evening they encamped close by us, placing the canoe under cover of our boat. Unsheltered, except by the trees on the bank, and a ragged quilt drawn over a couple of forks, they abode the 'pelting of the pitiless storm,' with apparent indifference. These people are well dressed in handsome home-made cotton cloth. The man seemed to possess no small share of pride and self-importance, which, as I afterwards discovered, arose from his being a captain of militia. He borrowed a kettle from us, and gave it to one of his boys. When we were about to sit down to supper he retired, but returned when it was over; when asked why he had not staid to do us the honor of supping with us, 'I thank you, gentlemen,' said he, licking his lips with satisfaction. 'I have just been eating an excellent supper.' He had scarcely spoken when the patron came to inform Mr. Lisa the boys were begging him for a biscuit, as they had eaten nothing for two days! Our visitant was somewhat disconcerted but passed it off with 'Pooh! I'm sure they can't be suffering.' He resides on the Gasconade; his was the second family which settled in that quarter about three years ago. He has at present about two hundred and fifty men on his muster roll. We were entertained by him with a long story of his having pursued some Pottawatomies, who had committed robberies on the settlements some time last summer; he made a narrow escape, the Indians having attacked his party in the night time, and killed four of his men after a desperate resistance. The captain had on board a barrel of whisky to set up tavern with, a bag of cotton for his wife to spin, and a couple of kittens, for the purpose of augmenting his family; these kept up such doleful serenades during the night that I was scarcely able to close my eyes."

The Reconstruction of Betsy.

As early as 1827 Jacob Coonce was a mighty hunter along the upper Osage and the Sac rivers. In 1831, according to the local tradition, he built the first

A PIONEER HOME BEFORE STATEHOOD

cabin in what is now the County of St. Clair. There were so many attractive locations in this hunter's paradise that Coonce found it hard to make a choice. He built first near the Sac River and later moved to a new location near Brush Creek. Coonce hunted with the old flintlock until some one told him of the new fangled percussion. He started on horseback for St. Louis to have "Betsy," as he affectionately called his rifle, changed. He wore moccasins, buckskin leggings, a coonskin cap and carried a blanket. On the way he stopped at the place of Robert H. Sproull in Henry County and told of his purpose in going to St Louis. Sproull was a locksmith and convinced Coonce that he could do the job "Betsy" was left with Sproull but Coonce having started decided that he must go on to the metropolis. Coming back Coonce received his remodeled rifle patted it fondly and said to it, "Old Bet, you and I have never been parted so long and we won't be again." Putting a load in the rifle and a cap in the new lock, Coonce looked about him for a mark. He saw a squirrel on the top of a tree. Raising the rifle, he sprung the new lock and brought down the squirrel. Turning to Sproull and smiling, Coonce said, "She is all right," and rode away to his home in the hills of the Osage country. Other white men came, the Waldos, the Culbertsons, the Gardners, the Burches and scores more, but the hunting continued good. As late as 1840 it was possible to see herds of deer every two or three days in traveling through that part of Missouri. The settler who was a good shot could go out any time and bring back a buck for dinner.

Sam Thompson's Dog Case.

The chief end of Sam Thompson's life was to add to the gaiety of Grand River Valley life. A rather serious-minded and not well informed settler in the Grand River country declared himself a candidate for justice of the peace. He treated the voters from a bucket of wild honey and was elected. Sam Thompson had a dog named Queen. The dog broke into Reub. Campbell's smoke house and stole some meat. Campbell was the constable. Thompson prompted him to go to the new justice, make complaint against the dog and ask for a warrant. The justice issued the warrant alleging that "a certain dog of the name of Queen" had "stolen a piece of middlin' meat" and was guilty of larceny "against the peace and dignity of the State." Constable Campbell took the paper, went out and came back leading Queen by a string. Then Thompson presented himself and asked that he be allowed to appear as "next friend" to defend a "member of his household." He entered a plea of not guilty. The justice was entirely in earnest and very much impressed with the gravity of his first case. Witnesses were examined with great care. Thompson, apparently very much affected, cross-examined to preserve the "rights" of his client. He made a long and eloquent plea and in conclusion asked the justice, if he could not acquit, to at least "consider the respect and deference due the female sex."

The justice deliberated, said the dog was "guilty" and sentenced her to receive "thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, well laid on." Sam Thompson gave notice of appeal and went out to get a bondsman. About this time a relative of the justice went to him and exposed the conspiracy, telling him "for the Lord's sake stop whar you are and don't make it no wuss." Along the Grand River Valley the story of the dog case before the new squire was told for a generation.

When Sam Thompson was running for office in the Grand River country he sought to make the settlers feel he was one of the plain people. "I was born and reared in poverty, gentlemen," he said. "I went barefooted 'till I was of age, and I wore no other garment than a tow linen shirt until my arm was as big as an ear of corn."

Professor Love's First School.

Professor James Love in his ninety-fourth year gave Ovid Bell in the Fulton Gazette his recollections of school teaching in Callaway County about 1845. He had just come from Kentucky to Missouri when he learned that "Peg-Leg Davy" Dunlap, the Fulton schoolmaster, had left town. He promptly opened a private or "subscription" school. The first year he had about fifty pupils at $5 to $10 apiece, netting about $300 for his year's work. A good teacher received only $8.33 a month in Kentucky then; so he remained in Fulton seven years, establishing an academy which grew into the present Westminster College.

The first year Prof. Love whipped one of his pupils, a son of Dr. Nathan Kouns. The doctor shot the teacher in the shoulder. Prof. Love tried to "draw," but the irate parent was too quick for him.

"Selling liquor was as respectable in those days," said Prof. Love, "as selling dry goods or groceries. Few persons hesitated to go into a saloon. Why, I was taken into a saloon when I was shot, and I was a member of the Presbyterian Church and a Sunday-school teacher! Most of the stores always kept a barrel of whisky on hand for the free use of their customers. There was no ban on gambling, either. Gaming had not been prohibited by law. There were numerous persons who played cards for money, and they made no concealment of the fact."

Prof. Love was graduated from the University of Missouri in 1853. But for his difference with the doctor who shot him he might have remained in Fulton and been a member of the first class from Westminster College. The difficulty with the doctor forced him to go armed all the time. He said to Mr. Bell:

"It was nothing unusual for me to walk into my schoolroom, unbuckle my pistol belt and lay my arms down on the desk before my pupils. I had to go armed when I went to the postoffice or to church. I never passed Dr. Kouns without watching every move he made, and he was equally vigilant. When we met we turned as we passed and watched each other out of pistol range. Living in such a way became irksome to me, and finally I announced when my school closed in 1849 that I would not reopen it. I told the pupils my reason and said they might call it cowardice, or what not, but I did not want to live in a place where it was necessary for me to have a bodyguard when I went to the postoffice."

Dr. Kouns was fined $500 for shooting Prof. Love, but the governor of Missouri promptly remitted the fine.

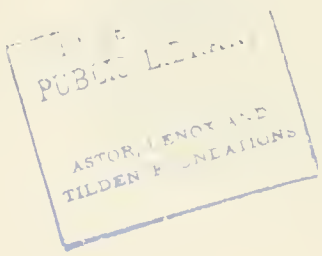
The Days of Individuality.

John Graves kept the first hotel in Chillicothe. He started his "tavern house," as he called it, so early in the history of that community that many consider him the founder of the city. Graves had a very good opinion of his hotel management. He resented any fault finding. One day a traveler complained about the cooking. He thought there ought to be something better than fat bacon float-

DANIEL BOONE

MERIWETHER LEWIS
Of the Lewis and Clark Expedition

THE BOLDUC HOME, BUILT IN 1785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ing in grease, corn pone and black coffee. Graves caught hold of the man's collar, pulled him away from his chair at the table and kicked him out the front door. "The blamed skunk," he said, "insulted my boarders and I won't stand it. My boarders eat my fare and like it; and when a man makes fun of my grub, it's the same as saying they haven't sense enough to know good grub from bad. I am bound to protect my boarders."

Dr. Barlow was an eccentric character in Newton County. He dressed in knee-breeches, and black stockings, with a curtain-calico blouse, and equally peculiar hat. On one occasion he attended religious services at the Hickory Creek schoolhouse, ostensibly for the sake of taking part in the singing, which he could do very well; but really to win notoriety. He was asked by Elder Hearrell why he went in such a dress when he replied, "Well, I want to bring myself into notice." "And, Doctor, you have succeeded," was the elder's comment.

At the end of fifty years continuous service on the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, engineer I. N. Wilber retired. Among his recollections of pioneer railroading in Missouri was this: "In the early 60's we were on a westbound train and had an order to meet an eastbound train at Bevier at midnight. Bevier was the great coal mining town. On arriving we found the other train had not yet reached there. It was a beautiful summer night and my fireman and I got out on top of the cab and laid down to take a nap in the moonlight. It appeared the conductor and brakeman were also taking a snooze on top of the caboose. At day break the conductor woke up and aroused us. When we all got stretched out and thoroughly awake we decided to proceed, but one thing bothered us—had that train gone through? If it had, not one of us had heard it. Bevier was not a telegraph office then. Some future great railroad man suggested that we walk over to the coal shed and make a search through the coal tickets and if we found on file there a coal ticket with the number of the engine we had orders to meet we would know that the train had passed us in the night. Sure enough we found the ticket there. We reached the division at Brookfield four hours late. No questions were asked us and we had no statements to give out. I don't suppose the superintendent or dispatcher ever discovered our little dereliction, for every fellow worked out his individual salvation in those days the best he could."

A Pike County Church Meeting.

Millard Fillmore Stipes, the author of "Gleanings in Missouri History," gives on the authority of Judge Fagg this description of a Pike County religious service:

"One of the earliest settlers in Pike County was John Mackey, who erected his cabin near a line of bluffs which marked the western boundary of Calumet Creek Valley. It was one of the usual pioneer style—unhewn logs and puncheon floor. There was one room below, and a loft above where the older children slept. On the afternoon of a bitterly cold day in 1821, an itinerant preacher rode into the little settlement that had sprung up about the Mackey cabin. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the evening, Aunt Nancy Mackey, devout and hospitable, induced the itinerant to preach at her cabin that night. Couriers went through the snowstorm to the neighbors, and a goodly number trailed through the drifts to the appointed place. The storm had driven a score or

more of hogs beneath the cabin for shelter, and when the preacher arose to announce his text, the porkers, in their individual efforts to secure a warm berth near the great fireplace, set up such a squealing that the efforts of the preacher to make himself heard were unavailing. Presently some degree of quiet was obtained and the services began. But a little later, however, a gust of wind blew open the door which some late comer had not securely fastened, and in strode an old sow with a nonchalance that indicated perfect familiarity with the room. The small boy of the family gave her a welcoming shout, and, jumping astride her back, with one of her ears grasped in each hand, rode the squealing animal around the room, much to the consternation of the female portion of the audience.

"After several circuits of the room, the boy and his steed passed out the door. But not yet were the interruptions over. A flock of geese had, in the meantime, walked in at the open door, and, keeping up a loud hissing and scattering, refused to withdraw. But Aunt Nancy was equal to the occasion. Taking an ear of corn from the jamb, she walked backwards through the open door, shelling the corn and coaxing the fowls in her most persuasive tones. The flock once outside, the door was closed, and the interrupted discourse concluded. It is said that these occurrences were accepted as a matter unavoidable. The audience was patient and the equanimity of the preacher undisturbed, while Aunt Nancy folded her arms as complacently as if such annoyances were not out of the usual routine."

The First School House in Howard.

Walter Williams, describing the first school house in Howard County, said:

"It was built of round logs, the space between them chinked and then daubed with mud. About five feet from the west wall on the inside, and about five feet high, another log was placed, running clear across the building. Puncheons were fixed on this log and on the west wall on which the chimney was built. Fuel could be used any length not greater than the width of the building, and when it was burned through in the middle the ends were crowded together. In this manner was avoided the necessity of wood chopping. There was no danger of burning the floor, as it was of earth. The seats were stools or benches constructed by splitting a log and trimming off the splinters from the flat side and then putting four pegs into it from the round side for legs. The door was made of clapboards and there were no windows. Wooden pegs were driven into a log running lengthwise, upon which was laid a board that constituted the writing desk."

Missouri's Ballad Days.

Judge D. C. Allen told the Missouri Historical Society of the ballad days in this State:

"When I was a little boy, I heard neighbor girls—they were not of my age, but beyond it, because you know a girl must be fourteen or fifteen years old before she is in the period of life when her heart is strong like a thrush and bright, and she can dance and play all day long. I heard neighboring girls sing this song, and it has clung to my memory ever since:

"'John, John, the piper's son,
He married me when I was young;
We journeyed towards the setting sun,
Over the hills and far away.'

"There you have one of the most exquisite lines in English poetry—'Over the hills and far away.' When I was a child, the whole country was full of the recent pioneers from every part of the Union. I have heard them recite their adventures from the Atlantic States out to Missouri, over and over again. Without any suggestion from any source at all, I always associated the idea of 'Over the hills and far away' with the coming westward of the old American population, no matter where they came from; no matter what part of the Atlantic States they came from. It was a fancy of mine as a child that that was the thought that would fill the bosom of the young couple when the young man, after he had tested his fate and left his home, and cut down the trees, and was ready to take care of a family, would go east and take his bride, and then 'Over the hills and far away.' That peculiar conception has stayed in my mind ever since.

"The songs that came into the country up the Missouri River were essentially of racing steamboats and they were without limit. There was the Hudson and the Brandywine, and I have heard them sing this:

"'The Hudson is a bully boat,
She runs very fine,
But she can't raise steam enough
To beat the Brandywine.
The captain's on the pilot deck,
Snorting very loud,
And the ladies think
It's thunder in the cloud.'

"A great event always brought new songs. When the Mexican war was declared I remember well hearing the boys singing 'My Pretty Little Ben':

"'I once did think that you and I would marry,
But now I must go to the Mexican War and with you cannot tarry.'

"You see the antique form of expression, 'tarry.' That is the true characteristic of the native folk songs that deals with those words and only those words that are common to the whole people. That was the characteristic song of the Mexican war.

"I come to the common song that absolutely filled this country from one end to the other. In 1848 gold was discovered in California. Those of you who are not quite old enough to remember back that far can hardly understand the prodigious excitement that the discovery of gold in California created. The tide of immigration was by sea at first in 1849, but it began to go in great numbers by land in 1850 and '51, more particularly in 1851. I was living at Liberty

at the time and in 1851 they came from everywhere. I remember seeing a company from St. Charles, a company of French, and a company from Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, and so on. You could locate them almost everywhere on the western prairie country, striking for the St. Joe highway to cross the Rocky Mountains to the land of gold. There was one song then that was in everybody's mouth. Everybody was singing it. I remember well as they came over the eastern hill to Liberty and as they passed over the western hill they raised the tune:

"'Oh, California, that is the land for me,
I am bound for Sacramento with my washbowl onto me.'

"That washbowl referred to the particular type of mining. You know the early mining in California was placer mining. Placer mining occurs where you wash the metal out of the sands, or out of the mud and deposits along the river. Hence every man that went to California in those days had to have his washbowl. They drawled it out—

"'Oh, California, that is the land for me,
I am bound for Sacramento with my washbowl onto me.'

"It was the characteristic song of the period."

Other ballads that were popular with boys in Missouri when everybody sang were:

"Come join in the chorus and sing its fame,
You poor lonely settler that's stuck on a claim.
Farewell to this country, farewell to the West!
I'll travel back east to the girl I love best.
I'll stop in old Missouri and get me a wife,
And live on corn dodger the rest of my life."

"Ev'ry time I come to town
The boys keep kickin' my dog around;
Makes no diff'rence if he is a hound;
They gotta quit kickin' my dog around."

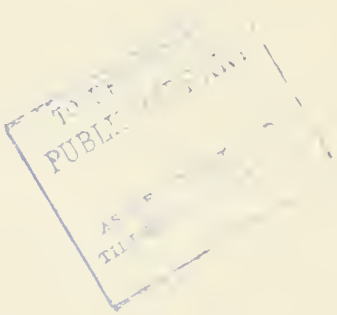
"O-oh, there was an old hen and she had a wooden leg,
The finest old hen that ever laid an egg.
She laid more eggs than any hen upon the farm—
Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm."

"O-oh, an old bumble bee he backed up to me,
Jabbed his stingaree right into my knee.
And now I'm huntin' and tryin' for to see
If I can't git even with that old bumble bee.

Aubrey's Ride.

"Aubrey's Ride" was before the Civil war, but the old timers in Santa Fe still recall it when tests of physical endurance are under discussion. Aubrey

TYPES OF RESIDENCES IN STE. GENEVIEVE, ST. LOUIS AND ST. CHARLES IN COLONIAL DAYS



was a Canadian. He came to St. Louis in 1840 and shortly afterwards entered upon the life of a Santa Fe trader. Much of his time was spent on The Trail, which began in the public square at Independence, Mo., and ended at the plaza of Santa Fe. Aubrey, to this day, holds the record for the fastest horseback ride between the two points. It is doubtful if that distance across the country was ever covered in less time. The first run Aubrey made was on a bet of $1,000 that he could ride from Santa Fe to Independence in eight days. He won the wager, galloping into the square at Independence three hours before the close of the eighth day. Several horses fell dead under him and one dropped twenty-five miles west of Council Grove, obliging him to walk that distance with his saddle on his back before he could get another mount. The success of the trip led to a second effort and that was what made Aubrey famous. This second ride was in 1851. Having prepared himself with relays, Aubrey undertook to show the shortest time in which the distance could be made by horseflesh. He rushed on, day and night. Six horses were killed in the terrible effort. The start from Santa Fe was made on a beautiful mare named "Nellie," the property and pride of Aubrey, the admiration of everybody. The mare carried Aubrey 150 miles, staggered and died. Five days and thirteen hours from the time he left the Santa Fe plaza, Aubrey, man of splendid physique that he was, reeled in a faint from his horse at the southwest corner of the square of Independence. He lay for forty-eight hours in a stupor. His feat was the marvel of that day. Returning to Santa Fe after a trip to California, Aubrey met here Major Richard I. Weightman, at one time a regular army officer. They had been close friends. At this meeting they quarreled. Aubrey tried to draw a pistol. Weightman thrust a bowie knife into his heart.

Dr. Sappington of Anti-Fever Pill Fame.

About 1850 the most popular medicine in Missouri was Sappington's anti-fever pills. Most of the people lived along the creeks and in the river bottoms. They suffered from malaria. Dr. Sappington invented pills in the preparation of which quinine was used. He also wrote a book called "Sappington on Fevers," which had wide sale. A copy of the little leather-bound volume is in the possession of Dr. Frank J. Lutz. It was one of the objects of chief interest at the exhibit of medical history of Missouri given by the Missouri Historical Society in 1914. With the relic, Dr. Lutz supplied this information about Dr. Sappington:

"In 1817 he removed to Missouri, settling near Glasgow, where he practiced medicine for several years. Then he removed to Saline County and built 'Fox Castle,' his country home, near Arrow Rock, where he resided until his death.

"Dr. Sappington was one of the most remarkable pioneer citizens and prominent physicians of Central Missouri of his day, his practice covering a wide area, including half a dozen counties and requiring an occasional visit to Arkansas. His reputation as a physician extended all over Missouri.

"In 1804 Dr. Sappington married Miss Jane Breathitt of Russellville, Ky., a sister of a former governor of that State. She died in 1852. They had nine children. Of these, three daughters—Jane, Louisa and Eliza—became in succession the wives of Claiborne Fox Jackson, governor of Missouri.

"It is related that on the governor's asking him for the third daughter, the doctor replied: 'Yes, you can have her on this one condition, that if you lose her, you will not come back for her mother.'

"Dr. Sappington introduced the then new remedy—quinine—into the Mississippi Valley. This he used largely in his practice, and so great was his success in the treatment of malarial and other fevers that to fill the demand he compounded and placed in the market a remedy which became widely known.

"Quinine formed a considerable constituent of these pills and for years the sale was so large indeed as to have yielded to the doctor what in those early days was considered a very large fortune. One of his orders for quinine exhausted the entire stock of a wholesale company in the East and yet was not sufficient to fill his saddle bags.

"This shows that the remedy was not fully established. While other physicians in the frontier region were tentatively prescribing quinine, with Dr. Sappington its use was quite general and satisfactory.

"Dr. Sappington was a man of untiring industry, for in addition to his wide practice he managed several large farms. The principal product of these farms was corn, which he sold at the uniform price of 35 cents a bushel.

"Dr. Sappington was a man of eccentricities. Several years before his death he had a leaden coffin made for himself and this he kept under his bed. For some time previous he had occasional attacks of asthma, and whenever he thought of himself as lying in this airtight casket there was a recurrence of the trouble. After a time he had a couple of holes made in the head of the coffin, so that he 'could breathe,' and, it is said, thereupon his asthmatic attacks ceased.

"Dr. Sappington left behind him a reputation as a man of wide and generous benevolence. To crown his charitable works he bequeathed $20,000, known as the 'Sappington School Fund,' to be used in the education of the indigent orphan children of Saline County. By good and careful management this fund has grown to be more than three times the original sum, although $90,000 has been expended under the bequest and great good accomplished."

Henry Clay Dean, Rebel's Cove, Mo.

Missouri's most eccentric minister was Rev. Henry Clay Dean. He was at one time chaplain of the United States Senate. There was no question about his intellectual ability. As an exhorter he perhaps had no equal in his day. Sympathizing strongly with the South, Mr. Dean left the Methodist ministry and went into politics. After the war he practiced law and became famous as a campaign spellbinder. To his home in North Missouri he gave the name of "Rebel's Cove." One characteristic which brought him into disrepute with the church was the abuse of the opposite political party in anathemas which bordered on profanity. Dean had no regard for personal appearance. He was not an entirely welcome guest. A good Methodist woman known throughout Missouri told this:

"Mr. Dean always traveled with a black satchel which never seemed to hold clean linen, but always contained a pint bottle filled with paregoric, as he apologetically explained. Truly, one would have believed it bourbon but for this statement; and very regular, liberal doses did the reverend gentleman take. Upon one occasion he came to my home early in the morning. It was summer, and he

wore a white linen suit, but having walked in the rain some distance he was thoroughly drenched. After breakfast he said: 'Madam, if you don't mind, I will go to your spare room and take a little rest, as I have been up all night.' Without ado he was shown to the guest chamber. Four hours afterward he came downstairs to take his departure, and my eyes rested upon the most ridiculous sight ever presented. It was not, apparently, the great man's custom to disrobe upon retiring, and in his wet linen suit he had crawled between two new comforts, which, not being warranted to wash, had left big red figures all over his clothes. No circus clown was ever more gaudily costumed. The scene was overpowering, and I fled. The old gentleman, entirely oblivious, walked quietly down the street, his appearance causing merriment for all the boys of the village, until he met a friend, who, gazing with horror upon Mr. Dean's rotund form brilliantly figured with red poppies and pink hollyhocks, exclaimed: 'In heaven's name, Mr. Dean, what is the matter? You look just like an Easter egg.'"

Congressman Cochran's Border Prescription.

"Take care of yourself," was the parting injunction of friends on the border. It also applied in days of going to war. Take care of yourself was the first lesson the Spanish-American volunteers had to learn. Fortunate was the regiment which included on its roster a sprinkling of veterans who served in the Civil war, or had learned through life in the Far West the first lessons of self-reliance and resourcefulness. When Congressman Cochran went out to Camp Alger to see his soldier constituents from St. Joseph and the Platte purchase, he found an epidemic of bowel complaints prevailing. The regimental medical staff was in despair. To Major Whittington the Congressman said:

"When I was a printer's devil I was given an advertisement of a sure cure for cholera, to put in type. I have forgotten how long ago it was, but there was cholera somewhere in the world. That day I had a bad case of gripes. I copied the 'sure cure' and took it across the street and got the druggist to fill it. The medicine did the business. It was so effective that I have remembered the prescription. Years afterwards I was out on the plains with Ben Holliday's overland trains. There was almost universal suffering among the men from the usual effects of drinking alkali water. I remembered my 'sure cure' and had some of it put up. I cured everybody who tried it. Now, if you will give it to the boys I'll send out a lot of it when I get back to Washington."

Major Whittington said he would be only too glad. The medical staff had been unable to draw supplies from the medical bureau, and had spent $50 of personal funds for medicines, while the troubles still continued. Congressman Cochran had a Washington druggist prepare two gallons of this compound:

Two parts tincture of rhubarb.

Two parts of spirits of camphor.

One part tincture of opium.

Dose, a teaspoonful.

Congressman Cochran's sure cure obtained first place in the pharmacopoeia of the 4th Missouri. With it the boys were prepared to brave all changes of water and climate in Cuba or the Philippines.

Adam Cobb, Orator.

Montgomery County fairs, home comings and old settlers' reunions have been famous gatherings through two or three generations. Early in the last century Montgomery people kept their holidays with patriotic enthusiasm. A popular Fourth-of-July orator was Adam Cobb. Year after year he delivered the same speech, striding the length of the rostrum, mopping his face with a bandana and shedding tears. Some appreciative editor applied the art preservative to Cobb's oration and left it for posterity in this form:

"Gentlemen and Ladies, Friends and Enemies: I appear before you at this time in behalf of our beloved Washington and our forefathers. I have come to speak their praises, for it was them that bore the brunt of our sorrows and made it a free and a happy people.

"Yes, my friends and enemies, it was my forefathers and ancestors as well as yours that fit with our beloved Washington when he whipped the great battle of the cow pens in the State of old North Carolina. When the Red Jackets came to beguile us from our homes, besides the Red Man of our native land. Our forefathers and our ancestors had to work their craps the best they could, with the rifle in one hand and the Brazin seikle in the other, and the hot, briling sun shining down on their backs.

"But our glorious, beloved Washington is no more, for he is buried way down on old Faginia shore. What the willows wave over his grave, and we see him no more, for he is buried way down on old Faginia shore, where the willows wave over his grave, and we see him no more. So sweetly let him lye, and sleep forever more.

"For I don't expect to detain this large, highly learnt ordinance that is spread out before me this day, but I do expect to spificate the great doctrine of our great and glorious country that spreads from the rivers to the great oceans of the east and west, and should I fail to do it I hope the memory of our forefathers and our beloved Washington will make up all that I lack.

"You, my friends and enemies, I tell you this day with tears in my eyes that it was our beloved Washington, with General Green and our forefathers, that fit the battle of Bunkers Hill, away down in North Carolina. It was there the brazen cannon belched forth her thunder and spit lightning at the same time.

"Yes, my friends, them was trying times with our beloved Washington and our forefathers, for they had to leave their poor wives and little children at home and fight in their bare feet, with their toes bleeding, as they marched down Lundy's Lane, in the State of Georgia, whar our great and good General Montgomery was killed. Yes, you ought to think a heap of that great man, for they tell me this county is named after him, and there is one on the other side of the river is named after our beloved Washington.

"I never felt better in my life as I do today. It makes me happy, my friends, to talk to such a well mannered ordinance as this, for our beloved Washington for seven long years he sat in his saddle on his white horse and fit the Red Jackets with sword and pistol, and never got a scratch, for our forefathers and our beloved Washington sat upon their mothers' knees when they was babies and rocked to sleep, and they have grown from small children to be great men, to save the people of this great land, that reaches from north to south, from east to west, has hearn of his death, and we this day, as I was going to say, all things happens for the best. This great Americanas, with her wide and long rivers and high mountains, is left us, for at Braddock's defeat in old Faginia our forefathers bled and died, while the Red Jackets and the Red Man was made to run away.

"Our father Washington was too small then to do much good, but the military was in him, for he was chock brim full of the gredience that makes the warrior. Yes, my friends, this is a glorious day with us all; I am proud of having the liberty of sending forth my feelings as old father Noah sent forth the dove from his ark."

Judge Henry and the New Madrid Titles.

Judge John W. Henry drew a graphic picture of life in Missouri as he found it when he came in 1845. He was twenty years old and fresh from Transyl-

vania law school. He first tried practice in Boonville. In 1847 he was made attorney for the branch of the state bank at Fayette and moved there. The appointment was given, he said, "because I was a Democrat and for no other reason. I was a perfect stranger in Fayette. One night I wandered into the local tavern where the fellows were wont to gather. There was a crowd there and among them was 'Captain Jack' Moon, a plasterer by trade, who owned a farm near town. He had a game leg and was blind in one eye. He had been in the war of 1812 and was as game a man as ever was, although I didn't know it. It seems that a Frenchman named Bogliole had been buying up New Madrid land titles in that neighborhood and ousting people from their land through the courts. As I stepped in somebody just for a joke spoke up and said:

"'Here comes Bogliole's lawyer now. He is down here to get possession of Captain Jack's farm.'

"At this the captain hobbled to the center of the room and asked me if I was Bogliole's lawyer. Thinking I'd carry out the joke, I answered yes.

"'Are you going to get my farm?' he asked.

"'Yes,' said I.

"'Well, you'd better bring your coffin and shroud with you when you come,' said the captain.

"'Well,' said I, 'if you want to kill me we can settle that right now. I haven't any weapons with me, but come up to my office and we'll see about it.'

"Captain Jack said 'all right' and followed by the crowd, we went to my office, a short distance away. There was a fireplace in the room and the uncertain light made a weird effect. As I entered the door I took down a large brass key hanging by the door, wheeled around and pointed it squarely at Captain Jack's breast. 'Now,' said I, gruffly, 'what are you going to do?'

"Before I had the words out of my mouth Captain Jack reached into a hind pocket and pulled out a sharp trowel that looked two feet long in the firelight.

"'Make a center shot, then,' he roared as he lunged at me.

"That took all the joke out of it for me and I made a leap for the door and bounded down the stairs without waiting to see if the captain was behind me. There isn't any doubt about it. I was scared 'most to death and it was a long time before the fellows at Fayette let up on me for my encounter with 'Captain Jack' Moon. Moon and I, however, were afterwards the best of friends."

Samuel Cole, Mighty Hunter.

Samuel Cole, who came to Central Missouri a boy, told these hunting stories:

"When I was about twelve years old, I started one morning to hunt for game. My brothers had an old flintlock rifle, which I carried with me. It was a large and heavy gun, and was so heavy that I could not shoot it without taking a rest. I came up the river, keeping near the bank, until I got to where the courthouse now stands in Boonville. Under the trees, which then covered the ground in the courthouse yard, I saw five deer standing together. I selected one of the finest looking ones and fired. At the crack of my gun he fell; but when I went up to where he was, he jumped to his feet, and would have followed the other deer towards the river, had I not rushed up and caught hold of him, putting my arms around his neck. He pawed me with his sharp hoofs and horned me—his hoofs making an ugly gash on my thigh and his horns strik-

ing me on the forehead. The marks of both hoofs and horns I carry with me today. I held the deer until my dog came up. I then loaded the gun and shot him again, this time killing him. This was the first deer I ever killed, and although it was a dangerous undertaking, the experience only spurred me on to gather trophies of a similar character.

"I killed five bears just below the town—where Boonville now stands—and killed twenty-two bears in three days. I killed four elks in less than one hour's time. There was a few buffaloes in the county when I came, but these were soon killed or driven further westward. I never killed a buffalo, but caught five calves of a small herd near the Pettis County line. I have seen as many as thirty deer at one sight at Prairie lick. One day I went out upon the prairie, in the spring of the year, and saw about twenty deer—all lying down except one; this one was a sentinel for the herd. I approached within about three hundred yards of them and took my handkerchief, which was a large red bandana, and fastened it to the end of a stick and shook it a little above my head, when they all sprang to their feet and came towards me. A deer has much curiosity, and they were determined to find out, if they could, what the red handkerchief meant. When one of the largest of the number came within gunshot distance, I shot and killed it. I often repeated the handkerchief ruse with great success. I have killed and carried to the house three deer before breakfast."

Boyhood Days in Franklin.

At a celebration in Pacific on the Fourth of July, 1876, a letter from C. S. Jeffries telling of pioneer life in Franklin County was read. Mr. Jeffries' recollections dated back to 1819 when his father's family settled on Labaddie Creek: "My father wintered in a log cabin on the Crowe farm near by. The cabin was 12x14 feet, with a sort of smokehouse adjoining, which we used as a parlor. With the cabin arrangements, and putting double covers on the wagons, we passed the winter admirably. Occasionally, when we had visitors, the boys would resort to a fodder pen with their buffalo robes, lying on one and covering with the other, where we would pass the night very quietly. Being winter there was no danger from snakes, but it would not have been so safe in summer, owing to the great number of rattlesnakes, copperheads, spreadheads and other reptiles equally poisonous. At that time the County of Franklin was in a great measure a wilderness, covered over with peavine, brush, rushes, buffalo grass, and every variety of growth and flowers. Stock kept in fine order winter and summer, with but little attention. There was but one road in the direction of our travel leading west from St. Louis, running near the Shaw mill trace, crossing the Bourbeuse River, below where Goode's mill now stands. The settlements were mostly confined along the Missouri River. The public lands were all vacant. What was tilled was held by virtue of improvements, and woe be unto him who dared to enter an improvement over a neighbor's head.

"At that day our farming operations were limited. Corn, wheat, tobacco, cotton and flax were the principal crops raised, and for home consumption only; farm rigging, bark collars, rawhide (tug trace) harness, and single trace of wood without iron; sleds and truck-wheel wagons, all wood. Milling was done at different places, according to distance. We had the rawhide band wheel and the cog wheel mill. The most of the Labaddie settlers had their milling done

at or near Glencoe, on Hamilton's Creek, at a mill owned by Ninian Hamilton, one of the best men that God ever made. Our trading was done at St. Louis. Peltries, venison hams, wild turkeys and furs, with cut money, nine 'bits' to the dollar, were exchanged for such articles as were absolutely necessary for the family; no useless wants were gratified. Out of the cotton, flax and wool most of the clothing was manufactured by the wives and daughters. Not much calico was worn then, only five yards to the dress, now twenty-five. Subsequently we did our trading at Newport, with Pres. G. Rule, when we began to use a little more calico.

"Each neighborhood manufactured its corn into straight, the pure juice. All you had to do was to call and fill your canteen with the 'agility,' and report from time to time as the heavy dew or snake bite required. Doctors were few and far between, so were lawyers. Occasionally we would have a judge and an attorney or two along the river route, who held court at some barn or private shelter, despatched business in a day or two, went their way, and nobody hurt.

"Our spiritual wants were supplied by the Methodists and Baptists. There was no peddling or merchandising the gospel. The preachers went forth without purse or scrip, declaring the unsearchable riches of Christ. Those were the days of ignorance, when, I suppose, God winked at us. But, now a new light has sprung up, we only repent of not having obtained the highest seat in the synagogue, thereby obtaining a policy against fire."

Van Bibber's Eloquence.

There were promoters in the pioneer days. The annals of Loutre Lick preserve the speech said to have been made by Samuel C. Van Bibber when he was raising a party to go to the Rocky Mountains:

"Westward! Westward! my friends, I am bound. I call on you today to answer, or hereafter hold your tongues.

"Who will join in the march to the Rocky Mountains with me, a sort of high-pressure-double-cylinder-go-to-it-ahead-forty-wild-cats-tearing sort of a feller? Westward bound! Come on, boys; let's streak it like a rainbow, and feast it like a wolf's eye to the West, to the Rocky Mountains, where you may learn to sing rockaby baby up in a tree top to all creation, with a wolf's howl and a bear's growl just by way of echo. Wake up, ye sleepy heads! Kick your eyes open and git out of this place. Git out of this brick kiln—these mortality turners and murder mills, where they render all the lard out of a fellow until he is too lean to sweat. Git out of this warming-pan, ye hollyhocks, and go out to the West where you may be seen. You can't make a shadow where you are nor see how you breathe. Why, I could cram a dozen such nations into a rifle barrel like buckshot; and I have a kind of creeping calculation that about the time you smelt powder there would be little of you left. I guess if all of you chicken-hearted fellers were melted and run into one, you might make a shadow.

"Come, come, jump on behind, boys, and I will gallop you to the West, and I will show you such things that all nature nor a brace of earthquakes couldn't break. Fine people, lots of land—and such land, too! Why, you can plant a pumpkin over night and next morning it will sprout pies! Such good things, such land, such deer—plenty to eat—oceans of Injuns, wildcats, rattlesnakes—and snappers as thick as onions on a rope. So hitch on, boys; there's room for a hog pen full of you, baggage and all. I have got one pocket as is not engaged; besides, I guess I might stow away a ton of you aboard of my hat, taking inside and outside seats in the count, and when you find the craft is too full, why, jump into the hole. This is the only regular United States craft that runs by land, chartered to the Rocky Mountains, as swift as a rocket and as safe as a 'possum in a pie. And those mountain gals will

scramble for you like pigs after a punkin'. Such gals! You never saw any like them. They are like young hurricanes! And I guess some of them are full-grown storms, rainbow and all. Some of you would think you had run afoul of an earthquake. What are you sniggering at? I guess if you would sink in a basketful of our Western breezes it would check the drawing string and take all the puckers out of your mouth.

"So come along, boys. What is the use of staying here? Come out and pasture awhile in the West, and I will bet a dozen raccoons, and throw in a 'possum, if you will get aboard this dry-land ship of Uncle Sam's that before the year 1840 comes jumping over the stile you will spread out, scatter your limbs, overrun the country with your branches and breed a famine."

Marvelous Stories of Fish and Game.

One of the most marvelous fish stories of pioneer times is about the Moreau in Cole County. It was told by the owner of a mill who was sent to the legislature. The fish of the Moreau were so numerous at the time, about 1835, that the wheels of the mills were not infrequently choked with them and the machinery was stopped until the gates were shut down and were cleared of the wriggling masses.

The exploits of these mighty hunters have been told by Walter Williams: "Joseph Petley, a Kentuckian by birth, an early resident of Audrain County, was the greatest hunter and trapper of his day. He is said to have killed more bears, deer, panthers, wildcats, raccoons, and wild turkeys than any two men in Missouri. He was very stout and was often seen carrying two deer, one strapped to each shoulder, and his gun at the same time. He would carry such a load as this for miles without appearing to become tired. He lived to a very old age and died in 1874. While he was lying on his deathbed he had his gun and powder horn, a set of buck's antlers and the skins of wildcats, raccoon and bear hung where he could gaze upon them as he died.

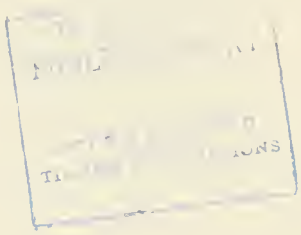
"Of David Bowles, a Virginian, who was a pioneer in Montgomery County, it is related that during one winter he killed 120 deer, 3 elk and 4 raccoons, besides taking 350 gallons of honey from the various bee trees that he found. The same year he killed the famous buck which the hunters had named Gen. Burdine, and which had thirty-three prongs on his horns. When his favorite dog was hung by a grapevine in the woods he quit hunting. Bowles was twice married. The story is told that when the second marriage ceremony was performed he was so overjoyed that he danced about the room, waving his hat over his head in his excess of delight, struck a lamp on the mantel and dashed it to the floor. In a moment the house was on fire and was soon partly destroyed by the flames.

"John Kiser, a Tennesseean, who came to Montgomery County, is said to have killed forty-five deer in a single day. At another time he killed three deer at one shot. Dr. Robert Graham, whose grandchildren yet live in Montgomery County, settled there coming from Kentucky. He bought a Spanish grant of land situated on Loutre Creek from Daniel M. Boone and built an elm bark tent upon it, in which he lived for four years. He was a very small man, but of a very determined will, and a nerve that could not be shaken. He was a voluminous reader and a great admirer of Benjamin Franklin. Dr. Graham was, as were most pioneer Missourians, very fond of hunting, and devoted much of his time to it. One day a large wolf got caught in one of his steel traps,

JOSEPH ROBIDOUX

Founder of St. Joseph

ST. JOSEPH IN 1867



broke the chain and dragged the trap away with him. With two companions, he tracked the wolf and came upon it where it had gone into the creek and was struggling in the water. Dr. Graham waded into the creek with the purpose of killing the wolf with his knife, when it caught one of his hands and bit it nearly off, but he finally succeeded in killing the animal. On another occasion, the doctor and a party of hunters ran a large bear into a cave and tried to smoke it out, but did not succeed, and finally shot him. After the bear was dead, Dr. Graham was the only one of the party who had nerve enough to crawl into the cave and drag the dead animal out. Wolves were plentiful in the woods in those days, and one day Dr. Graham killed thirteen of them."

The Osage War.

John C. McCoy, the pioneer of Jackson County and seller of town lots in the once famous Westport, is the historian of the Osage war of 1836. In 1871 he said:

"This little war has been overlooked by modern historians, not even mentioned by them for the last thirty years. It was a military raid from the border against the Osage Indians. Some of the ruthless savages committed murder upon several hogs belonging to settlers near Westport. The command numbered 560 officers and men, consisting of one major-general, two brigadiers, four colonels, besides lieutenants-colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, chaplains, surgeons, etc., ad infinitum, being 98 officers to command 432 privates. It is needless to tell that the expedition was a success. Old Gerard's squaws, pappooses and six other savages, if still living, have a sorrowful recollection that the way of the transgressor is hard."

A Wedding on Medicine Creek.

An early marriage ceremony in Livingston County took place with the couple on one side of Medicine Creek and Squire Jordan on the other side. The creek was booming. The young man swam the stream and brought the squire down from his house. Then the young man swam back and took his place beside the young woman. Squire Jordan couldn't swim. He wanted to postpone the ceremony a few days until the creek went down. The young folks wouldn't have it. They joined hands and told the squire to go ahead. The questions and answers were shouted across the creek and the knot was tied. Medicine Creek got its name according to tradition because a country doctor in trying to swim it lost his "pill bags" as they were called.

The Fate of Mike Fink, Bully.

Three St. Louis volunteers, who went out with Ashley's fur trading expedition in response to a call for "enterprising young men," were Mike Fink and his friends Carpenter and Talbot. They never came back to St. Louis, and their loss was the city's gain. Fink's favorite way of spelling his name was Micke Phinck. He and Carpenter frequently entertained a crowd of St. Louis boatman with their feats of marksmanship. At seventy yards either one could shoot a tin cup of whiskey from the other's head. These three men traveled the rivers. They belonged to the roving class of "half horse half alligator" boatmen. Mike Fink's last exploit before he left St. Louis to go fur hunting

with Ashley and Henry was to shoot the heel off a negro. The black boy was lounging on the levee. He had a protruding heel. Fink, at thirty yards, raised his rifle and fired. The boy dropped. Fink's defense was that he wanted to make the foot so that a genteel boot would fit it. Public sentiment in St. Louis did not accept this pleasantly. Fink was sent to jail. He got out in time to go with the Ashley expedition. Far up in the Northwest, above Yellowstone, Fink and Carpenter quarreled. Apparently they made up. The next time they tried the tin cup experiment Carpenter told Talbot he believed Fink meant to kill him. The two men threw a copper to decide who should shoot first. Fink won. Carpenter gave his rifle and equipment to Talbot and took his position with the cup on his head. Fink aimed, and lowered his rifle; playfully telling Carpenter to "hold his noddle steady." Then he aimed again and fired. Carpenter was shot through the head. Fink said it was all a mistake and blamed his rifle. Several weeks went by. Fink bragged of killing Carpenter purposely. Talbot drew a pistol which Carpenter had given him and killed Fink. A short time afterwards Talbot was drowned, trying to cross the Teton River. The story seems incredible, but it is told in a letter book of General William Clark possessed by the Kansas Historical Society at Topeka.

Pedagogy in Boone.

One of the pioneer school teachers of Missouri was Judge Jesse A. Boulton. Almost within earshot of where the great University of Missouri is today, Judge Boulton in 1840, according to Walter Williams, had this experience:

"The trustees of the William Maupin school district in Boone County in 1840 were Joshua Lampton, William Maupin and Benjamin Conley. The highest wages that they had paid for a teacher previous to this time was $20 a month, and I told them that I would not teach for that price, but would teach for them a trial term of four months for $110, to which they agreed. The time set for the commencement of that term was November, proximo. I started from home to the schoolhouse on the morning of that day, and, after leaving the north boundary of the farm on which we lived, I followed a dim path through thick underbrush to within fifty yards of the school house. I frequently saw deer in going to and from my school. The school house was built of round logs, the cracks stopped with split wood and then plastered with mortar made of the black soil. It had a stick chimney and rock fireplace wide enough to receive a stick of wood 5 feet in length. The upper joists were barked hickory poles, with sheeting plank laid on them. The house was 20 feet square, with four windows, each window with twelve panes of glass, 8 by 10 inches the size. The benches were made of split logs of about 1 foot in diameter. Legs for the support of these benches were put in from the round side. The upper side had been trimmed with a drawing knife until all splinters were removed. When my pupils came on the first morning of the school I had the greatest variety of reading books I ever saw in one school in my life. The school had never been classified.

"I remember the names of two books which were brought by the children of Reynard Pigg. One was a copy of Jack Halyard and another on astronomy, which looked as if it had arrived with the Pilgrims on the Mayflower. I gave each pupil a hasty examination, in order to learn his attainments. I then jotted

down the names of the books which I wanted them to get. Reynard Pigg's children were two daughters and two sons, the oldest son being about twenty years of age. I gave him the list of books, as I did to the other children, and as they came into the schoolroom the next morning, I would ask them if their father intended getting the books desired. In due time I asked the oldest Pigg boy what his father said about getting the books. His answer came promptly, 'Dad says we've got enough books for us children.' I then told the Piggs to take their seats, and I did not call on them for recitation during the day. Some time between the dismissal of my pupils that afternoon and the assembling of the school on the following morning the books had been bought in Columbia and were on hand for use. Mr. Pigg was a boisterous man, and after the close of that school, when I encountered him at a sale or a muster, he would come up and slap me on the back and cry out loud enough to be heard a hundred yards distance, 'Well, Boulton, I have said it to your back and I can say it to your face, you are the best teacher ever I saunt to.' At the expiration of my first school they were anxious to continue me for five months, but I demanded $200 for the term, which they refused to give. I then took the Bear Creek School, which paid me $47.50 per month. One hour after taking the Bear Creek School, Joshua Lampton, the trustee of the former school, came to me and offered me the sum demanded, but was too late. The trustees of the Bear Creek School District were Samuel Hanna, Walter R. Lenoir and Andrew Spence. Ashby Snell, a drummer for the school, visited a patron of the school named Levi Parks, who will be remembered as the old constable of Columbia Township. Mr. Parks being absent from home, his wife answered Mr. Snell by saying, 'We won't send our children to the school. We never sent them a day in their lives, and they have just as good health as our neighbor's children.' At the close of the Bear Creek School, Gen. Thomas D. Grant and Thomas M. Allen, one of the pioneer Christian preachers of Missouri, offered me $500 for a ten months' school and board for myself and my horse."

The First Settlers in Newton.

Lunsford Oliver is said to have been the first settler in Newton County. He located on Shoal Creek in 1829 with his nearest white neighbor at Springfield, sixty miles away. Three years later, in 1832, came the Ritcheys. One of the settlers, in 1877, gave his recollections of those pioneer days:

"After leaving the house of John Williams, a day's travel took us to Prewett's Creek, now called Clear Creek. Prewett had settled one and one-half miles west of the site of Peirce City, and being the first occupant, the creek bore his name for awhile. Sampson Cooney and John Ross came into his neighborhood in the spring of 1832. Here part of our company stopped, but Gideon B. Henderson, who married my only sister, and I concluded that we preferred to get near the junction of the Six Rivers, and so moved on west. At the mouth of Prewett's Creek we struck the beautiful valley of Shoal River. Delighted with the scene we drove on down the valley, though the trail was difficult of discovery, until we drove into a large timbered bottom, one mile west of where Ritchey now stands. Making our way through the forest we came upon a high cliff, out of which gushed a large spring of bright clear water, rolling, tumbling, leaping, singing, down to the valley beneath. This looked attractive to a young-

ster from the prairies of Illinois. Nearby was a log house just built, without chinked cracks, a floor or shuttered door. In front of it stood a man of whom we inquired how the road led out. By this time a woman moved the quilt which covered the aperture for a door, and, surrounded by a swarm of children, came out of the cabin to do the talking.

"She said, 'There's no road further west; if you want to travel a road, you must turn around and travel back the way you came.' I replied, 'We wish to go west as far as we can without going out of the settlements, and make improvements.' Here the old man broke in and said, 'I'll sell my improvements.' Gideon B. asked, 'What will you take?' The old man responded, 'I'll take less than the work is worth.' Gideon B. Henderson asked, 'Will you take that yearling colt?' at the same time pointing to a colt which was running with us. In plumped the old lady: 'Take it, Jim; I want to get away from here.' 'Do you have the chills?' said I to her. 'Something worse; no chills,' she answered. At that moment I saw a curious grimace on Jim's face as he shot an appealing, warning glance at his wife, who evidently understood it and added simply, 'We've lived here long enough.' Gideon B. Henderson and Jim had now traded, the ladies of both parties being well pleased. This family was named May, and came there that year. My mother and sister were glad that their tiresome moving was ended, and the others were happy to move elsewhere. Next day we were left in full possession of our western house, but not before ascertaining Jim's wife's anxiety to get away. While Jim and his son-in-law were absent from home one day, some Osage Indians visited the cabin and stole a saw, an axe and other tools. Discovering the theft the men pursued to obtain restitution. The Indians, strong in number, abused the two whites, whipping them with Osage gun-sticks.

"A few weeks after our settlement I fell back east one mile and built a cabin. The house which I built in 1832, one-quarter mile west by south of Capt. Ritchey's residence, was only 12 by 14 feet, yet I had to go ten miles to obtain eight men, who lived where Pierce City is, to aid in raising it. One door and one window and an earthen floor characterized the building for three months; subsequently doors, shutters and lofts were made; axe-made clapboards, floors laid with hewed puncheons, bedsteads set against walls with one peg. Axles were greased with honey, and meantime farming was carried on on a small scale. A few who had raised corn were liberal in dividing it. Hogs were scarce and pork hard to get, but wild game was so plenty that one hunter with his dog could supply all the pioneers for a week from one day's hunt. Honey was so plenty that it could be had for 25 cents a gallon, and in comb at 1 cent a pound. Meal for bread was beaten in mortars, the coarse remains being used for hominy. Until the fall of 1833, over a year, I had but one grist ground, and that at Cane Hill, Ark., sent there by a neighbor. In the fall of 1833 George McIntosh started a small mill and a blacksmith shop which won all the custom for fifty miles around. I worked on the construction of his mill-race for 50 cents per day. From the 1st to the 10th of June, 1833, the waters in creeks and rivers were higher than at any time prior to the floods of July, 1865, when they raised three feet higher than in 1833."

Chased by Deer.

An old settler of Montgomery County, H. E. Scanland of Mineola Springs, remembered when he and his brother were chased out of a field by deer because they ventured too near the fawns. In his boyhood he built traps to catch quails which he sold for fifteen cents a dozen. Rabbit skins brought fifty cents a dozen at the hatter's shop.

"I recall also in those days we killed our hogs in the woods, where they fattened on acorns, and we could have all the honey we wanted by going into the timber and chopping down a bee tree. And, just think of it! There was a rise in the price of wheat, and it got to be worth three bits (37½ cents) a bushel, struck measure. Good horses were worth $20 to $24 and oxen $15 to $20 a yoke. Milk cows from $7 to $13 each. The kind of rails Abe Lincoln made cost 37½ cents per 100—that was the price paid for 'making them.' A negro would hire by the year for $40 for the 12 months and two suits of cotton or linen clothing and two blankets. The best class of work hands got $8 a month and the common ones $3 to $4 a month. All of our shoes and clothing were home-made, and yet those were our happiest days, even if we did have biscuit only once a week, and that on Sunday morning. Venison and wild turkey with old-fashioned corn-bread johnny cake and trimmings were good enough for us and made life worth the living."

A Society Event.

In "Pioneer Families of Missouri," is printed a letter written by a woman to her sister in Kentucky:

"The men and dogs have a fine time, but we poor women have to suffer. We pack water from one-half mile to one mile for cooking and washing. My advice is, stay where you are. But if you see anyone coming to this country, send a plank cradle for poor little Patrick. His poor little back is full of hard bumps, lying in a cradle George made out of a hollow log with a piece of wood for a pillow. George and I attended a wedding last week. The preacher, a hard-shell Baptist, had a long buckskin overcoat. The groom was in his shirt sleeves, with white cotton pants that came just below his knees, and white cotton socks and buckskin slippers on his feet. The girl was dressed in a low-necked, short-waisted, short-sleeved white cotton dress that was monstrous short for a girl like her. She had on buckskin slippers and her hair was tied with a buckskin string, which is all the go here. And when the preacher was spelling and reading the ceremony from the book, the girl commenced sneezing and the buckskin string slipped off her hair, which fell all over her face, and everybody laughed."

Jack Pierce, Champion Butter, 1810.

A St. Louis character was a man named Pierce, who was always ready for a fight or a foot race or any other kind of sport. Pierce was a bully. He had a series of encounters, which established his supremacy in the community to such a degree that it was impossible to get up a fight with him except when some stranger who did not know his prowess arrived.

Pierce was not only a hard hitter, but he had a hard head, upon which no blow seemed to have any effect. He was so confident of his skull that one day

he offered to fight a ram which was running at large in the commons and was the terror of all of the boys. Pierce said he could whip the ram at butting. He offered to try it on a bet of a gallon of whisky, to be given him if he was successful. The population of the town turned out to see the fight between Pierce and the ram.

After the ram had been teased to the fighting point, which did not take long, Pierce got down on his hands and knees. The ram was turned loose and made a bound toward the man. Pierce waited until the ram was almost upon him, then dropped his head and jerked it up in time to strike the lower jaw of the ram, breaking the animal's neck. Having won a victory, Pierce was not satisfied to rest upon his laurels. He tried it again and again with increasing honors. At length a bout was arranged between Pierce and a ram of unusual size, owned by Colonel Chouteau.

The usual preliminary performance was gone through. Pierce, following his usual tactics, dropped his head, but his nose struck a sharp-pointed stub of a weed, which penetrated the nostril. Involuntarily Pierce threw up his head too soon and received upon his forehead the full force of the ram's bound. His skull was fractured and he died. Years afterwards the incident was made a Missouri epic by a local poet.

Chouteau's Ram.

"If you've learned—if not, why, more's the pity—
The early tales of the inland city,
In the days when it was but a trading post,
With little of beauty or size to boast,
[Though, nearer the sea, Holmes' 'One-Horse Shay'
Was just beginning to show decay,
And new adventure to turn its way
To where the town of the future lay],
Sawng-Loo-ee, as natives pronounced it then,
Say in eighteen hundred and nine or ten,
You've learned how the old flatboatmen wrought,
How they worked and frolicked and drank and fought,
Achieving more than a local fame
From the part they played in the rugged game
When swelling thews and a giant frame
Gave to credit the greatest claim.
When, as Pagans bow before idols rough,
And prove, though savage, devout enough,
They had their idols—though two alone—
The gods they worshipped were Brawn and Bone.

"Heavy, indeed, was the hand of him
Could win respect from these champions grim;
Yet a man there stalked 'mong these fighting men,
These Bashi-Bazouks, dated eighteen-ten,
Who ruled like a despot the boatmen coarse,
And ruled, as a despot rules, by force;
For bold Jack Pierce, by the common talk,
Was fairly ranked as 'cock of the walk.'
For 'Nigger Jim' he had beaten back,
Though wide the fame of the fighting black,
And fierce Mike Fink he had overthrown,

Though Mike had passed as the best man known,
But Jack had battered his lowering phiz
In a stubborn fight—where the court-house is.
While other bullies, though strong of arm,
Had risked his wrath, to their lasting harm,
To quote the village vernacular:
'Fight him? You'd better go hug a b'ar!'

"Sturdier one of the boatmen bold
Never perspired in a barge's hold.
Shook the deck with his heavy tread,
Crossed a buttock or broke a head;
Broad of shoulder and chest was he,
Narrow of hip as you'd wish to see,
Straight as an oak of the Meramec,
And his neck—*Il Allah!* it *was* a neck!
Such neck had never a man before,
So vast a thing for the head it bore,
'Twas a neck as massive and thick and grand
As a monolith from old Egypt's land,
[We're to have one shortly, I understand];
A column fluted with muscles tough,
Vast in thickness—though short enough,
And its owner, in many an ugly fight,
Had proven this neck was a thing of might;
Though a man who seldom a combat hunted,
He would fight when pressed—and he always bunted!
Wrestling deftly, but as a sham,
He would lower his head like a battering-ram,
And fate would the luckless warrior mock
Who faced the force of that levin-shock;
A damaged lung or a rib-bone broke
Was the least to follow the awful stroke!
It tamed the mood of a boatman fierce,
When some one hinted: 'Just call Jack Pierce!'

"Pride is a fruit of the callow mind,
At least is pride of the vaulting kind;
The comment is stale—not worth the heeding,
But it gives a flavor of Sunday reading,
And, flushed by victory, Jack at length
Gloried too much in his special strength,
And swore he could butt, without risking harm,
With a ram that fed on the Chouteau farm!

"Few then living but chanced to know
The farm and the ram of Auguste Chouteau,
For the ram was as famed as a bull of Spain,
And the Chouteau farm was a wide domain.
A broad extent of the village lands,
Beyond where the Union Depot stands—
Its site exact, long out of mind,
Its ancient boundaries undefined—
'Tis the way of ages, but ever strange,
What men have done in the way of change;
Where through the glades crept the hunter lone
Now hurry thousands o'er ways of stone;

Where then was the Indian pony's course
Is heard the snort of the iron horse;
Where echoed the Indian's whooping shrill
Sounds the whoop of the hackman—deadlier still—
And where, on the hillside, violets grew,
Glist'ning with dew-drops each morn anew,
Are the haunts of the money-changing crew,
And it's only notes that get overdue!
There is food for reflection in going back
So far—but meanwhile we're forgetting Jack.

"The word passed that on a certain day,
When all the village might see the play,
One afternoon of the autumn haze,
In the field where the ram was wont to graze,
Jack Pierce, advancing upon all-fours,
In sight, almost, of the farm-house doors,
Would face the beast in a bunting test,
And learn whether ram or man were best.
The odd news ran, as such news will,
For the people then, as the people still,
Liked with their pleasure a little thrill.
As people now-a-days swarm like bees
To witness a risk on the high trapeze,
Or shout for a lion-tamer when
He risks himself in the wild beast's den,
Or manifest an insane desire
For lofty feats on a swaying wire;
Not wishing a tragedy in the scene,
But finding in chances a relish keen;
So, swift as the tidings from Aix to Ghent,
Flew news of the boatman's unique intent,
And, on the day for the combat named,
The halt and ruddy, the strong and maimed,
Full half the village—so Jack was famed—
Went streaming along together;
From the greatest of villagers to the least,
From the north and the south, from the west and east,
All eager as guests to a wedding feast,
To witness the battle of man and beast,
In the sunny autumn weather.
Chattering loudly in *patois* mixed,
A curious language, just betwixt
The French and frontier English fixed,
By varied tongues commingling then
In the early year of eighteen-ten,
Marching along together.
Aged sires, by their staffs sustained,
As rising slopes on the way they gained,
Younger men, who such aid disdained,
Capering boys, who in races strained,
Hunters, leathery, lank and stained
To as deep a hue as the leaves had gained
As the tawny days of the autumn waned;
Indians swart from up the river,
Some still armed with the bow and quiver,
Others bearing the white man's gun,

With its deadly gleam in the flashing sun,
Trooping along together.

"Beldames ancient, old withered crones,
Tottering samples of skin and bones,
Maidens, buxom and brown and gay,
Tripping along in that lightsome way,
The heritage of *la belle Francais,*
With a glorious beauty—such as shames
An era of ailing and paling dames.
Their blood danced warmly in healthy veins,
A sonnet I should indite her,
Ere the pen now moving has turned to rust,
This maid of the past, who has gone to dust.
Bright eyes sparkling and heaving bust—
The pencil lingers—it really must
Not do it longer—it isn't just
The thing, for a sober writer;
But they were real, were the maidens then,
Theme to honor, for tongue or pen,
Women fitted to mate with men
Living in eighteen hundred and ten
And make their tasks the lighter.
And such as these, on that autumn day,
Chatting with sweethearts on the way,
Came strolling along together,
Flocking along together.

"So stream they onward, the sight to see,
The mob of people of each degree;
Voices, figures, costumes blend,
The great event all comprehend;
Each path to a common center leads.
They reach the field where the quarry feeds;
Through copse and hollow, brush and weeds,
They press and jam,
That each may look as the victim bleeds,
And witness bear to the boatman's deeds—
Now see—the Ram!

"No ram of your modern breed was he,
With silky wool and long pedigree;
No pet of the yearly fair was here,
Southdown plump or big Leicestershire,
With back as broad as a Persian mat,
Short-legged, lazy and round and fat.
But a monster gaunt, stepping free and high,
With a wicked look in his gleaming eye,
And horns as gnarled as the cypress limb;
Not one in the village but dreaded him!
A dozen dogs he had slain, at least,
Cracking the ribs of each daring beast
Entering the field in the day or night;
A bellowing bullock he'd put to flight;
And 'Mulatto Bill,' who ne'er shunned a fray,
And dared to venture across his way,
He had treed, and kept for a night and day,

Till the villagers, turning a score out, quite,
Had rescued him from his lonesome plight.
It was held by some, as beyond dispute,
That an evil demon possessed the brute;
And one old sailor, from over seas,
Appealed to on topics all such as these,
Swore by his eyes and his nose and knees,
By his legs and arms, by his hands and hips,
'Twas the real Beast from Apocalypse!

"Now the people swarm round the pasture's edge;
They perch on hillocks, each jutting ledge
Bears a human burden; the very trees
Are filled with youngsters of all degrees—
Sons of sires from 'Ole Virginny,'
Indian youth and piccaninny—
Here and there and all about
Press the throng in a scattered rout.
Jack Pierce steps forth—how the people shout!

"The beast stands stamping the sun-baked ground,
Vexed at the novel tumult round,
With his bright eye fixed on the daring wight
Who thinks to face him in single fight
And settle at once all the village scores.
The man drops suddenly on all fours,
Bleats in mimicry, shakes his head
And waves above him a kerchief red,
To tempt the shock of the quadruped.
Then 'twas a sight for a crowd to view,
A sight to waken a tremor new,
To see the old ram, in his wakened ire,
Just gather himself, while his eyes flashed fire,
As with bleat defiant and head laid low,
He came like a bolt on the daring foe.
'Twas a sight to marvel at. Not an inch,
As the ram came on, did the boatman flinch,
But, facing squarely the contact dread,
He braced his arms and he ducked his head!

"Fortune is fickle, and, soon or late,
The boldest mortal must yield to fate;
A very trifle, a wanton breath,
May be the cause of a giant's death,
And the fatalist must be dull, indeed,
Who lacks support for his iron creed.
The field was covered with stubble brown,
And something pricked him, as Jack bent down,
A straw protruding his nostril grazed,
He swerved a little—his face he raised—
The shock came squarely—with sad result—
On his front, with the force of a catapult!

"'Crash!' 'Crack!' came the sounds so close together,
You couldn't have told, for a fortune, whether
'Twere one or two of them; two there were,
As man and beast came in contact there;

First the impact of crushing bone,
Then the 'snap' of a broken neck, alone!
From the staring people a single cry
Rose for a moment and swelled on high,
Then, as suddenly, ceased the sound;
You might hear the birds in the woods around,
Such silence followed the outcry fierce,
For dead! in the stubble lay poor Jack Pierce!

"A sharp report on the stillness broke,
Came from the fieldside a puff of smoke,
A bullet hummed out its leaden knell,
[A hunter old aimed the weapon well]
And Chouteau's ram, leaping high in air,
Fell dead by Jack in the stubble bare,
'Twas the climax capped of the bloody bout,
The show was ended, the play played out,
And the throng passed back over Chouteau's run,
Its lightness vanished, its laughter done;
A gruesome end to a day of fun!

"The last sad rites were the next day said
Over the form of the boatman dead,
And for many a year was the story told,
To gaping younkers, by greybeards old,
Of how Jack Pierce, above Mill-creek dam,
Died in combat with Chouteau's ram.
Streets crept over the Chouteau land,
Rose on the uplands a city grand,
And the tale died out, in the busy strife
And noisy whirl of this modern life.
'Twas a saga fine of the old frontier,
And reverently I've embalmed it here!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

MISSOURI AND MANKIND.

Some Leaders of the State's Thought—Enoch Mather Marvin's Plain Speech—Last Message of Benton—The Parting with Buchanan—How the End Came to the Old Roman—The Fremonts—Nathaniel Paschall's Estimate—Three Cousins Who Became Missourians—When Blair Drew Indictments for Treason—Justice Lamm's Pen Picture of Vest—Senator Hoar's Estimate—The Great Commoner of Misssouri—Characteristics of Richard P. Bland—"A Plain, Blunt Man Who Loved His Friends"—The Tragedy of James S. Green's Career—Atchison's Impressive Presence—Author of the Jackson Resolutions—James O. Broadhead as a Legal Authority—Career of John W. Henry—Thomas Allen's Twenty-Dollar Start—John B. Henderson's Gift of Speech—When James B. Eads Sold Apples—The Heroic in Missouri Womanhood—Order No. 11—Doniphan and His Contemporories—"Old Bustamente"—James Shields and Irish Nationality—Missourians in a Crisis—Professor See's Discoveries—Missouri and Education—No Higher Vocation Than Teaching—Birth of State University—Beginning of Normal Schools—William T. Harris and James M. Greenwood—Farewell Message on Spelling Reform—Public School System—Evolution of Higher Education—Many and Varied Institutions.

I would like to live a few years longer. There are some things I would like to do for Missouri.—*Thomas Allen in his last illness.*

In 1903, the year before the World's Fair, four hundred Missourians, representative of all parts of the State, were asked "to name the leaders of the State's thought, the men who had done the most for Missouri and through Missourians for the world." The living were not included in this state-wide estimate. Walter Williams, of the University of Missouri, canvassed and classified the returns. The majority vote of the four hundred established this roll of fame:

Statesmen—Thomas H. Benton, Frank P. Blair, John S. Phelps, B. Gratz Brown, Richard Parks Bland, Hamilton R. Gamble, James S. Green and Edward Bates.

Father of the State University—James S. Rollins.

Soldiers—Sterling Price, A. W. Doniphan.

Engineer—James B. Eads.

Preacher—Enoch Mather Marvin.

Poet—Eugene Field.

Artist—George C. Bingham.

The proof of the devotion to the memory of Enoch Mather Marvin was shown in the erection of the Marvin church of St. Louis. The building fund was contributed by namesakes of Bishop Marvin in all parts of the United States. Missouri led with the number of Marvins and Texas was next. Bishop Marvin's father and mother were New Englanders and were married in Massa-

chusetts. The grandmother of the bishop was Catherine Mather of the same Mather family which numbered Cotton Mather, the theologian who wrote learnedly on witchcraft.

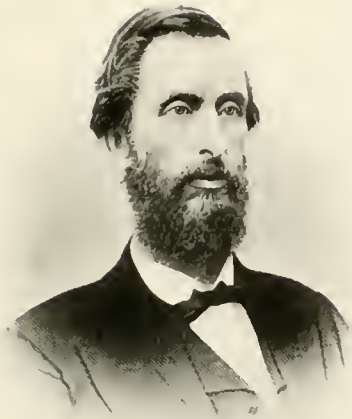
Bishop Marvin was a very plain-spoken, matter-of-fact man, whose manner combined in a rare degree geniality and bluntness. He detested unnecessary apologies and often rebuked them. This was told of him by a Missouri woman: "When I was quite young my father one day brought this celebrated preacher home to dinner, unexpectedly to my mother, who was not prepared for the proper reception and entertainment of so distinguished a guest. Upon preparing the repast she discovered at the last moment that her supply of butter had run short, there being only the smallest possible slice to place upon the table. Perceiving this, the bishop delicately refused to take any, although it was passed to him several times. The hostess at length pressed him urgently, saying, 'Don't be afraid of the butter, bishop.' 'Never fear, madam,' retorted the divine, 'there isn't enough of it to scare anybody.'"

Benton's Deathbed Plea for the Union.

At the dedication of the Benton monument in Lafayette Park, Frank Blair told of Benton's dying protest against secession:

"When Colonel Benton was on his deathbed, my father and mother both hastened from the country to be at his side. When they arrived his articulation was almost lost, but his mind was clear and his features gave it expression. After some motion of his lips, he drew my father's face close to his and said, 'Kiss me,' and spoke of their long and unbroken friendship. He then uttered Clay's name and with repeated efforts gave my father to understand that he wished him to get the last of his compilation of 'The Debates of Congress,' which he prepared a few days before—the last effort of his feeble hand. It contained Mr. Clay's pregnant reply to Senator Barnwell, of South Carolina, who had vindicated Mr. Rhett's secession pronunciamento for the South. Mr. Clay, in the passage preserved by Colonel Benton, proclaimed the course which should be taken against the attempt indicated by Mr. Rhett and advocated by Mr. Barnwell, and my father expressed his satisfaction that this was given prominence as the work of his last moments since there were then strong symptoms of the revolutionary movement which culminated in the last war. Colonel Benton's countenance, as he recognized that the sense of the manuscript was understood, evidenced his gratification. The scene was reported to Mr. Crittenden and other Union men who had power to impress it on the public mind. It had its efficacy. In 1858, at the epoch of Mr. Benton's death, the country and its loyal sons were struggling like Laocoon and his offspring with two great serpents crushing them in their fatal coils. Benton, in his dying hour, seemed in his agonies concerned alone for those which he saw awaited the country.

"The page to which he pointed my father's eye contained Mr. Clay's last appeal intended to arouse the people to support the government against contending convulsions. Colonel Benton adopted his life-long rival's last appeal as his own, and made it speak when he could no longer utter the counsel which had healed the bitter enmity between him and his great political opponent. And he left that fact as a dissuasive command to the ambitious factions that would rend the country into hostile sections and submerge its glorious institutions to



BISHOP ENOCH MATHER MARVIN

BISHOP CICERO STEPHEN HAWKS

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subserve views of personal aggrandizement or gratify a vindictive hatred. The last labors of this great man's life exhibited its great moral attributes under these most striking circumstances. All the prejudice born of the rivalry of his personal and party ambitions was forgotten. Benton forgot even himself; he almost forgot that he had a soul to save or that he had a suffering body bleeding to death. His bodily pangs at the moment of dissolution seemed to be lost in the thought fixed sadly on the ruin portending the grand commonwealth to which he gave a homage that was almost worship. He was like a soldier battling earnestly for the cause that tasked all his powers. He does not feel the bullet that carries his life's blood away in its flight. He remembered that his efforts combined with those of his great party antagonist had once contributed to save the Union and he was unwilling to lay down his head in the peace of death until he tried to repel another similar but more appalling danger.

"There never lived a man with more instinctive patriotism than Benton," Blair added. "He was a man of strong, sometimes unruly passions, but his paramount passion was love of country."

Benton's Last Hours.

The greatness of Benton was not dimmed in his closing hours. Only three days before his death Mr. Benton sent for President Buchanan to exhort him to preserve the Union. Taking the hand of the President, he said:

"Buchanan, we are friends; we have differed on many points, as you well know, but I always trusted in your integrity of purpose. I supported you in preference to Fremont, because he headed a sectional party, whose success would have been the signal for disunion. I have known you long, and I knew you would honestly endeavor to do right. I have that faith in you now, but you must look to a higher power to support and guide you. We will soon meet in another world; I am going now; you will soon follow. My peace with God is made, my earthly affairs arranged; but I could not go without seeing you and thanking you for your interest in my child."

Death came to the old Roman on the 10th of April, 1858. Almost to the last hour he was engaged in dictating the closing chapter of his great work. Two days before he died Mr. Benton wrote the following note to "Samuel Houston, Esq., Senator in Congress from the State of Texas," and "George W. Jones, Esq., Representative in Congress from the State of Tennessee," viz.:

"C Street, Washington, April 8, 1858.

"To you, as old Tennessee friends, I address myself, to say that in the event of my death here I desire that there should not be any notice taken of it in Congress. There is no rule of either house that will authorize the announcement of my death, and if there were such a rule I should not wish it to be applied in my case, as being contrary to my feelings and convictions long entertained.

"Your old Tennessee friend,

"THOMAS H. BENTON."

The venerable Horatio King, postmaster general in Buchanan's Cabinet and "the first man in office to deny the right of a State to withdraw from the Union," wrote to the Washington Chronicle this account of Mr. Benton's fatal illness:

"As early as in September, 1857, Colonel Benton had a severe attack of what he supposed to be colic, when Dr. J. F. May, his physician, pronounced his disease (cancer of the bowels) incurable, and so informed him. This Dr. May states in a letter, under date of April 13, 1858, to Mr. William Carey Jones, the son-in-law of Mr. Benton. Dr. May proceeds:

"'Before he was relieved, in the attack just spoken of, he had given up all hope of life. He told me he was satisfied the hour of his dissolution was near at hand—that it was impossible for him to recover—and that his only regrets at parting with the world were in separating from his children, and in leaving his great work undone; that death had no terrors for him, for he had thought on that subject too long to feel any.'

"In the intervals of his visits to him during the last week of his illness Dr. May said he ascertained that he was in the habit of correcting proof-sheets, and 'I recollect one occasion (said he) when I did not suppose he could stand, he suddenly arose from his bed, and, in the face of all remonstrance, walked to his table at some distance off, and corrected and finished the conclusion of another work on which he was engaged. His unconquerable will enabled him to do it, but when done he was so exhausted I had to take the pen from his hand to give it the direction. As soon as he recovered from the immediate danger of this attack he labored, as he had done for years before, constantly at his task, rising at daylight, and writing incessantly, with the exception of the hour he usually devoted to his afternoon ride on his horse, which he seemed to think was a benefit to him, and at this labor he continued from day to day until about a week before his death, when, no longer able to rise from weakness, he wrote in his bed, and when no longer able to do that, dictated his views to others.'

"Thus it may be truly said of him, he literally died in harness, battling steadily, from day to day, with the most formidable malady that afflicts humanity, his intellect unclouded, and his iron will sustaining him in the execution of his great national work to the last moment of his existence."

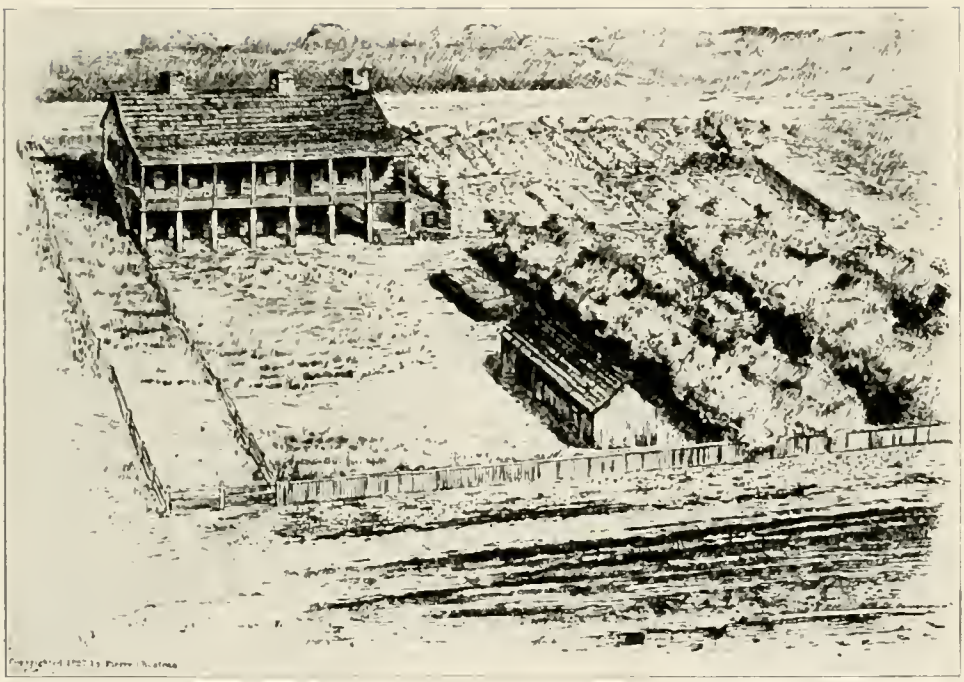
The Rev. Byron Sunderland conducted the funeral of Mr. Benton held in Washington before the departure for St. Louis. He said:

"During the last week of Colonel Benton's life I had several interviews with him at his own request. Our conversation was mainly on the subject of religon, and in regard to his own views and exercises in the speedy prospect of death. In these conversations he most emphatically and distinctly renounced all self-reliance, and cast himself entirely on the mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ as the ground of his acceptance with God. His own words were 'God's mercy in Jesus Christ is my sole reliance.'"

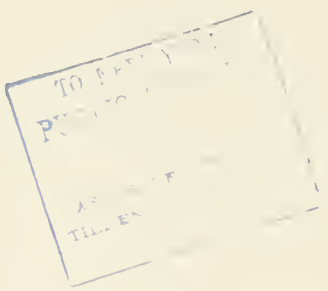
He was "Colonel" Benton by right of title. When volunteers were called for in the war of 1812 to descend the rivers to New Orleans and meet the British there, Thomas H. Benton was appointed colonel of the Second Regiment Tennessee Volunteers. He served through the winter of 1812-13. The British did not come at the time expected. The Tennessee Volunteers returned home. Benton went to Washington and was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-ninth Regiment United States Infantry and went with the army to Canada. He served until the summer of 1815.

The Secret Marriage of Jessie Benton.

Benton did not learn of his daughter's marriage to Lieutenant John Charles Fremont until several weeks after it occurred. Jessie Benton was sixteen years old at the time. She met Lieutenant Fremont a year earlier than that and had become engaged to him. When "the Magisterial," as Senator Benton was called by Washington people, heard about the engagement he was unsparing in his comment. He wanted to know how a girl only fifteen years old could know



EAST FRONT OF PIERRE CHOUTEAU, JR., RESIDENCE, SHOWING ORCHARD, GARDEN, STABLE AND LANE BY WHICH COWS WERE DRIVEN TO STABLE. THIS FRONT LOOKED OUT UPON THE MISSISSIPPI



her mind in such a matter. He said she was no more fit to be engaged than a babe. He blamed the lieutenant, who was at that time twenty-seven years old. He relieved his mind with some shocking language.

Through some influence, said to have been that of the Senator himself, Fremont was suddenly ordered by the War Department to go out to Iowa and make an engineering report on the River Des Moines. He finished that job, returned to Washington and secretly married Jessie Benton. The young girl made a devoted wife and for a long time was estranged from her father. After relations became more pleasant and Fremont was outwardly recognized by his father-in-law it came the turn of Mrs. Fremont to show some of the indignant spirit of her father. When Fremont was nominated by the Republicans for President in 1856, Jessie urged her father to support her husband. Benton refused to do so and his daughter never fully forgave him. Fremont received the electoral votes of the six New England States, of Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and New York. Mrs. Fremont always believed that if her husband had been elected in 1856 there would have been no Civil war. Her theory was that if any Southern State had attempted to secede at that time her husband would have promptly suppressed the movement. She argued that Buchanan's policy gave the South four years' preparation for war; that Fremont's course would have been the opposite of that pursued by Buchanan. She felt that her father was to some extent responsible for the defeat of her husband. While always loving and admiring her father she resented and deplored his action in 1856. Relations between Mrs. Fremont and her husband were ideal. She loyally referred to him as "My Hero" even in the presence of her father.

Varied Estimates of Benton.

One of the strongest tributes paid to Benton was by Judge John W. Henry. In Old Bullion's downfall, Henry had been one of the most active of the younger Democrats, but looking backward at the age of seventy Judge Henry said with emphasis: "He was right and we were wrong. I know it now. His speeches were prophetic. He predicted what afterward happened just as he had prophesied. He is Missouri's greatest martyr."

Years after the death of Benton Nathaniel Paschall gave his estimate, differing widely from the eulogies. He had opposed Benton in the columns of the Republican and perhaps no one man had done more to overthrow him. William Hyde, afterwards the editor, was a reporter on the Republican at the time of Benton's funeral at St. Louis in April, 1858. In his account of the great demonstration Hyde referred to Benton as "eminent." Mr. Paschall revised the copy. He drew the pen through "eminent" and wrote "distinguished." Several years afterwards Hyde recalled the matter to Mr. Paschall in a way that prompted the editor to explain why he made the change in the copy.

"Benton," said Mr. Paschall, "was a distinguished, a conspicuous or a noted man, but not an eminent one, towering above men of his station. He was not learned, not eloquent, not profound. He was the embodiment of selfishness and pomposity. In his case the rule was violated of a courageous man being no bully, as he was both a brave man and a braggart. He was a large man in stature, but was irritable and obstinate. From his friends he demanded the most obsequious consideration. It was a constant lament to him that he could

not be a Roman instead of an American Senator. Even his speech was framed in the language of the forum, and none but ancient orators and gods were thought suitable for his emulation. He could not brook opposition, and difference of opinion found no toleration in him. Befriended by General Jackson in Tennessee, he placed himself forward as Jesse Benton's second in a quarrel involving Jackson, and sent an offensive account of the affair to another brother in Washington. Pursued by Jackson, who had publicly threatened to horsewhip him, Benton fled. Many years afterward, when Jackson was President, they 'made up.' Here in this State, when he had a newspaper, he used its columns to vituperate people he did not fancy, and was constantly quarreling. He killed Lucas in a duel which could easily have been averted. As a public man he was inconstant and unreliable. He advocated the admission of Missouri to the Union as a slave State in expectation of thereby making himself Senator, which was accomplished only through the influence and persistent effort of David Barton. It was through his jealousy of Calhoun he opposed nullification and espoused the anti-slavery cause. The administration of Pierce received his support until he found he could not control his appointments. He sustained Buchanan until he himself was beaten for governor, when he changed his views as easily as he had formed them, in opposition to the party he claimed he had helped to create. His 'Yonder is the East; there is India,' came with poor grace from a man who for ten years opposed any system of internal improvements. Yes, sir, Benton was a prominent man, a noted man, but not what should be meant when we say eminent."

Benton's Enemies.

It is not at all improbable that much admiration and love of Benton was because of the enemies he made. That is an element of success in political life which some public men have understood and applied with marked results. Benton was such a politician. He not only did not placate but he lost no opportunity to pillory his enemies.

"Citizens," he said, "I have been dogged all over the State by such men as Claud Jones and Jim Burch. Pericles was once so dogged. He called a servant, made him light a lamp, and show the man who had dogged him to his gate the way home. But it could not be expected of me, citizens, that I should ask any servant of mine, either white or black, or any free negro, to perform an office of such humiliating degradation as to gallant home such men as Claud Jones and Jim Burch; and that with a lamp, citizens, that passers by might see what kind of company my servants kept."

"Citizens!" he said on another occasion, "when I went to Fayette, in Howard County, the other day, to address the people, Claib Jackson, old Doctor Lowry, and the whole faction had given out that I should not speak there. When the time came to fulfill my appointment, I walked up into the college hall and commenced my address to the large assembly of people collected to hear me; and I had not spoken ten minutes before Claib Jackson, old Doctor Lowry, and the whole faction marched in, and took seats as modestly as a parcel of disreputable characters at a baptizing."

Three Cousins Who Became Missourians.

Descendants of Colonel Nathaniel Gist, the Revolutionary patriot, were mighty in the Civil war period of Missouri. Three of them were Francis P. Blair, B. Gratz Brown and Joseph O. Shelby. In their boyhood days these three cousins were sheltered by the same hospitable roof in Lexington, Kentucky. Colonel Gist moved from Virginia to Kentucky. He had four daughters two of whom married Jesse Bledsoe and Francis Preston Blair, Sr. A daughter of Judge Bledsoe married Mason Brown. Their only son was B. Gratz Brown named for an uncle. One of the daughters of Thomas Boswell married Orville Shelby and their son was Joseph O. Shelby. Benjamin Gratz lost his wife and married her niece, Mrs. Orville Shelby, whose husband had died when Joseph O. Shelby was a child. Gratz was a hemp manufacturer and very hospitable. Blair was at the Gratz home on long visits. Brown was there as a student. Shelby was some years younger. There were ties of kinship other than that through the Gists. The elder Francis P. Blair and Mason Brown who married two of the Gist girls were direct descendents of John Preston of Virginia. Here came in a connection with Thomas H. Benton whose wife was a granddaughter of John Preston.

The younger Blair came to Missouri on the suggestion of Senator Benton. B. Gratz Brown followed his cousin some time later. Shelby came in 1852 and settled in Lafayette County where he took up the vocation learned at the Gratz home—the manufacture of hemp. When the Civil war began Blair telegraphed Shelby to come to St. Louis. Shelby went and refused a commission in the Union army. He returned to Lafayette County and recruited a company of cavalry to join the Confederacy.

How Blair Drew Indictments for Treason.

Frank P. Blair came well by his loyalty and devotion to the Union. Not one of his biographers makes mention that he drew the only indictments for treason against the United States upon which convictions were had and sentences of death were pronounced. Yet that interesting fact was discovered in New Mexican archives by Ralph E. Twichell, the vice president of the bar association of the territory. The fact is interesting for its personal bearing. It is interesting historically, for in all of the cases of treason against the United States, these New Mexican indictments are the only ones which were followed by conviction and the death sentence.

Blair, in 1845, went to the Rocky Mountains for his health. He was there when Kearny and the Missourians captured New Mexico. He joined Bent's command as a private and remained for some time after the authority of the United States was established over the territory. In 1847 some hot-headed Spaniards attempted to stir the native population to revolt against the United States. They assassinated Governor Bent and several other Americans at Taos, but the rebellion never got beyond the place where it started. Antonio Maria Trujillo and several fellow-conspirators were arrested. Frank P. Blair drew the indictments, which were in this form:

"The grand jurors for the District of New Mexico, on the part of the United States of America, on their oaths, present that Antonio Maria Trujillo, of the County of Taos, in the

Territory of New Mexico, being a citizen of the United States, but disregarding the duty of his allegiance to the government of the United States, aforesaid, and wholly withdrawing the allegiance, duty and obedience which every true and faithful citizen of the said government should and of right ought to bear toward the said government of the United States, on the 20th day of January, in the year 1847, and on divers other days, as well before as after, with force and arms, at the county aforesaid and Territory aforesaid, together with divers other false traitors to the jurors aforesaid unknown, did then and there maliciously, wickedly and traitorously levy war against the government of the United States of America, and did then and there maliciously and traitorously endeavor and attempt to subvert the laws and Constitution of the government of the United States aforesaid, in contempt of the laws of said government, to the evil example of all others in like case offending, and against the peace and dignity of the government of the United States.

"F. P. Blair,
"United States District Attorney."

The indictment was returned, the trial followed, and Trujillo was found guilty. Sentence of death, the only one in the history of this country for that crime, was pronounced upon him by Judge Houghton.

"'Antonio Maria Trujillo,' said the court, 'a jury of twelve citizens, after a patient and careful investigation, pending which all of the safeguards of the law, managed by able and indefatigable counsel, have been afforded you, have found you guilty of the high crime of treason. What have you to say why the sentence of death should not be pronounced against you?

"'Your age and gray hairs have excited the sympathy of both the court and the jury. Yet while each and all were not only willing, but anxious, that you should have every advantage placed at your disposal that their highly responsible duty under the law to their country would permit, yet have you been found guilty of the crime alleged to your charge. It would appear that old age has not brought you wisdom nor purity nor honesty of heart. While holding out the hand of friendship to those whom circumstances have brought to rule over you, you have nourished bitterness and hatred in your heart. You have been found seconding the acts of a band of the most traitorous murderers that ever blackened with the recital of their deeds the annals of history.

"'Not content with the peace and security in which you have lived under the present government, secure in all your personal rights as a citizen, in property, in form, and in your religion, you gave your name and influence to measures intended to effect universal murder and pillage, the overthrow of the government and one widespread scene of bloodshed in the land. For such foul crimes an enlightened and liberal jury have been compelled, from the evidence brought before them, and by a sense of their stern but unmistakable duty, to find you guilty of treason against the government under which you are a citizen. And there only now remains to the court the painful duty of passing upon you the sentence of the law, which is that you be taken from hence to prison, there to remain until Friday, the 16th day of April next, and that at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day you be taken thence to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck till you are dead! dead! dead! and may the Almighty God have mercy on your soul.'"

Trujillo was not hanged. A reprieve and a subsequent commutation of sentence averted the execution for treason.

George G. Vest, Editor, Hunter, Lawyer, Statesman.

The father of the late Senator Vest was a carpenter. So determined was he that his son should have schooling that on one occasion when he did not have the money for the tuition fee, he took out his watch and left it with the schoolmaster as a pledge. The boy never forgot this. He spoke of it in later years but at the time the incident occurred it stimulated him to make every

possible effort to perfect himself in his studies. Young Vest had to leave college and teach a country school for expenses. Then for a time he was Frankfort correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal. He worked in the marshal's office to get money to pay for law lectures, finally getting through the law department of Transylvania University when he was twenty-one.

Justice Henry Lamm of the Missouri Supreme Court gave from close personal observation this account of Vest's career:

"With his sheepskin in his pocket, he seems to have coquetted somewhat with literature as a makeshift and started a newspaper at Owensboro, Kentucky, presumably of Whig tendencies, as his father was a Whig and he leaned that way in his youth. Selling out his newspaper and enamored of California, then the Mecca of many adventurous and aspiring spirits, in 1853 he determined to cross the plains aiming at Independence, Missouri, to join one of the freighting caravans outfitting there, and to establish himself on the Pacific coast as a lawyer. Coming up the Missouri River to Independence, tradition has it that he and two traveling companions, friends from Kentucky, fell into financial reverses by some misadventure and Vest was constrained to return home by coach, the water falling below navigation in the river. The coach overturned eighty miles east of Independence in the northern limits of Pettis County, and it is more than likely to this incident is due the casting of his lot with Missouri; for he was certainly on his way to his old Kentucky home at the time, the purpose of his trip abandoned, and there were tender and strong ties of love to draw him homeward. In his college days at Danville he had wooed and won Miss Sallie Sneed of that place, whom he afterwards married. Crippled in the shoulder by the overturning of the coach, he was entertained on the plantation of Joseph C. Higgins and possibly attended by Dr. Fox of Georgetown. Recovering and meeting Kentucky settlers who had known his father and who were drawn to him by admiration and the ties of kindred tastes, among them John S. Jones, an old time plains freighter, he was taken on a hunting trip in the edge of Saline County, to the Saline Springs, now known as McAllister Springs. First the buffalo and then the elk had drifted west to escape the rifle of the pioneer frontiersman, but the deer and wild turkey yet lingered in this hunter's paradise. There is no man alive who can now, even in faint outline, draw a recognizable picture of the land young Vest was in, on the western edge of 'the Boone's Lick Country'—a country the fame of whose buffalo, elk, wild honey and wild turkeys, rich grasses, rich soils and genial climate broke through the trackless wilderness on the tongue of rumor thirty or forty years before Vest came, and lured the sons of Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee and the Carolinas, first as stray hunters, then in groups of daring settlers and finally in streams of immigrants to its borders. Vest was captivated by what he saw on this trip and Missouri won his heart; for he was a born hunter, loving the open air and scenes close to the heart of nature, the sound of running water and the cadences of hounds in chase, active of foot and a dead shot.

"Won to Missouri by the game, the fish, the wilderness of the prairie flowers, and the congenial society of the many Kentuckians here, in 1853 he swung out his shingle and opened a law office at Georgetown and modestly commenced a career which made him 'Senator of two Republics.' In 1853 he was, say, five

feet six inches in height, weighing about 110 pounds, with fiery red hair, a face fair in which boyish freckles still showed, a short neck with an uncommonly large head set unusually well down on his shoulders. His eyes were blue with a tinge of gray which latter color afterwards may have become somewhat accentuated with age and his eyebrows and eyelashes dark and pronounced. He had a form of the singular make-up of being almost as tall when sitting as standing, and the breadth of shoulder and reach of arm of a larger man and indicative of power.

"Mr. Vest had a mobile countenance, a wise and kindling eye, and a voice in perfect command. It had a resonant tremor, far-reaching and effective, with powers of imitation and personification such as you hear in great actors. These parts, coupled with his abounding wit and excellent fancy, made him a raconteur and conversationalist of high order. Wherever he was, whether in a side room at the courthouse relating reminiscences of early practice and incidents in causes he had been in, to other lawyers, or by a roaring campfire on a fishing trip making the night seem short with story of adventure or recitals of the incidents of the day, or in the cloakroom of the Senate discussing architecture with Morrill, or Shakespeare or international law with Cushman K. Davis, or books and fishing with Quay, or on the hustings tingling the blood of Missouri Democrats, or on the floor of the Senate discussing tariff and finance, or before a jury in a box twisting the life out of the other side, or at a banquet table scintillating with humor and repartee, or entertaining at his own fireside, he was the same many-sided, remarkable man. And those of us who had a chance hung about him as the beasts did about Orpheus' lyre or the bees did about the lips of Plato and Sophocles.

"In 1854 he went to Kentucky and married, bringing his wife to Georgetown. It is said that Vest had nettled his landlord a little by intimating it was unsafe to eat his pies without first pounding on the upper crust with a knife handle to scare the cockroaches out. Be that as it may, the said landlord, Captain Kidd, felt no occasion to be otherwise than frank, and, when Vest brought his bride to his house, took him to her for an introduction and proudly asked him what he thought of her, Kidd replied: 'By gum, George, you must have cotched her in a pinch for a husband.'

"Mrs. Vest was less pleased with her husband's surroundings than he. She knew him well and knew he could rise or fall to any environment and needed the spur of inspiration to rise. The situation may be summed up in the language of Vest himself when urged to move: 'Why move? I can shoot enough meat for my family and can always beat ——' (the leading attorney at the Georgetown bar) 'in his cases.' Mrs. Vest felt the character of the small business in the small town and sparsely settled county gave her husband too much time for fishing and hunting; and her neighbors' hunting horns of a Sunday grated sorely on her Presbyterian ears. After a short stay of two years she, aided by the fact that the cholera had almost depopulated Georgetown and by the solicitation of her father and of certain gentlemen of prominence who had heard a speech by Vest in a preliminary hearing in a criminal case at Boonville, succeeded in 1856 in getting him to locate there, where there was a strong bar, a bar dominated by such attorneys as Adams, Hayden, Draffen, Stephens and Muir. At Boonville, Vest went into partnership with J. W. Draffen and then

MADAME CHOUTEAU, THE MOTHER OF ST. LOUIS

with Joseph L. Stephens and, until the war clouds rolled up, rode the circuit and, by his fiery courage and flaming eloquence, speedily won a place for himself toward the forefront of the bar of Central Missouri.

"As became a lawyer and a Kentuckian with a liberal education, Mr. Vest held strong views on the stormy questions leading up to the war. It is said at the very outset he took the gloomiest view of what was coming on. In the election of 1860 he ran on the Douglas ticket as an elector, which would indicate that he did not, at least then, belong to the extreme Breckinridge school. Judge John F. Philips, than whom no one can speak with more authority, says that at Warrensburg he heard Vest, in the summer of 1860, 'make the most impassioned appeal for the preservation of the Union that ever fell from human lips.' But being elected to the legislature, from Cooper County, seeing the die was cast and war was on, he went with all his fiery zeal with his own people, stood with them for the integrity of a State's power to secede, speedily found himself separated from wife and child and whirled South, and for years he never laid eyes on them.

"Such a man as Judge John F. Dillon, after listening on the Federal bench to a jury speech by Vest in a cause wherein a defense was made to an insurance policy on the ground of suicide while sane, and wherein Mr. Vest undertook to show that suicide was conclusive proof of insanity, declared that, though he had spent his life among lawyers and had heard the most brilliant advocates living, yet he never heard such an eloquent plea as Vest made in that case.

"His humble friends held the same view expressed in a homely but none the less effective way. 'George,' said an enthusiastic client whose case Vest had just won at Otterville, 'George, with me to swear and you to plead, we can beat the world.'

"The right to tax an outlying tract of real estate for city purposes—gas light, police protection—was being tried. 'If,' said Mr. Vest, 'my unfortunate client has any gas but the light of the moon, or any police but owls, may God Almighty forgive me for my ignorance.'

"In the case of State v. Warner for killing Nutter, it was shown by Mrs. Nutter, the daughter of Warner, who testified for the defense, that Nutter had prowled around her father's house at the dead hours of night presumably for hostile purposes. 'Did you see him?' asked the prosecutor. 'No.' 'How then did you know it was Nutter?' 'By his footfall on a plank,' said the lady. This testimony was assailed with vehement ridicule as unnatural and unreliable. When Vest replied he triumphantly sustained the lady by a single sentence. 'Not know her husband's footfall!' cried he. 'Why, gentlemen of the jury, my wife not only knows me when my foot strikes the walk to my house of a night, but she knows where I have been and what I have been doing.'

"Once at Jefferson City, of an evening by the fireplace of the old McCarty House, kept by 'McCarty of the McCartys,' he sat and, lying there, he saw a bulldog with a red eye and bloody ear, in a troubled and fitful doze by the fire. Now Vest, who had been all day in an unsuccessful tussle with the United States district court in some bankruptcy cases, was sore and moody as a result. Seeing the dog, he spoke to him sympathetically and soon had him, with nose on knee, wagging his bit of a tail. 'I don't remember to have met you during the

day in Krekel's court,' Vest said to the dog, 'but from your appearance you surely had a case there.'"

Hoar's Estimate of Vest.

Senator George F. Hoar said of Vest: "No list of the remarkable Senators of my time would be complete which did not contain the name of Senator Vest of Missouri. He was not a very frequent speaker and never spoke at great length. But his oratorical powers were of a very high order. On some few occasions he has made speeches, always speaking without notes, and I suppose without previous preparation so far as expression and style go, which have deeply moved the Senate, though made up of men accustomed to oratory and not easily stirred to emotion. Mr. Vest is a brave, sincere, spirited and straightforward man. He has many of the prejudices of the old Southern secessionist. I think these prejudices would have long ago melted away in the sunshine of our day of returning good feeling and affection, but for the fact that his chivalrous nature will not permit him to abandon a cause or an opinion to which he has once adhered, while it is unpopular. These things, however, are not uttered offensively. He is like some old cavalier who supported the Stuarts, who lived down in the day of the House of Hanover, but still toasted the king over the water."

The Missouri Commoner.

Richard P. Bland was the great-grandson of Col. Theodoric Bland, a Virginia patriot, who served on the staff of George Washington. Earlier than that Colonel Bland was a leader in a movement which for Virginia was as revolutionary as the Boston Tea Party. The British governor, Lord Dunmore, had hidden in his cellar a lot of ammunition taken from the Virginia Colony arsenal. Theodoric Bland and a party went to the mansion and took the property. A series of letters signed "Cassius" had much to do with the making of sentiment in Virginia for the revolt against Great Britain. The writer of them was this same bold Theodoric Bland. When the first troop of cavalry was raised in Virginia, Theodoric Bland was chosen captain. Later he was lieutenant-colonel of six companies and marched to join the Colonial army. After the war he was elected to Congress.

Theodoric Bland was the grandson of Jane Rolfe, who was the daughter of the only son of Pocahontas, the Indian princess, savior of the life of Capt. John Smith. From such historic lineage came the Missouri commoner. His mother was Margaret Parks Nall of a French Huguenot family.

Richard P. Bland was born in Kentucky. At fourteen he had to make his own way in the world. He taught a country school in the winter and worked on a farm in the summer at a wage of seven dollars a month. Some time before the war the Blands came to Missouri. Richard P. Bland taught school in Missouri. In 1856 he joined the gold seekers in California. He prospected and mined for several years without accumulating much gold, but acquiring an interest in the precious metals which inclined him to service on the coinage committee when he arrived in Congress.

Sturdy and unrelenting as he was in his advocacy of principles, Bland was a most kindly man in personal relations with those from whom he differed,

especially younger men. Toward the close of the campaign of 1898 Mr. Bland met for the first time the Republican candidate in his district. He had heard of him as a young lawyer, quietly winning his way at the bar in Osage County, but had never made his acquaintance. The introduction occurred a few days before the election. A chance meeting at Tipton brought it about. Mr. Bland greeted Mr. Vosholl courteously and said nothing more for nearly a minute, while he looked at his youthful opponent from head to foot.

"Young man," he said at length, "you are giving me the fight of my life."

Mr. Vosholl replied that he had not been conscious of any unfairness.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Bland, "you have made a straight, clean fight, but you have made me work too hard."

A higher compliment the sturdy old campaigner could not have paid. He did not use words unmeaningly.

On one occasion Mr. Bland was a guest at a dinner given to several Missouri Congressmen by ex-Senator John B. Henderson.

"Bland," said General Henderson, "some Eastern people were discussing you in my presence the other evening. They were wondering whether you were honest in your professions, whether you really believed what you talked about free coinage. They wanted to know what I thought about it."

"What did you tell them?" asked Bland.

"I told them," said General Henderson, "that you believed all you said about free coinage."

"I am much obliged to you," said Mr. Bland.

"I told them," General Henderson went on after a moment's pause, "that you were honest in your silver professions because you didn't know any better."

"I don't know that I am so much obliged to you after all," said Mr. Bland, good humoredly.

Nobody who came in contact with Mr. Bland while he was in Washington ever questioned his sincerity on the coinage question. Opinions as to Mr. Bland's knowledge in that direction differed according to the standpoints of those who held the opinions. And yet Mr. Bland's earnestness of conviction was matched by his readiness of speech on silver. He was never known to be without something to say upon any phase of coinage or in answer to any argument. Of course, his arguments did not seem logical or conclusive to those who differed with him.

"Bland," said Judge David B. Culberson of Texas, one of the most observant Congressmen of his day, "is the only man I ever saw who doesn't have to get steam up. To me he is in that respect a most interesting study. The moment he gets on his feet he is going at full speed, valves wide open, forty miles an hour. His mind starts right off without any warming up or preliminary prodding. He is into the midst of his subject at the first sentence, and he goes ahead on the full jump until he gets ready to quit. I've watched him for years, and it's always the same way."

Bland was intensely sincere. He was full of his subject when he took the floor. Those who differed from him called him a crank, sometimes ridiculed his conclusions, but never charged him with not believing what he said. Mr. Bland was never inconsistent in his life. When he announced a line of action for

himself he followed it. Nothing but the crack of doom could turn him aside. Bland was the ablest bimetallist of his party. His devotion to the principle was more than political in the shallow acceptation of that word. For years Mr. Bland had been in correspondence with the leading bimetallists of Great Britain and France. His fame was greater abroad than it was at home. The extent to which he was consulted by foreign writers and authorities on the subject was known to very few in this country. Of the general acceptance of the bimetallic standard in the near future Mr. Bland had not the slightest doubt. And he based his expectation upon something more tangible than a sanguine temperament. For several years Mr. Bland had been doing his best to keep his party in line, in order that it might get credit for the general remonetization of the white metal. And when he, with his private sources of information, thought he saw success certain, he found himself standing alone and his party fleeing from the silver issue as if it were a specter.

Champ Clark said of Bland: "Young men ambitious of political preferment and of a noble and enduring fame will do well to pass lightly by the shrewd manipulators and aspiring mountebanks and to study profoundly the far-reaching results of Bland's career. They will discover that his commanding position was due to his intense devotion to principle, to his absorbing love of truth, to his integrity of mind, and to unquailing courage. He stood for conscience in politics and for impartial justice and equal rights to all God's children. Without arrogance of character, he possessed an independence of soul which would not have flattered Neptune for his trident or Jove for his power to thunder. He was what Marc Antony described himself to be, but what Marc most emphatically was not—'a plain blunt man, who loved his friends,' and he died amid the lamentations of the plain people, of whom he was the best type."

The Tragedy of James S. Green.

With the shifting of sentiment and policies at Jefferson City in 1861 the legislature was the setting for a political tragedy. The term of James S. Green as United States Senator expired on the 3d of March. Senator Green was a candidate for re-election. He had become a national figure. Under normal conditions Senator Green would have been returned to the Senate by an overwhelming vote in the legislature. The Senator desired re-election, although he was in favor of Missouri joining the Southern States. Under law the two houses of the legislature should have balloted for Senator early in January. But when the day came action was postponed on the argument that it was better to await the action of the State on the question of secession. To have elected a Senator might have been interpreted as meaning that Missouri expected to remain in the Union. The weeks went by until the 12th of March when it had become evident that the sentiment of the State was against secession. The legislature proceeded to ballot for Senator. Green was nominated by the Democrats. He desired election. After several days of balloting it was found impossible to get a majority for him. Green was defeated because he was a secessionist. The Democrats dropped him and elected Waldo P. Johnson, who had not been outspoken for secession but still believed war might be avoided. Johnson took his seat in the Senate. After the battle of Bull Run he introduced

resolutions looking to one more effort at compromise between the North and South. The resolutions failed. Johnson resigned his Senatorship and joined the Confederate army and remained with it until the end of the war. Green did not go into the army, but retired to private life.

James G. Blaine said of Green: "No man among his contemporaries had made so profound an impression in so short a time. He was a very strong debater. He had peers, but no master, in the Senate. Mr. Green on the one side and Mr. Fessenden on the other were the Senators whom Douglas most disliked to meet, and who were best fitted in readiness and accuracy and in logic to meet him. Douglas rarely had a debate with either in which he did not lose his temper, and to lose one's temper in debate is generally to lose one's cause. Green had done more than any other man in Missouri to break down the power of Thomas H. Benton as a leader of the Democracy. His arraignment of Benton before the people of Missouri in 1849, when he was but thirty-two years of age, was one of the most aggressive and successful warfares in our political annals."

William Hyde said: "The ablest of Colonel Benton's opponents was unquestionably James S. Green. He was a Virginian. In 1837, at the age of twenty, he appeared in Missouri with no fortune but a common school education and a great storage of energy, and settled in Lewis County. Admitted to the bar in 1840, he soon fell into a lucrative practice. In 1844 he was a Presidential elector, and in the following year he was a member of the constitutional convention. From 1846 to 1850 he was a member of Congress. President Pierce appointed him minister to Bogota in 1853. Three years later he was elected to Congress on the Buchanan ticket, but before taking his seat was chosen by the legislature to represent Missouri in the United States Senate, succeeding Mr. Geyer. Both in Congress and on the stump he was an adroit and forcible debater. On the stump he was feared as much by Benton as in the Senate by the 'Little Giant,' of Illinois. He did not possess the fund of information or the forensic schooling of either, but these drawbacks were supplied by his tremendous power of language, his intuitive qualities and great mental elasticity. For all comers he was ready, and rarely found at fault in thrust or parry. In irony, sarcasm or invective he was not surpassed by the great Benton himself. Once, in Howard County, the coliseum of Missouri politics at that period, so to speak, Uriel Wright, of St. Louis, was pitted against him. Wright was a most captivating performer on the organ of speech. It was an inexpressible delight to listen to the smooth and rhythmical sentences as they rippled and rolled from his impassioned lips. The treasures of ancient and modern learning and literature appeared to be at his tongue's end. All the arts of oratory, ornamented with classical allusions, were completely at his command. But, to use one of his own figures, 'as well undertake to storm Gibraltar with a pocket pistol, or dam Niagara with a walking-stick,' as to compete with such a political slugger as 'Jim' Green. He came down on poor Uriel Wright like a ponderous pile-driver on a frail guitar."

Atchison's Impressive Presence.

William F. Switzler once described Senator Atchison as "a man of imposing presence, six feet two inches high, and straight as an arrow, florid complexion,

and would weigh about 200 pounds. He was the soul of honor, a member of the Presbyterian church, a fine conversationalist and possessed a great and exact memory. As a citizen he was plain, jovial and unostentatious and simple in his tastes. He was not an aristocrat in dress, living or life, but a Democrat by nature and education, with profound sympathies for what Mr. Lincoln called 'the common people.' He regarded himself as one of the people, and therefore for the people. He was not an orator, and in his speeches to Senate or people did not attempt to reach conclusions by curved lines ornamented with the flowers and festoons of classic diction, but by straight lines that he regarded as most ornamented when ornamented the least. His speeches were not beautifully polished shafts of Corinthian marble, but rugged columns of native granite. He was no orator as Brutus is, but, as all the people knew, a plain, blunt man, who only spoke right on. Atchison County, Missouri, and the city of Atchison, Kansas, were named in honor of him."

The Author of the Jackson Resolutions.

A part of William Barclay Napton's preparation for a judicial career almost unparalleled in Missouri was journalism. Governor Miller persuaded Napton to take the editorship of the Boone's Lick Gazette at Fayette. His writing was remarkable for clearness and vigor. In 1839 he was appointed to the supreme bench and served until 1851 when, under the constitutional amendment, judges were elected. Judge Napton was elected to the bench, but displaced by the state convention in 1861. In 1873 he was appointed to the bench by Governor Woodson and served until 1881. Out of forty-one years he served twenty-five as judge.

Judge Napton wrote the "Jackson resolutions," according to William Hyde, who said of him: "This was one of the greatest intellects that ever left its impress upon a State. To the proficient training of a profound lawyer and jurist he added the accomplishments of a ripe scholar in literature and belles lettres. As a writer his style was perspicuous, pure and strong, imparting directly to the readers the thought in his mind. His opinions, delivered from the supreme bench for a long period, are models and exceptions of law literature. Judge Napton was a man of intuitive perception, a kind of legal demonstrator of anatomy, his keen, critical scalpel going through a manual of dissection upon every subject presented to him. Had not his judicial services been so conspicuous and distinguished, there is no doubt he would have attained eminence in the political field. Though his intellect was bright to the last, he was put aside as superannuated. It was an almost pitiable spectacle to see this fine old veteran making his way to the train at Jefferson City, by unfrequented paths, as this writer saw him, the day his term of service ended.

"During the civil war—Judge Napton's sympathies being in accordance with the Jackson resolutions, of which he was undoubtedly the author—he had an exciting experience at his farm in Saline County with a squad of Federal troops or militia, who on one occasion visited his house to take him out and hang him, which object was frustrated by a member of the company who had long known the judge. Immediately afterwards he removed to St. Louis, where he remained until the close of the war, or until the death of Judge E. B. Ewing, whose vacant term he filled. He died in Saline County at the age of 73.

The Supreme Court's Tribute to James O. Broadhead.

When James O. Broadhead was arguing "the Mormon case" before the United States Supreme Court he quoted from numerous authorities. One of the justices leaned forward and asked:

"Conceding that that part of the statute is valid which declares this corporation called the Church of the Latter Day Saints is dissolved, what you say becomes of it?"

Mr. Broadhead replied: "That is the question I am undertaking to discuss."

The justice continued: "You are stating these leading authorities. I would like to know what your view is: where you are coming to? What do you say?"

Perhaps, in the history of that court, no higher, no more delicate compliment was paid from the bench.

Judge Henry's Retort Judicial.

One of the most remarkable judicial careers in the history of the Missouri bench has been that of John W. Henry. When the State established the department of public instruction in 1854, Governor Sterling Price appointed Mr. Henry, the first superintendent of schools. In 1872 Judge Henry was living in Macon City when a vacancy occurred in the judgeship of the district including Macon, Adair, Schuyler and Putnam Counties. Judge Henry was appointed by Governor Hardin and was continued on the bench by election.

At a session of court in Lancaster, Schuyler County, a lawyer who had some reputation as a fighter appeared to argue a motion. Judge Henry, having heard the opposite side, announced his decision in favor of the belligerent lawyer without waiting to hear him. This didn't suit. The lawyer had a local reputation to sustain. He was prepared with an argument and he wanted to make it although the decision had been announced in his favor. He began to talk. The judge told him it was entirely unnecessary to say anything more. The lawyer continued to talk until the judge ordered him to take his seat. This he did, but after court adjourned he approached the judge and said in a threatening tone:

"Judge Henry, you insulted me."

The judge made no answer. The lawyer, after a pause, went on:

"You insulted me and I'm going to take it out of you right now."

"Did I insult you?" asked Judge Henry.

"You did."

"Are you sure I did?"

"Of course, I am."

"I am glad that you realize it. I tried hard to but I thought your hide was too thick to feel it."

From his towering six feet of belligerent attitude the lawyer looked down upon the judge sitting in his chair and calmly smoking. He didn't say a word but turned and walked away.

Thomas Allen's Convincing Railroad Argument.

"Tom, I'll give you twenty dollars and you can go and make your fortune," a man said to his son at the old home in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. He had given him a good education. The young man went to New York and became a jour-

nalist, while preparing to practice law. His magazine and newspaper work attracted attention. At Washington, a Democratic coterie, hostile to Martin Van Buren, started a paper—the Madisonian. The "conservatives," as those Democrats called themselves, wanted an editor to fight Van Buren's financial policy. The young magazine writer was called from New York to Washington. That was in 1837. Two years later the editor of the Madisonian was the most talked of newspaper man in the country. He had created in the capital an anti-administration paper which was quoted everywhere by the Whig press. When the young men's national convention was held in Baltimore, May, 1840, there was great curiosity to see the man who had made the Madisonian. And so, from the same platform upon which appeared Daniel Webster and William C. Preston, the young editor spoke. He was no inconsiderable factor in the downfall of Van Buren. After the death of President Harrison and the organization of the Tyler administration, Thomas Allen gave up the Madisonian and came west to enter upon his forty years of usefulness in building up Missouri.

Nine years later, then a St. Louis member of the Missouri legislature, Mr. Allen fathered an act incorporating the "Pacific railroad," the first legislation in that direction. The following year he traveled on horseback west of St. Louis from settlement to settlement, along what is now the line of the Missouri Pacific, telling the farmers what his railroad act meant. He stood under the locust trees in front of North's store at Gray's Summit facing farmers who had come twenty-five miles to hear him. He told them that when the railroad was built they would neither drive, even though they owned horses, nor walk to St. Louis. The use of the team for the time required to drive would be worth more than the railroad fare. Mr. Allen said that if a man's wages were only seventy-five cents a day it would be cheaper for him to ride on the cars, than to lose the time, wear out his shoes and pay for food while walking to St. Louis. With such homely illustrations Thomas Allen reconciled the farmers of St. Louis and Franklin Counties to the railroad.

Soon after the war, when he had retired as he thought from active life, Thomas Allen took up the building of the Iron Mountain railroad, then but eighty miles long.

"I can't stand it," he said, "I must have occupation for all my energies, and I shall find it in extending the railroad."

John B. Henderson's Start in Public Life.

A long distance speech in Pike County, according to Champ Clark, gave John B. Henderson his successful start in public life.

"When the Mexican war began," said Mr. Clark, "he was about eighteen years old, and was teaching a country school not far from Louisiana, the largest town in the county. They had a lyceum at Louisiana, which afforded opportunity for local orators to train themselves in the art of Demosthenes, Cicero, and Patrick Henry. One Friday night Henderson was there. The subject was, 'Is the Mexican war justifiable?' The Democrats affirming and the Whigs denying. The rules of the lyceum provided for ten minute speeches. Young Henderson, being both a visitor and an ardent Democrat, was, as a matter of courtesy, invited to open the debate, which he did in great shape and with alacrity. He was very kind, and did more. He not only opened the debate but closed

it also. As an additional act of courtesy the rules were suspended, and the fuzzy-faced pedagogue was permitted to speak without limit. He evidently didn't know when he'd get another chance to orate, and proposed to speak his mind freely. He began in a halting, stammering sort of way; but, warming with his theme, he harangued the enthusiastic Democrats and the bewildered and disgusted Whigs for four mortal hours, and gained the verdict for his belligerent party by shutting out his adversaries entirely. The Whigs were speechless with rage and the Democrats delirious with joy. That exhibition of gall, cheek, and endurance laid the foundation of Henderson's political fortunes. The Democrats swore that he was the smartest boy between the two oceans, and would one day be President. They did not compel him to wait at Jericho until his beard was grown, but elected him to the legislature before he was of the age to qualify under the law. When he was to be sworn in, some question was raised as to whether he was old enough. He was asked point-blank:

"'When were you born?'

"'I have no very clear remembrance of being born at all. If you want to know my age, go and ask the people who elected me,' was the young man's reply.

"They didn't go, and Henderson took his seat and served out his term. He has performed many notable acts since that time. He was the only man, living or dead, who ever refused a seat on the supreme court bench of Missouri; he was a Union brigadier general; he served eight years in the Senate of the United States; was the author of the fifteenth amendment, and had the courage, wisdom, patriotism, and self-abnegation to vote for the acquittal of Andrew Johnson, which brought a check to his political career. He was one of the special counsel which prosecuted the whisky ring in St. Louis; presided over the Chicago convention which nominated Harrison, and was president of the Pan-American Congress. But in all his long and busy life he never did any one thing which promoted his own interests so much as that four-hour speech in the Louisiana lyceum. Somebody has said that opportunity is bald behind and has a single fleecy lock in front. Henderson fastened on to that with both hands and an everlasting grip while delivering that long-drawn-out oration on the banks of the Mississippi."

When James B. Eads Sold Apples on the Street.

A thirteen-year-old boy, James B. Eads, sold apples on the streets of St. Louis. He did it so well that Barrett Williams, the merchant, gave him a place in his store. The employer discovered a bent in the young clerk for mechanics and turned him loose during leisure hours in a good scientific library. Before he was of age Eads knew what the books of that day could teach him of engineering. He went on the river as steamboat clerk. That was the promising vocation of 1835-40. River commerce boomed. The disasters were terrifying. Case & Nelson, the leading shipbuilders of St. Louis, organized in 1842 a wrecking company to raise sunken boats, to recover cargoes. Eads joined in the enterprise. His natural engineering talent found exercise in the field of salvage. He invented machinery and appliances for the new industry with such effect that the profits of the business in ten years were half a million dollars, a great fortune in 1850. All of the time the born engineer was studying the great river, its character and eccentricities. In 1855 he had devised a plan to clear the Mississippi of all obstructions and to keep it open a period of years. The House

passed the bill to put the plan in operation. Jefferson Davis blocked the legislation in the Senate. Four years afterward the Lincoln administration called Eads to Washington. The engineer told what kind of armored gunboats he could build to operate on the Mississippi and its tributaries. He came back to St. Louis with a commission to build seven ironclads in sixty-five days. On the forty-fifth day the first of the fleet went down the ways at Carondelet. Six others followed. The DeKalb, Carondelet, Cincinnati, Louisville, Mound City, Cairo and Pittsburgh were ready when the river campaign opened and the advance was made on Island No. 10.

Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War when he wrote rather tartly to Luther M. Kennett, who was in Congress from St. Louis, what he thought of the Eads theory of river improvement. He said:

"Unless the improvement of western rivers is to be conducted under a general system, supported by adequate means for many consecutive years, only partial benefits can be expected to result."

The home of Mr. Davis, at that time, was on a plantation with a Mississippi river frontage, below Vicksburg. Mr. Davis added: "I cannot hope that this can be obtained by partial and occasional appropriations, even when expended by the most competent engineers, according to the best digested plans, but there is still less hope of its being attained by contracts to be executed according to the conceptions of men whose previous pursuits give no assurance of ability to solve a problem in civil engineering—than which none is more difficult—a problem which involves the control of mighty rivers flowing through alluvial valleys—the volume of whose waters varies irregularly with every year and every season."

This view of the necessity of continuous effort Mr. Davis reiterated when he addressed the commercial convention in New Orleans twenty-two years later, in 1878. What prompted Secretary Davis to write a letter to Congressman Kennett was the proposition already mentioned from the firm of Eads and Nelson to keep the Mississippi river clear of snags for a period of years by contract. Mr. Davis had the regular army idea of the civilian engineer of that day. He thought it would be a waste of government money to enter into the arrangement which James B. Eads and William S. Nelson proposed. At that time Eads and Nelson had been for a decade engaged successfully in raising sunken steamboats and in recovering cargoes when the boats could not be raised. They had established at St. Louis a large wrecking plant with boats and machinery constructed for the special purpose. Many of the devices were the fruits of Captain Eads' ingenuity and study of the Mississippi river problems. The proposition of Eads and Nelson was kept from consideration in the Senate largely through the course of Judah P. Benjamin, then a Senator from Louisiana, who took the view of it that Mr. Davis did.

When the war was over St. Louis saw the railroads crossing the upper Mississippi and pushing westward across the continent. Military necessity was helping the northern development. The first route to the Pacific should have been by way of St. Louis. It would have been but for the war's diverting influence. It would have been in spite of the war, but for legal legerdemain. But what would a transcontinental line be with a mile break at the crossing of a river? Eads began to plan the bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis. Sink-

ing piers in the shifting sands of the Mississippi channel was a new problem. Its solution was found. So, also, were discovered the devices which brought together the gigantic steel arches, controlling artificially contraction and expansion until the tubes from the east met tubes from the west and the splendid creation was perfected. In the literature of the engineering profession the story of the Eads bridge told by Calvin M. Woodward is one of the great books.

At the mouth of the Mississippi was a problem of increasing difficulty. Ships were being built of greater draft. The silt-laden water flowed out through the delta with depth growing less year by year. Government engineers wrestled over canal routes from New Orleans to deep water in the gulf. Eads said jetties. He was derided. His plan was met with scoffing. Congress remembered the plan to make the channel safe, the ironclads and their record of service, the bridge which stood like the foundations of the city. To Eads was given the South Pass to experiment with, the compensation to be measured by the success. The jetties solved the problem.

While the army engineers were arrayed almost solidly against the jetties, Mr. Eads wrote, in 1874, to the Senate: "That they will ultimately be resorted to is as certain as that commerce or agriculture will increase in the valley." A year later the bill passed and Mr. Eads was given authority to go ahead on South Pass, the mouth where his expected failure in the opinion of the army engineers would do the least harm. Largely contributing, if not vital to the success of this legislation, was the fact that the city of St. Louis was represented in the House of Representatives at the time by three strong business men, one of the ablest trios of Congressmen this city has sent to Washington. E. O. Stanard, Erastus Wells and W. H. Stone made it their business to get through the House the jetty legislation, and they were successful.

The Missourian studied the Mississippi as no other man ever did. He began with the alphabet of river knowledge—machinery to raise the snagged boats. He solved the great problem of the opening of a channel through the shoaling delta. Addressing a gathering of citizens of St. Louis who had faith in him, Mr. Eads, following the passage of the jetties bill by Congress, said: "Every atom that moves onward in the river, from the moment it leaves its home amid the crystal springs or mountain snows, throughout the fifteen hundred leagues of its devious pathway, until it is finally lost in the gulf, is controlled by laws as fixed and certain as those which direct the majestic march of the heavenly spheres. Every phenomenon and apparent eccentricity of the river—its scouring and depositing action, its caving banks, the formation of the bars at its mouth, the effect of the waves and tides of the sea upon its currents and deposits—is controlled by laws as immutable as the Creator; and the engineer needs only to be assured that he does not ignore the existence of any of these laws, to feel positively certain of the ends he aims at. I, therefore, undertake the work with a faith based upon the ever-constant ordinances of God Himself; and, so certain as He will spare my life and faculties, I will give to the Mississippi River, through His grace and by the application of His laws, a deep, open, safe and permanent outlet to the sea."

When the boy who had peddled apples on the streets of St. Louis visited London in 1881 the greatest scientists of the United Kingdom showered honors upon him. The British Association for the Advancement of Science, Sir John

Lubbock presiding, invited Capt. James B. Eads to attend the sessions, elected him a member and called upon him for an address. By a vote of the association, Captain Eads' explanation of the jetty treatment of the mouth of the Mississippi and his description of the proposed Tehuantepec ship railway were incorporated in the proceedings of the association. He was given prominence as one of the great civil engineers of his generation and was the guest of honor at a series of entertainments by the most distinguished scientists of Great Britain. When the news of the remarkable reception given Captain Eads in England reached St. Louis it inspired a movement to erect a memorial at the entrance to the great bridge. Unfortunately the movement did not progress far beyond the newspaper columns.

The Missourian who solved more Mississippi River problems than any other man was James B. Eads. He failed on none of them. His theories stood the test of trial. This is to be borne in mind when the message of suggestion to the National Commercial convention at New Orleans, many years ago, is read. To that body, Mr. Eads said:

"I beg respectfully to call the attention of the convention to the importance of iron barges and iron steamers on the Mississippi River. As these vessels are being used in all parts of the world except in America, I would suggest that inquiry be set on foot by the convention to discover why the grain growers and planters of this valley are not enjoying the advantages afforded by the introduction of such boats and barges upon the Mississippi. They are used on all the chief rivers in Europe and Asia, several streams of which countries are far more rapid and dangerous than the Mississippi. Numbers of them are being constructed in Great Britain for the rivers of India, for the Nile and the Danube, and, indeed, for streams in almost every quarter of the globe, save America. These vessels will carry from twelve to fifteen per cent more cargo than wooden hulls of equal size, strength and draught, and never have their carrying capacity lessened by being watersoaked. They cannot be destroyed by fire, are made with water-tight compartments and are almost absolutely proof against sinking."

Mr. Eads had built iron gunboats at St. Louis and had seen their successful navigation of the Mississippi.

The convention resolved "that the building and employing of iron barges and steamboats in transporting produce and freights generally on the Mississippi River and its tributaries is highly recommended as a sure means of lessening the cost of freights and insurance, and increasing the amount of transportation on our rivers."

How a Missouri Woman Saved the Body of Lyon.

The heroic in Missouri womanhood found pathetic expression when the body of General Lyon was brought to Springfield from the battlefield of Wilson's Creek. Years after the war Mrs. Mary Phelps, wife of Governor Phelps, told the story:

"The body of General Lyon was placed in an ambulance by his aides, to be conveyed to Springfield, but those who were gathering up the wounded saw a dead man in the ambulance, not knowing it was General Lyon, laid it out and put in a wounded man. Some hours after the Union troops had retreated,

Colonel Emmet McDonald met Dr. Melcher, assistant surgeon of Sigel's regiment, who had been taken prisoner and said to him: 'General Lyon was killed. Go with me and I will show you his body.' They went to the hill where the body was. While there General Price came up. He said to Dr. Melcher: 'You are a prisoner. General Sturgis has one of my surgeons a prisoner. If you will pledge me your honor to return the ambulance and the escort I give you, I will send you with this body (Lyon's) and exchange you for my surgeon.'

"The pledge was given. They reached Springfield just as the Federal troops were leaving. The body of Lyon was left at the house he had occupied for headquarters. Sunday morning I went to town and was met by Mrs. Beal, a widow, and her little daughter. She said: 'General Lyon is left at your house; there is no one there.' I went immediately to the house with her, and there I found the body stretched on a table covered with a white spread, given Dr. Melcher at the battlefield by Mrs. Ray to cover up the body in the ambulance. Very soon Mr. William Campbell came in. He said he was going to have the body buried; that he had spoken to Mr. Beal to make a coffin. I said to him, I do not think you can do that. General Lyon has friends here who will take care of his body. I immediately sent for Dr. Franklin, who was left in charge of the Federal wounded. He came. I asked him what disposition he intended to make of General Lyon's body. He replied, 'I can do nothing. There are so many wounded and dying, and we have not men enough to do the work.' I then said, 'I will take charge of the body and remove it to our farm and there bury him.' He said, 'I wish you would,' and left the house. I left the body in charge of Mrs. Beal and others until I went home and set men to dig the grave. I returned—not being absent over an hour. I saw that Mr. B. was making a coffin, and set Mr. Bowren to make a tin one to put the wooden one in to seal up. General Lyon was so black and disfigured no one would have recognized him. I procured some bay rum and bathed his hands and face until the corpse was as natural as life. About two o'clock of the same day General Price and his troops came to town. The troops filled the house and yard where I was. I stood by the corpse and allowed no one to lift the cover but myself for hours. In the meantime General Price hearing of my situation sent Colonels Elgin and McClean to see me. They asked me if I wanted a guard. I said I would be obliged for one. They (Elgin and McClean) cleared the house and yard and remained with me. When the coffins came they assisted me to put the body in. I opened it several times for persons to see before I left the town. It was near sundown when the tin box came. The coffin was put in the box and soldered up. Mr. Wm. Campbell had promised to send a wagon to take him to our farm. He did not come. I paid Mr. Beal and Mr. Bowren for the coffins and Colonel Elgin furnished a wagon and gave me an escort. When I reached home I found the grave had not been dug, and two regiments were camped in our grove and our house filled with Confederate officers. The coffin was put on the portico. I watched over it until four o'clock in the morning. I then got the guard which General Parsons had placed around the house to put him in a fruit house in the orchard and fill it with straw. On Monday morning Emmet McDonald and Dr. Franklin came to my house to get the body of General Lyon. I asked what they wanted it for. McDonald replied, 'I am going to take him to Rolla.' I

replied, 'Neither you or any other man or men can have the body of General Lyon without an order from General Fremont.'

"Tuesday my servants returned and I had Lyon buried. Two weeks after, his brother-in-law and his cousin came with an order from General Fremont for General Lyon's body. They brought with them a metallic coffin. He was taken from those I had put him in and placed in the metallic one, and the walnut coffin, from which Lyon was taken, was afterwards used for Captain Gratz, whose body was found on the battlefield."

Heroic Womanhood in War Time.

Two heroic characters of the war time in Missouri were Mrs. Mary Ann Boyce Edgar and Mrs. Margaret A. E. McLure. Mrs. Edgar was of southern nativity; she was born in Alabama. Her parents were of North Carolina families traced back their descent from the colonial settlers on Albemarle Sound. With the beginning of the war this southern born woman promptly showed her devotion to the Union. She was one of a group of St. Louis women who met in July, 1861, a few days after the battle of Bull Run to plan how they could help the national government by relief work. Mrs. Edgar became the leader and the organizer. Fremont called for lint, for bandages, for other hospital supplies that women could prepare. The organization was called the Fremont Relief Society. The room at headquarters that had been assigned was needed. Mrs. Edgar moved the society to her own residence. There for a year and a half great quantities of material for which the surgeons were calling were prepared and sent out. The early battles found the government without hospitals, with next to no preparation for the wounded. Mrs. Edgar assisted to find nurses, to assemble supplies, to prepare hospital accommodations. As the work increased the Western Sanitary Commission and the Ladies' Aid Society were developed. Not until the emergency had passed did Mrs. Edgar rest from her merciful efforts. She ably assisted James E. Yeatman, the head of the sanitary commission. Mrs. Margaret A. E. McLure was of Pennsylvania birth. Her grandfather laid out the town of Williamsport, which became Monongahela City. The Parkinsons for generations were prominent in Western Pennsylvania affairs. Finely educated, of strong character, accustomed to think for herself, Mrs. McLure believed firmly in the justice of the southern cause. She did not hesitate to let her sentiments be known and was made a prisoner in her own house. In the spring of 1863, with other women who felt as she did, Mrs. McLure was put on board a boat and sent down the river to the Confederate lines. She had given her eldest son to the cause. Exiled from home for her convictions, she devoted herself to the parole camps and hospitals, doing all that she could to relieve and comfort the Confederate soldiers. Returning to St. Louis, Mrs. McLure became the leading spirit in the Daughters of the Confederacy, and in the relief work of that organization for the widows and orphans of Confederates. Twenty years after the war a daughter of one of these noble women married a son of the other.

When a Woman Outwitted the Swamp Fox.

There was a long-forgotten story of the war in the bill which Congressman Wade introduced to pay Mrs. Sarah L. Everson $15,000. One day in December,

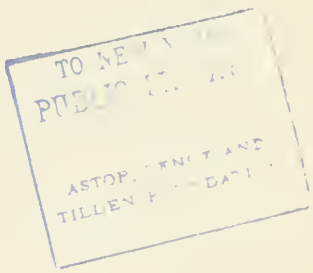
Mrs. Mary F. Scanlan
(Miss Mary F. Christy)

Mrs. Caroline O'Fallon
(Miss Caroline Schutz)

Mrs. Margaret A. E. McLure
(Miss Margaret A. E. Parkinson)

Mrs. Virginie S. Peuguet
(Miss Virginie Sarpy)

Mrs. Mary Ann Boyce
(Miss Mary Ann Edgar)


TO
PU
ASTOR
TILLEN

1861, Jeff Thompson's band of Confederates swooped down upon the river town of Commerce, in Southeast Missouri, and set a trap. Their anticipated game was the steamer City of Alton, carrying a great quantity of stores, large mails and more than all else, the commander of the Mississippi gunboat fleet and other Federal officers of high rank. All the men of Commerce were made prisoners and taken back into the forest. Behind the long wood-piles on the landing the Confederates concealed themselves. They knew the City of Alton would touch there for fuel, and their plan was to remain in hiding until the boat was fast and then capture her and all on board with one grand charge. That no warning might be conveyed by the deserted appearance of the place, the women and children were collected in little groups, but were forbidden with threats of instant death to give any warning. The City of Alton came as the Confederates had anticipated and swung in to make the landing. The Confederates smiled, clutched their weapons, and held their breaths for the signal. Suddenly Mrs. Everson sprang out of the midst of the other women and ran to the edge of the river, screaming at the top of her voice and waving her arms. There was a clanging of bells. The steamboat's wheels reversed with all the power of the engines. The Confederates rose to their feet, sent a volley after the receding prize, and with many curses took their departure. Mrs. Everson became a resident of Springfield. The story of heroism was in all the papers at the time, but that was the only recognition the brave woman received. Congressman Wade thought she should have something substantial from the Republic. Hence the bill.

Lizzie Chambers Hull's "Missouri."

In the state-wide contest for a Missouri song, suggested by Governor Herbert S. Hadley during his administration, the award was given to Mrs. Lizzie Chambers Hull. The father of Mrs. Hull was Adam Black Chambers, one of the publishers of the Missouri Republican before the war. Mrs. Hull was sixty-nine years old when she penned these pleasant lines:

MISSOURI.

Missouri, fair, we bring to thee
Hearts full of love and loyalty;
Thou central star, thou brightest gem,
Of all the brilliant diadem—
Missouri.

Chorus.

Then lift your voice and join the throng
That swells her praise in joyful song,
Till earth and sky reverberate;
Our own, our dear, our grand old State—
Missouri.

She came, a compromise, for peace;
Her prayer is still that strife may cease;

She mourned her blue, wept o'er her gray,
When, side by side, in death they lay—
Missouri.

CHORUS.

Nor North, nor South, nor East, nor West,
But part of each—of each the best.
Come, homeless one, come to her call;
Her arms are stretched to shelter all—
Missouri.

Missouri Daughters of the American Revolution.

In the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution Missourians were active and prominent. Mrs. George H. Shields was one of the charter members. Judge George H. Shields framed the national charter of the order, which was started on his suggestion. Very soon after the formation of the national body at Washington a chapter was organized by Missouri descendants of Revolutionary patriots. It was called the St. Louis chapter. The first meeting was held at the home of Mrs. James Harris O'Fallon in St. Louis, January 31, 1895. The Laclede chapter was organized in December, 1898. A third chapter, the Jefferson, was organized in 1899. One of the earliest activities of the Missouri Daughters was the location and marking of the graves of Revolutionary soldiers buried in Missouri. The search disclosed the interesting fact that there were more than two hundred of these graves. In March, 1903, the Missouri Daughters called the attention of the Washington authorities to the neglected graves of Revolutionary soldiers buried at Old Bluffton. These graves were opened and the bones were moved to the National Cemetery at Jefferson Barracks. The St. Louis chapter erected a handsome boulder of red Missouri granite eight feet in length and four feet wide. For years the Missouri Daughters have decorated on Memorial Day the graves of the Revolutionary soldiers.

Mark Twain's Brother.

Mark Twain had a brother, Orion Clemens, ten years older. There was a striking family resemblance. Both had the same drawl. Both were men of infinite jest. Orion, however, was too absent minded to capitalize his vein and become famous. He belonged to the church and was elected clerk. He was supposed to keep the accounts and to submit his books to the church auditor who was the cashier of the town bank. After the auditor had puzzled over the tangle of entries he said: "Mr. Clemens, how do you keep books, anyway?"

"Oh, that depends," replied Mr. Clemens; "I keep them until the owners come after them, and if they don't come I just scratch out their name on the fly leaf and write mine instead."

"Oh, I don't mean that; I mean how do you keep the church books," inquired the auditor.

"The church books? Well, I put down everything that I pay out and trust to my memory for everything that is paid in. And, say, Mr. Auditor, if you

ever get into a tangle over your bank books just feel perfectly at liberty to call on me and I will help you square up your accounts on the same plan."

Orion Clemens took great interest in a literary club. He started to a meeting one rainy evening and was told by his wife to turn up his trousers. Walking into the parlor where the club was meeting he offered an entertaining spectacle with his trousers rolled above his shoe tops. Just as the club was about to adjourn Mr. Clemens looked down and exclaimed:

"My goodness gracious! My wife told me to turn my pants down as soon as I got here and I forgot all about it. I am evidently a Pant-loon."

Another evening Mr. Clemens amused the club with a talk on oratory which consisted of alleged quotations. These ranged from Civil war themes to the debate in a country school upon: "Resolved, That the broom is more useful than the dish rag." One quotation was like this: "The red man has been pushed from pillar to post, from mountain to valley, from river to river and lake to lake, until the Pacific yawns for him." "Now," commented Mr. Clemens, in a drawl, "I can't see, nor you can't see, why the Pacific should yawn for those Indians. I am well acquainted with the Indian, and although I know his reputation for laziness is great, yet I can vouch for it that up to date he is not so lazy that he cannot yawn for himself."

Mrs. Clemens used to say "Orion always was the most forgetful boy. If I sent him for a pail of water he was just as likely to come back and tell me he couldn't find any as he was to bring me a pail of chips instead of water."

When Orion Clemens was on his wedding journey and stopped at a hotel he went down to the office to settle his bill, leaving his wife upstairs to pack the last things in their trunk. The hack came for the travelers. Mr. Clemens jumped in and was driven to the station. While walking on the platform he was accosted by a friend, who asked after his wife. "My what?" said Orion, much astonished.

"Why, your wife, to be sure."

"By the four moons of Jupiter," the bridegroom drawled, "I left her trying to get my new boots into our trunk, and I reckon she is at it yet."

Bingham's Historic Painting.

"Order No. 11" was issued by General Thomas Ewing of the Eleventh Kansas Infantry Volunteers. After the war General Ewing was a Democratic member of Congress from Ohio. He also ran for governor of that State. During his campaign a painting by George C. Bingham, entitled "Order No. 11," was reproduced in lithographs and circulated against Ewing. Perhaps no proclamation or order issued in Missouri during the war aroused more resentment than this one issued by General Ewing. It applied to "All persons living in Cass, Jackson and Bates Counties and part of Vernon except those in the cities and larger towns." It ordered them to "remove from their present residences within fifteen days." It confiscated grain and hay of those who were not loyal. The produce of the loyal was to be removed to military stations and account made of the seizures.

This order was issued on the 25th of August, 1863. It was in retaliation for the killing of one hundred and forty people at Lawrence, Kansas, on August 13th by Quantrell and his band, Ewing maintaining that the guerrillas were

harbored in these counties and that depopulation was a necessary war measure to stop the border raids.

Controversy as to the justification for the order continued after the war. General Schofield who commanded the Department of Missouri at the time defended the order. George C. Bingham was a Union man and was living in Jackson County at the time the order was issued. On the 21st of February, 1877, General Schofield's version of the conditions and his approval of the order appeared in the St. Louis Republican. Five days later Mr. Bingham gave the other side in the same paper. He was in Kansas City when the order went into force and told from personal observation what happened. He said that defenseless men were shot down and their property seized. He could see columns of smoke rising in every direction where buildings and hay and grain were being destroyed. Wagon trains occupied the roads for miles carrying the farmers and their household goods beyond the border of the district. Mr. Bingham saw women and children barefooted and bareheaded tramping in the dust. The inhabitants of the district had been disarmed previously. In the opinion of Mr. Bingham, he could find no real defense for Ewing's action. Based upon his personal experiences he painted the picture of the devastation.

Missourians in the Public Eye, 1850-60.

In 1892 William Hyde sketched for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat pen pictures of Missourians who were much in the public eye during the decade 1850-60. He told how they impressed him as a newspaper man:

"Among the stateliest and most splendid men taking part in the politics of those days was Gen. Alexander Doniphan. In form and action he was a magnificent specimen of the physical man. More than 6 feet in height, straight and commanding, he was not in appearance entirely unlike Henry Clay. In manners and contact with others he was superb, and socially one of the most charming of men. It was a great compliment to Green that he was elected to the United States Senate with an eligible man in Missouri like Alexander Doniphan, himself then a member of the legislature. The general, by his famous march through New Mexico, and his achievements which helped so much to give Texas to the Union, had made for himself a national fame that would have elevated Missouri in the United States Senate. He was not alone a brave and gallant soldier, he was a cultivated and polished gentleman, a speaker of more than ordinary gifts; yet, though courageous in all other things, timid to advance himself in politics. It may be stated here that Doniphan and Willard P. Hall wrote the constitution and laws of New Mexico, under the direction of General Kearny.

"Benj. F. Stringfellow, once attorney general of the State, was a man of great prominence, especially during the "border troubles." He was intensely pro-slavery. So far from being the "ruffian" he was depicted in some of the Northern newspapers, he was a man of genial nature and humane sensibilities. Moreover, he possessed fine ability, was quick as a flash in resource, and demanded all the time of any antagonist to circumvent him in argument.

"The real Whig leader of Missouri was Abiel Leonard. No other on that side possessed more than a moiety of the skill, commanding power, strength of conviction and downright all-around ability of this learned, polished and adroit disciple of Henry Clay. He was in the front rank of Missouri's ablest lawyers,

a ripe scholar and a discreet and eloquent advocate. His decisions on the bench of the supreme court attest his learning and acumen.

"Phelps was not brilliant, nor was he by any means a captivating speaker. He was earnest, laborious, faithful and honest; in his later years easily beguiled by flattery, but never cajoled into an official act reflecting discredit on his party or himself. He was sixteen years in Congress, and came to be a 'boss,' in a way, over Democracy in Southwest Missouri, as he was perennially a candidate and kept the 'hickory nut brigade' continually working for him. He made a good, conservative governor, and upon the whole was a useful man to the State.

"Thomas L. Anderson took a prominent part in the campaigns of Missouri as a Democrat. He was elected to the legislature as far back as 1840, and was a Presidential elector in 1844, 1848, 1852 and 1856. In 1845 he was a member of the constitutional convention. He served in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses. He was a fine speaker, and, perhaps, his last appearance in a political way was in placing John W. Henry in nomination for the supreme court in 1876. His speech on that occasion was a masterpiece."

Missouri and the Supreme Bench.

Henry Hitchcock was on the eligible lists of three Presidents for very high positions. Presidents Hayes, Arthur and Harrison had Mr. Hitchcock's name under consideration for vacancies, two of them on the Supreme bench. All of these Presidents recognized his fitness for the appointment in question. Some political or personal consideration turned the scale against the distinguished St. Louisan. There was no particular reason why Missouri should receive the recognition from these Presidents at the time the appointments were to be made. There were political reasons for favoring some other States. Mr. Hitchcock stood simply on his merits before these Presidents, and they were sufficient to bring him very close to high official honors.

A Visit with John B. Clark.

"Old Bustamente" was the name Gen. James Craig gave John B. Clark when they were members of Congress from Missouri before the war. Bustamente was a famous soldier and statesman of Mexico. He was in every war from 1808 to 1848. He held many offices from President down. The striking personality and the long and versatile public activities of General Clark suggested to Craig the name which he gave admiringly and which stuck to Clark for the rest of his life.

"At sixty-five," said General Craig, "Old Bustamente hadn't a gray streak in his black hair. At seventy-five he was still practicing his profession, and a power he was before a jury, for I tell you he could beat the woman that invented crying."

General Clark was fourscore and past when he talked of the Missouri, part of which he had been through three generations. Fully dressed, even to his shoes, he lay stretched out on the bed with the evidences of filial care about him. His home was with his youngest son, Robert, the prosecuting attorney of Howard County, to whom, when he found himself failing physically, he transferred his practice and library, asking only to be taken care of the rest of his days. He was born almost at the beginning of the century. In the early

'80s it seemed as if the hale old man might live to round out a hundred years. But an affection of the eyes came upon him. One failed and then the other. He lay sightless and enfeebled, waiting patiently for the end.

"It has been a year the 1st of April since I left this room," he said, after he had extended his hand and bade welcome. He told of the treatment he was trying but with little expression of hope as to the result. He passed his hand over the bandage as he spoke of the terrible days and nights of darkness and pain. But neither age nor suffering had weakened his mind. Once started on his recollections of the past, he told in measured words and unimpassioned tones of the events of forty years before as if they were of the days just passed. Dates came to him with scarce a moment's hesitation. Fragments of speeches and of conversations were remembered and repeated. There was no change in the calm voice, but as interest increased the frame straightened, and the veteran arose from his reclining posture and sat on the edge of the bed. The erect figure, six feet and one inch, the high forehead, the long, serious face, the snowy beard extending half way to the waist were features which told of the impressive appearance John B. Clark must have made in his prime.

It might almost be said that John B. Clark, the elder, was born into the public life of Missouri. His father was one of the commissioners appointed by the President to receive the archives when Upper Louisiana was turned over to the United States. His father was a member of the first legislature when Missouri became a State and was subsequently elected to the state senate, but resigned on the death of his wife and never re-entered public life. The mantle descended upon the son who had just attained his majority.

The name of John B. Clark had political significance in Missouri as early as 1824. From that year until after the Civil war there were few political campaigns or notable occasions with which John B. Clark was not to some extent associated. As he took his father's place in political activity, so his son, John B. Clark, Jr., succeeded to the family prestige. In fact, the careers of John B. Clark, the elder, and John B. Clark, the younger, overlapped. While the father was a Confederate Senator at Richmond, John B. Clark, Jr., was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army. After the war, while the father was still a power at the Missouri bar, his son was for several terms a member of Congress from the Fayette district, and subsequently clerk of the House of Representatives at Washington. This Clark family was of the sturdiest Kentucky stock. John B. Clark, Jr., late in life, underwent one of the most extraordinary surgical operations and amazed the profession by regaining a fair degree of health and going about his business.

John B. Clark, the elder, affiliated with the Whig party for some time before the war. He headed the Whig ticket for governor in Missouri, but was defeated by Reynolds. At that time the Democratic majority was about 20,000. John B. Clark's personality enabled him to reduce it considerably.

"My father," said General Clark, "was in the legislature and put Benton in nomination for his first term in the United States Senate. They were always friends. After I took sides against Benton, when he came to Fayette, he'd go out and stop at father's. I wouldn't go out home while Benton was here. I was register of the land office here for a good many years. Old Harrison appointed me. I resigned it, finally, because it interrupted my law business.

When my nomination to the place was sent to the Senate, Benton opposed me and got it laid over for some time. Quite a long time before that he had written me a letter in which he had said some pleasant things about me and suggested that I run for Congress. I had kept that letter, and when Benton opposed my confirmation I sent it to Senator Hunter, of Virginia, and asked him to have it read in the Senate when my nomination came up again, and let Benton reply if he could. Hunter did so. Benton never said a word and I was confirmed.

"What I was going to say, though, when I commenced about Benton's visits here was this: After I resigned the place of register, Benton got a man named McDair appointed. McDair's office was next to where I lived, and Benton usually went there when he came to Fayette. One day I was standing out in front of my place when the stage drove up, and he got out just opposite me. He wanted to go to McDair's, as I knew. He came towards me, and I stood and looked at him. When he got pretty near I stepped back into the house and closed the door in his face. That day he made a speech in the college chapel, and afterwards he went out to father's, as usual, to pass the night. Father asked him if he had seen me. 'Yes,' said Benton, 'John acted the rascal.' 'How?' asked father, and then Benton went on and told about what had occurred. Father said to him: 'Tom, you know you did wrong. You did'—so and so, telling how Benton had given me offense before. 'Well,' said Benton, 'that's past; John oughtn't to have shut the door on me.' "

"Benton was really an abolitionist," General Clark continued. "In other words, he favored the prohibition of slavery in the territories. I nominated Geyer in the legislature in 1850, and we succeeded in defeating Benton at last. At the time I ran for the legislature then it was as an anti-Benton candidate. They had nominated me for Congress, but I declined, saying I thought I could do more for my county in the legislature. My real reason, however, was that I didn't think I could be elected to Congress at that time. Afterwards I ran for Congress and was elected three times, leaving at the outbreak of the war to join the South.

"When I came back from Washington in 1860, Douglas and Breckinridge were the candidates between whom the party was divided. I went all over Missouri for Douglas, and if I am not mistaken this was the only State he carried. The reason I was for Douglas was this: I was for the South, but was opposed to secession and war. My plan was to insist on the maintenance of the law, to enforce the fugitive slave law and to punish the Northern people if they disobeyed it. If they took a stand against it we could force them into the position of being rebels. If war was inevitable, I wanted it to come in such shape that we Southern people would be fighting under the old flag for the supremacy of the United States government. We should have held to the flag, the law and the Union. That was Douglas' idea. No doubt it would have succeeded. But the Southern States went off by themselves and they had to fight the whole world. Success was impossible."

General James Shields and the Fenians.

Although General Shields was a hero of two wars and was intensely patriotic on the subject of freedom for Ireland, he did not join the Fenians. When asked about his position he said: "I will tell you my own experience about

secret movements against England. Some time after the Mexican war I was yet in commission in military service, and stationed at St. Louis. The adherents of the Young Ireland party of '48, in the North, brought pressure upon the war department to grant me a leave of absence. I visited New York, and, after a conference with the leaders, with their assistance, I selected two men, each unknown to the other. I kept them in different quarters of the Astor House for some days, training them verbally upon what I wanted them to do for me in Ireland, giving each a different section. I desired to know what were the military equipments and arms in the hands of the patriots organized in clubs and other bodies, and the warlike resources attainable in the country. They returned and reported, and reported. There was no means at all sufficient with which to begin a war.

"On my way back I stopped at Washington to visit the war department. I received a friendly invitation one day from the British minister, Napier, an Irishman, you know—with whom I was on friendly personal terms before I went to Mexico—to take tea with him the same evening. I accepted. After supper he took me into his library, and, patting the stars of a major-general on my shoulders, he said: 'Jim, no Irishman in the world felt prouder of your winning those stars than I; but it is fortunate for you the kind of man that in my person represents the British government in this country. I want you to continue to wear in honor the uniform that has covered you in your glorious deeds in Mexico; but, my dear fellow, at any time within the past few weeks, I could have had your stars razed, and the uniform pulled off your back, had I raised my finger in protest against your conspiracy.'

"Well, I was astonished, but was entirely confounded when he told me of my whole proceedings in New York; and told me of everywhere my two sworn men went to in Ireland. He had everything as accurate as their reports to me."

How Missourians Dealt with a Great Crisis.

A committee of public safety dealt with the railroad strike of July, 1877. It was composed of Gen. A. J. Smith, Judge Thomas T. Gantt, Gen. John S. Marmaduke, Gen. John S. Cavender, Gen. John D. Stevenson and Gen. John W. Noble. Here were men who had faced each other on opposite sides in the Civil war of the previous decade, men of Northern and men of Southern birth. They were named by the mayor. The situation was put in their hands. The committee announced recruiting offices in various localities and called for volunteers. Within twenty-four hours five regiments were organized and the distribution of arms from the state government followed. The force was called a posse comitatus. The second day found these volunteers on guard duty at all public buildings and central points. Without uniforms, with cartridge belts strapped around their waists and with guns on their shoulders these citizen soldiers went on duty like minute men. The civilian army of law and order was 5,000 strong. Business was suspended. In the doorways of stores stood or sat squads of men with guns. The rioters marched through the streets two days, compelling industries to shut down. At Schuler's Hall on Broadway and Biddle streets an executive committee of the strikers sat in continuous session issuing proclamations and orders "in the name of all workingmen's associations." This revolutionary junta addressed the governor of the State, John S. Phelps,

calling for a special session of the legislature to pass the eight-hour law and provide for its stringent enforcement:

"Your attention is respectfully called to the fact that a prompt compliance with this, our reasonable demand, and that living wages be paid to the railroad men, will at once bring peace and prosperity such as we have not seen for the last fifteen years. Nothing short of a compliance to the above just demand, made purely in the interest of our national welfare, will arrest this tidal wave of industrial revolution. Threats or organized armies will not turn the toilers of this nation from their earnest purpose, but rather serve to inflame the passions of the multitude and tend to acts of vandalism."

To Mayor Overstolz "we, the authorized representatives of the industrial population of St. Louis," addressed a request for "co-operation in devising means to procure food." Then followed the declaration: "All offers of work during this national strike cannot be considered by us as a remedy under the present circumstances, for we are fully determined to hold out until the principles we are contending for are carried."

"The stringency of food," the address continued, "is already being felt; therefore, to avoid plunder, arson or violence by persons made desperate by destitution, we are ready to concur with your honor in taking timely measures to supply the immediate wants of the foodless."

Another of the announcements of the "executive committee" notified physicians and surgeons, members of the medical profession, that they would be "professionally regarded during the present strike by wearing a white badge four inches long and two inches broad, encircling the left upper arm, bearing a red cross, the bars of which to be one inch wide by three inches long, crossing each other at right angles, allowing the bars to extend one inch each way."

The day before the appeal for food a mob broke into the Dozier, Weyl & Company bakery where the Globe-Democrat building stands on Sixth and Pine streets and appropriated the bread and cakes. At Ninth street and Franklin avenue a store was gutted and the dry goods, soap and other stock were thrown into the street "so that the poor people might pick them up." At the Atlantic Mills, the proprietor, George Bain, with sturdy Scotch determination, protested against mob dictation to close. He was assaulted by a negro who attempted to brain him with a hatchet.

The day after the issuing of the pronunciamentos the police and a large force of the citizen soldiery marched to Schuler's Hall, dispersed the crowd assembled there, made some arrests and raided the offices of "the executive committee." Members of the committee escaped over the roof and through adjacent buildings. The industrial revolution was ended. The citizens' military organization continued under arms until the 31st, paraded through the business section of the city and disbanded. This show of law and order strength was impressive. St. Louis passed through the crisis without the loss of a life and with very little loss of property. It suffered far less than most of the other large railroad centers of the country. The quickness of the preparation to meet the exigency was wonderful. The cool courage and perfect plan of the campaign were admirable. Out of the test the city came with added evidence that her self-government had reached its best development.

Missouri Eloquence.

Many persons who read the eulogy which Senator Vest delivered on Richard P. Bland in the Senate chamber commented upon its finished character. In thought and diction the speech suggested careful and deliberate preparation. There were some sentences which the reader could not but feel must have been written again and again until the polish was perfect. Then, too, the aptness of the quotations from the Scriptures would indicate that the Senator might have sat with a concordance at his elbow. The eulogy was taken as the Senate heard it by the official reporter, talked into the phonograph and transcribed with the typewriter. That was the first copy of the Senator's words. By way of preparation the Senator sat in his home and thought of "the great commoner," as he had known him. Passages of Scripture dimly remembered came into the Senator's mind. Turning to Mrs. Vest from time to time, he asked how this and that quotation ran. And Mrs. Vest, who was such a Bible scholar that she knew many whole chapters by heart, gave the Senator the correct language. Thus the Senator made ready to deliver the eulogy which went into the classics of the United States Senate.

Obituary orations in Congress are proverbially punctilious and prosy affairs. Vest once drew and held attention when he began his tribute to a dead Senator with Job's "If a man die, shall he live again?" He frequently quoted Scripture. His father had been an elder in the Presbyterian church at Frankfort. Vest had attended the first Sunday school organized west of the Alleghany mountains. He utilized the Scriptures sometimes in his court practice. His fellow townsman and warm admirer, Henry Lamm, told this: "Once there was a bitter, pugnacious man, no friend of Mr. Vest, who had the habit of muttering to himself and shaking his head as he walked along the streets of Sedalia. Vest had occasion to allude to this man in a speech to a jury in a case where the head-shaking and muttering one had been a hostile witness, and he boldly offered a daring explanation of the said peculiarities. To the surprise of the court, jury and bar, he quoted verbatim the thirty-first and thirty-second verses of the twelfth chapter of St. Matthew, and then said that his theory of the origin of these head-shakings and mutterings was that the witness at some time in his life had committed the 'unpardonable sin' and was subject to the dreadful maledictions set forth in the quoted verses."

Another eloquent Missourian has made frequent use of the Bible in speeches. Champ Clark once told how he came by his intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures:

"When I was a boy, my father wanted me to study the Bible, and I would not do it very much. So he ran across a small book, a sort of vestpocket volume, containing the Declaration of Independence, the old Articles of Confederation, the Constitution of the United States, and Washington's Farewell Address, which he gave me with these words: 'My son, as you will not read your Bible, here is the next best book; study it.'

"I followed his advice. 'You can lead a horse to the branch, but you can't make him drink.' So while my father could make me go to church, he could not force me to study theology. We attended Sunday worship at a log meeting-house called Glen's Creek, in Washington county, Kentucky. Near the center was a huge, square post to hold up the roof. When the sermon did not inter-

est me, I would curl myself up behind that post, get out my political Bible, and go to work on it. I kept that up until I knew by heart the Declaration of Independence, the old Articles of Confederation, the Constitution, and Washington's Farewell Address—not an unhealthy mental exercise, by any manner of means.

"I am not certain that I would ever have studied the Bible except for a sort of accident. My father was bitterly opposed to my reading novels. He kept me from it as long as he could control me. That I made up for lost time in that regard goes without saying. He was always buying and borrowing histories and biographies for me to read, and thus formed in me a habit which abides to this day. Once, however, he came across the most fascinating romance ever written. It was published in the guise of a biography, and was entitled, 'William Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry.' Neither Walter Scott nor Rider Haggard ever drew on their imagination more than did William Wirt in the preparation of that book. Father brought it home and I read it as Old Harper, of Kentucky, ran his horses, 'from eend to eend.' It contained Patrick's great lyric speech before the Virginia House of Burgesses, precipitating the Revolution, which still stirs the heart like strains of martial music. Of course it completely fascinated me, but the sentence which took most thorough possession of my mind was this: 'The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' I pondered that paradox wonderingly in my heart. I told my father what a great speech it was and what a magnificent sentence it was. He took my breath away by saying: 'My son, King Solomon, and not Patrick Henry, wrote that sentence which you admire so much. Read your Bible as eagerly as you do histories and biographies and you will find hundreds of others fully as magnificent.' I was much surprised, but took him at his word, and have been reading the Bible ever since, with constantly increasing profit and delight. To say nothing of its religious value, it is the best book in the world to quote from. Whatever knowledge I have dates from the day that my father placed 'William Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry' in my hands."

The Stars Fell When See Said They Would.

Thomas Jefferson Jackson See, the astronomer, is a native of Montgomery County. The people who knew him as a boy tell with broad smiles how Professor See got the best of the other astronomers soon after he went to Washington and became connected with the Naval observatory. The prediction was made that on a certain night the stars would fall. The scientific men got ready to take observations. Professor See had been making his own calculations. He told the other astronomers that the date announced was a year too soon and went to bed early that night. It turned out that See was right. The stars did not shoot until the next year. These are some of Professor See's discoveries and theories:

"Billions of meteors strike the earth every day. Billions of them can be seen entering our atmosphere at nightfall. The earth is continually being bombarded by these celestial projectiles, many of them no larger than a grain of dust. 'Star dust' we might call these particles, and it is with this dust from the stars that the earth is being made to grow. This dark mineral substance has been found on the snows of the Arctic regions and analyzed. At the rate it is falling the earth is growing larger annually by a layer about the depth of a

match's thickness. The reaches of space are filled with this 'stellar dust.' We can never escape passing through it, and it sprinkles the earth constantly.

"Life is not an accident. It occurs wherever the conditions of heat, light, atmosphere and climatic conditions will permit. That the existence of life on Mars is doubtful I will admit. Mars is a dead world or fast becoming so. Possibly there are millions of planets in other parts of the universe that have also run their course from creation through life eras and have now become cold, dead worlds, mere monuments to the races that once peopled them. It would only be in keeping with known facts of planetary changes, as we have discovered them. The canals of Mars may, or may not, be the traces of the dead occupants. Of all the planets I am certain that Venus is the most certainly peopled. It is very like the earth in many respects, and it is possible that the creatures may be analogous to those living on this planet.

"We have not discovered all even of our own world-family. We can feel the influences of these dark worlds, but as yet our glasses have picked up no trace of them. Undoubtedly dark in color and reflecting nothing of the sun's light it may be years before we ever get a glimpse of them. However, we can feel their pulling influences out there in the dark, and so can the other planets."

Education in Missouri.

"Parsimony in education is liberality in crime," said Governor Thomas T. Crittenden in his inaugural address.

"In Missouri about $10,000,000 are spent every year on public education—nearly four times as much as it costs to maintain the state government," said Governor Joseph W. Folk. "Missouri's tax rate is lower than that of any State of the Central West or in the South, and yet Missouri's permanent school fund is greater than that of any other State in the Union. There is a schoolhouse within reach of every Missouri child, and the percentage of school attendance in Missouri is greater than that of any other State in the Union. The percentage of illiteracy is less by nearly fifty per cent than the average in the United States. In every State there are some counties where illiteracy rules. That cannot be said of Missouri. There is not a county in this State that can be said to be illiterate. More newspapers and periodicals circulate in Missouri in proportion to the population than in Massachusetts. More books are read from the public libraries in Kansas City than in Boston. Everywhere virtue is honored and God is worshiped."

High Tributes to the Educator.

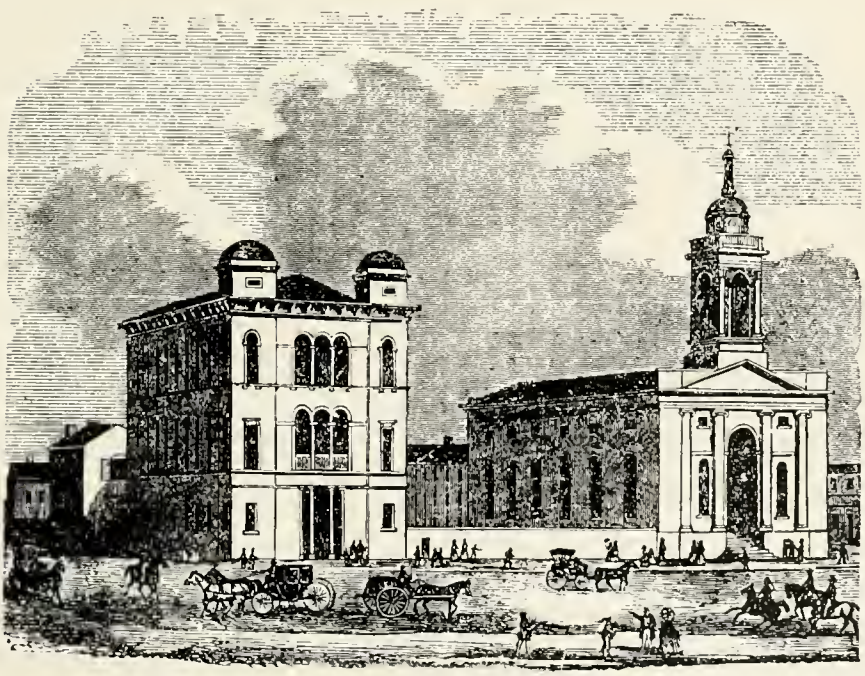
Blair told what Benton thought of the vocation of teaching.

"It was Woolsey's praise that he was the founder of Oxford University.

" . . . so famous,
So excellent in art and still so rising
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

"It is a larger merit in our Democratic statesman that he aided in the noble system of public schools in our city, and he was, as I am informed, the first secretary of its board. I have often heard him say that he had mistaken his vocation—that he would have accomplished more as a school-master than he had done—that he would have trained many to greatness. It is certain that

LAWRENCE COUNTY COURT HOUSE OF NATIVE STONE



ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY IN 1858, NINTH STREET AND WASHINGTON AVENUE

TO NEW
PUBLIC

this was genuine feeling for he found time amid labors, which would have overwhelmed almost any other man, to become the successful instructor of his own children."

To an assemblage of teachers, Champ Clark once said: "In looking back to my career as a teacher, I have one abiding consolation, and it is this: Wherever my pupils are, by land or sea, and in whatever occupation they are employed, they are my sworn friends. That glory cannot be taken away from me. I hear one of them preach occasionally, and I take pride in the fact that some people say he speaks like me. When I was in the crisis of my political career, another, voluntarily and without being asked, sent me more money than any other three men in the State, and wouldn't take my note as evidence of the debt. Such pupils are a joy forever. I sometimes regret that I ever quit teaching, for while I have succeeded fairly well in both law and politics, a lawyer is not always certain that he has rendered the State a service by acquitting his client, and a Congressman, through ignorance or inadvertence, may vote in such a way as to adversely affect the fortunes of 70,000,000 people; but a teacher knows that he is doing good when teaching the alphabet, the multiplication table, and the rudiments of grammar and geography. It is only when he strikes history that his feet get into the quicksands."

The State University.

When Missouri was admitted to the Union, Congress granted to the State two townships of land for "a seminary of learning." This was the beginning of the University of Missouri. The sections were well selected, as valuable in respect to fertility as any in the State. They were called "seminary lands." After waiting ten years the legislature in 1832 sold the lands. The price was too cheap. The amount realized was only $75,000. This money was put in the bank of the State of Missouri and allowed to grow by added interest until the fund reached $100,000. Then came the questions of character and location of the seminary. The legislature passed an act for a central institution with branches in different parts of the State. The provisions were ambitious but not practical. The scheme was too elaborate.

James S. Rollins was a member of the legislature. He wrote a bill which provided for a state university, which must have a site of at least fifty acres within two miles of the county seat of Cole, Cooper, Howard, Boone, Callaway or Saline. It was an ingenious proposition and at once popular. The six central counties at once became competitors for the university. When the five commissioners met at Jefferson City in June, 1839, they found that Boone had outbid the other five with a bonus of $117,500. One man who could neither read nor write subscribed $3,000. He paid it, too. On the 4th of July, 1840, about one year after the commissioners had located the university at Columbia, the corner stone was laid. The address was delivered by James L. Minor of Jefferson City.

In his administration as governor came the opportunity to David Francis to do what, next to his World's Fair contribution, may be considered his greatest benefit to the greatest number. For several sessions antagonism on the part of legislators toward the state university had been growing. The Federal Government paid to the State $600,000, being the long delayed refund of direct tax.

Many bills to dispose of the money were introduced. Economists wished to buy and cancel state bonds. Governor Francis sent in a message urging the needs of the university and asking that the money be given as endowment. He pointed out that the condition of the university at that time was not in keeping with the dignity of the State. The recommendation gained headway slowly. The first bill to give the money to the university carried with it the provision that it should not be available until changes were made in the personnel of the university management. Employing all his powers of persuasion to carry the appropriation, Governor Francis started legislation which reorganized the management. He sent in a measure which created a bi-partisan board of nine curators, only five of whom could be of one party, and only one of whom could be from a congressional district. This broke up party and clique control of the university. Another reform of Governor Francis provided that when the legislature made an appropriation for the university the money must remain in the state treasury until needed and drawn in proper form by voucher for actual expenditures.

The old custom had been to transfer the appropriations as soon as available to some favored bank in Columbia or elsewhere. The management underwent prompt changes. At the instance of Governor Francis, Doctor Jesse was secured for president of the university. The institution had entered upon a new era with encouraging prospects, when in February, 1892, the main building burned. Immediately Governor Francis called a special meeting of the legislature.

Taking the first train for Columbia, he addressed the students, advising them to remain and go on with their studies in temporary quarters. He promised them rebuilding should begin at once. For years successive legislatures had been threatening to separate the agriculture college and move it from Columbia. Such was the hostility occasioned by previous unpopular management that there was grave danger the fire might cost Columbia either the university or the college of agriculture. The special session was convened as quickly as the legal limit permitted. Governor Francis recommended an appropriation of $250,000 to rebuild, and the measure was passed promptly. From that day the University of Missouri has forged ahead in strength and influence at a rate that has been the surprise of educators everywhere. For his policies and his acts as governor, David R. Francis was called "the second father of the university." He ranked with James S. Rollins as one of the two men who had done most for the institution.

Normal Schools.

As early as 1845 the president of the state university presented to the people of Missouri the need of normal schools. Not until 1871 did the legislature take action establishing such schools. One of them was located at Warrensburg. The county voted $128,000 in bonds, the city of Warrensburg contributing $45,000 and private citizens giving a campus of sixteen acres.

The first state normal school of Missouri grew out of the experiment of Dr. Joseph Baldwin. It was established originally as a private school to train teachers. Dr. Baldwin was an enthusiast on education. He started the school in 1867 at Kirksville, making Mr. and Mrs. James M. Greenwood members of his

JOHN HIRAM LATHROP

First President of the University of Missouri

JAMES S. ROLLINS

Father of the University of Missouri

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA, IN 1874

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

faculty. At that time Mr. Greenwood had taught several country schools in Northeastern Missouri. One of the traditions is normal training was so lightly regarded that when the first teachers' institute was held in that part of Missouri the only attendants for several days were Baldwin, Greenwood and Rev. J. Daniel Kintner. Nevertheless these three met day after day and carried on the institute with as much zeal and apparent interest as if they had a full house.

The Public Schools.

The two chief cities of Missouri were singularly fortunate in the men who developed their public school systems. A few years after William T. Harris came to St. Louis, James M. Greenwood accepted the position of superintendent at Kansas City. William T. Harris made the public school system of St. Louis famous by introducing the first successful course of nature study in the country. He also gave the kindergarten its start in the public schools of St. Louis by encouraging the volunteer work in that direction of Miss Susie Blow. In an unusual manner Professor Harris combined very practical ideas in public education with his love for speculative philosophy. As the result of this unusual combination Professor Harris was able to give place to practical studies without lessening the historical and classic.

James M. Greenwood was born a schoolmaster. The first money he got—it was for taking a dose of bad-tasting medicine—he bought a spelling book for his sister, a primer for his brother and a second reader for himself. He worked on his father's farm and acquired a calf. With the money the calf brought, the boy bought a Virgil, a Latin grammar, a Spanish book, Butler's Analogy, Olmstead's Philosophy, and Davies' Algebra, Geometry and Surveying. As the nearest school was several miles away, the boy studied at home. When he was sixteen he took a school and taught.

"Last year," said Superintendent Greenwood in one of his reports, "I gave much patient thought to the subject of corporal punishment; not with the avowed purpose of excluding it entirely from our schools, because such action would, in my opinion, have been injudicious and subversive to the ends sought to be accomplished; but to regulate its administration in such a manner as to make it beneficial, if possible, whenever it should be inflicted. Careful investigation and practical experience convince me that in nine cases out of ten in which corporal punishment (whipping) is inflicted either the parent or teacher ought to be whipped instead of the child. This is a harsh sentence, yet it is true."

Superintendent Greenwood once said: "Ex-Governor Hardin was fully impressed with the importance of the teacher's position when he once said it required more skill and judgment to manage properly all of the interests of a large school than to govern the State of Missouri. While this may be a strong figure of speech, it nevertheless contains a great deal of truth."

Greenwood on Spelling Reform.

The late J. M. Greenwood left to the school teachers of Missouri what may be considered a farewell message. The subject was reform spelling. The message was written in April, 1914. In the straightforward, commonsense words always characteristic of him, this dean of Missouri educators traced the

history of the English spelling and of the various proposed reforms. He told of one failure, in which he participated, to introduce "simplified spelling." In 1897 William T. Harris, then commissioner of education, Louis F. Soldan, the St. Louis superintendent, and Thomas M. Balliet of Springfield, Massachusetts, were appointed a committee by the National Educational Association to report on the spelling of some words which in their judgment might be abbreviated The next year the committee recommended these changes: Program (programme), tho (though), altho (although), thoro (thorough), thorofare (thoroughfare), thru (through), throuout (throughout), catalog (catalogue), prolog (prologue), decalog (decalogue), demagog (demagogue), pedagog (pedagogue).

After much discussion the directors of the National Association voted in favor of the report, 18 to 16. Dr. Greenwood was one of the eighteen.

"This change," he said, "was recommended nearly sixteen years ago, and outside of school journals it has made little headway in the United States, and practically none among other English-speaking people.

"And now the conclusion is we can afford to let such writers as Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Orpheus C. Kerr, Petroleum V. Nasby, Mr. Dooley, and occasionally a college or university professor, through ignorance or mental deficiency, take phonetic liberty with the spelling of our language, but beyond this narrow field the abbreviation freaks should be tied to a hitching post.

"The object of the Missouri State Teachers' Association is to reform or improve school methods, school organizations and school instruction and management. When we get through with these questions it will be time to chase 'bob-tailed spelling' shadows."

Missouri's Most Recent Forward Step.

The winter of 1913 brought what educators pronounced the best work done for the public schools of Missouri in a generation. Governor Elliott W. Major, speaking of the results accomplished as shown by the first year, said:

"The last legislature accomplished more for the cause of education than had been accomplished in any previous period of twenty-five years. The efficiency of our system of popular education is the beginning and the way of true progress. Missouri now is unquestionably in the forefront in educational interests. The special aid given is in addition to the $1,644,651.22 distributed last year from the State's revenue to the public schools, and that without any increase whatever in the rate of taxation." Analyzing this legislation the governor continued:

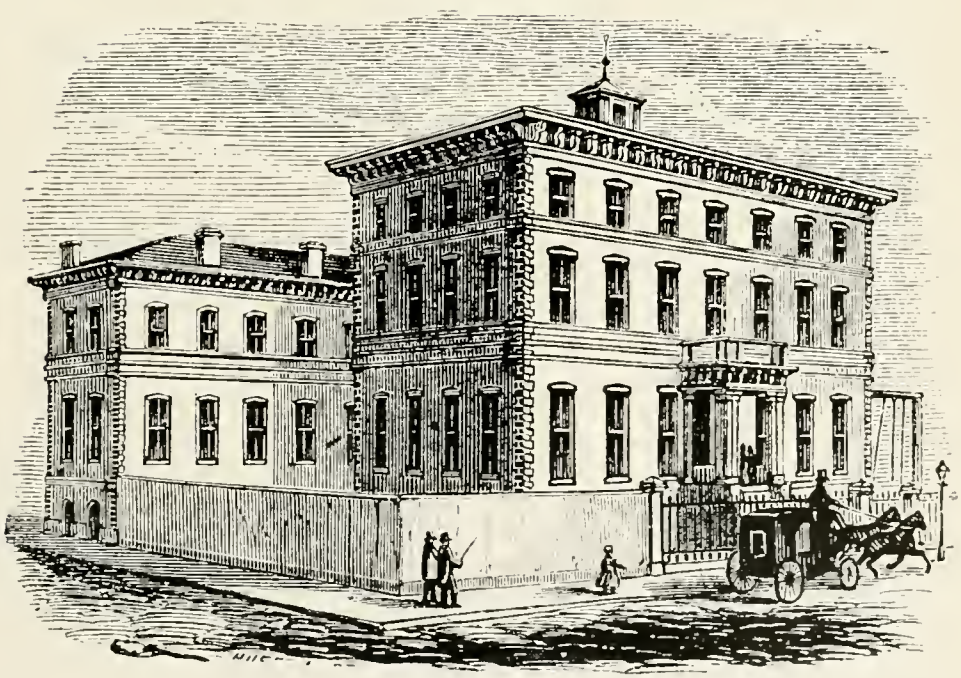
"The first of these new acts, the Carter-Brydon law, provides special state aid for weak rural school districts. Whenever the funds of such districts under the maximum rate levied, plus the public school moneys distributed, are insufficient to provide eight months' school, then the State will make up the deficit, thereby guaranteeing to the boys and girls in every country district an opportunity for eight months' school work in each scholastic year. Last year, under its provisions, the State gave special aid to 1,745 rural school districts, giving the total sum of $150,730.60. If there were only thirty pupils to the district, this means the State gave special aid in weak rural districts to 52,350 boys and girls. This service reached practically every portion of rural Missouri, because districts were aided in 113 of the 114 counties.

WAYMAN CROW

Author of the legislation which created Washington University

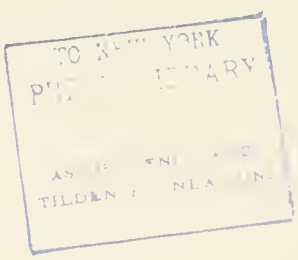
REV. DR. WILLIAM GREENLEAF ELIOT

From a daguerreotype taken before Washington University was founded



WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY OF ST. LOUIS IN 1861

Washington Avenue and Seventeenth Street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"The Wilson-McRoberts law provides for aid in the weak town, city or consolidated school districts organized as village schools, thereby enabling such districts to maintain an approved high school, and provides special aid in sums ranging from $200 to $800 per annum. Such districts must maintain at least two years of approved high school work and an approved course of at least one year in agriculture. The State gave special aid to 167 town and village schools, giving therefor $85,169.58. There were sixteen counties in the State without approved high schools in 1911, and now there are only six, and before the close of the present year there will be none.

The Buford-Colley law provides for the establishment of rural high schools, opening the way and providing the means for the young men and women in rural Missouri to have the benefits of a high-school education without leaving their homes. Under this law the State will give $2,000 for building and equipping a central high school building, and give a minimum of $300 per annum for its maintenance. This law had been in effect since March, 1913, and thirty-six rural high schools have been formed under its provision.

"The Crossley-Snodgrass law provides for the establishment of a teachers' training course in high schools, to be selected by the state superintendent of public schools. Not more than two can be established in any one county. The State will give special aid to such schools, providing the teachers' training course in the sum of $750 per annum, and if two are selected in the same county, then $1,200 per annum, or $600 for each school. Under this law last year seventy-three first-class high schools have added the teachers' training course, and more than 1,500 young men and women are taking the course. We have 10,000 public schools, 500 of which are high schools, with an attendance of 975,000 children, instructed by some 18,700 teachers.

"The Crossley-Orr law provides for free text-books. A proper proportion of the county foreign insurance tax moneys received from the State will be placed to the credit of the incidental fund of each district, for purchase of free text-books for the children. Before the enactment of this law, there were only five districts in the State that had free text-books —to-wit: St. Louis City, two districts in Wayne County, and two in Oregon County. Free text-books are now supplied in Kansas City, Chillicothe, Cape Girardeau, Hancock School in St. Louis County, Cuba, Graniteville, Mountain Grove, Minden Mines and forty-three rural school districts."

Some of the Higher Institutions.

In 1875 Missouri had twenty universities and colleges and twelve institutions of higher education for women.

"The oldest Protestant college in the Louisiana Purchase" was the early description given the institution now known as Lindenwood. Maj. George C. Sibley, one of the commissioners who laid out the Santa Fe Trail, and his wife, Mary Easton Sibley, were the founders in 1828. A tract of twenty-nine acres on the high ground overlooking St. Charles was cleared. A log house was built and in that the college was started. The number of linden trees on the site suggested the name. Major and Mrs. Sibley conducted the institution more than twenty years. Girls from well-to-do families at St. Louis and along the Missouri River were sent to Lindenwood. For a number of years the college was under the control of the United Presbyterian Synod of Missouri. After the Civil war the Northern branch of the Presbyterian church took charge. Rev. Dr. Samuel J. Niccolls of St. Louis was a member of the board of directors for forty years or more. Major Sibley and his wife and Judge John S. Watson were large contributors to the endowment. Hundreds of alumnae are prominent women in Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas, Kentucky, Indiana and Kansas.

Drury College at Springfield has forged rapidly to the front with the new spirit of the Ozarks. It has taken high rank among institutions under denominational auspices.

The Athens of Missouri.

Lexington came well by its early name of "the Athens of Missouri." Baptist College had its beginning there about 1845. It occupied at that time what was considered the finest building in the State outside of St. Louis and St. Joseph. Soldiers occupied this structure in war time and vandalism completed the wreck.

Central College at Lexington was originally Masonic College, established by the order long before the Civil war. In the college building and on the high ground surrounding, Mulligan stood a siege by Price's army for several days. Hot cannon balls, rolling bales of hemp, a ton of powder in the basement added interest to ordinary war. After the war Masonic College became Central Female College under the Methodist Church South.

Elizabeth Aull of Lexington left $20,000 to found the "Female Institute" which was given her name. The institute was chartered in 1860. The first building was the residence of Robert Aull.

Wentworth Military Academy was added later to Lexington's extraordinary group of institutions for higher education. It was founded by Stephen G. Wentworth and obtained high rank as a preparatory school for university courses.

Hardin College at Mexico owed much to Governor Charles H. Hardin. The ex-governor left between $60,000 and $70,000 in the form of endowment, but provided that from year to year forty per cent of the income should be returned to the endowment until that fund should reach $500,000. Hardin College was established about 1875.

Another successful educational enterprise was due largely to ex-Governor Hardin. In 1889 the citizens of Mexico, headed by the ex-governor, raised a considerable sum to purchase twenty acres of ground on which was built and equipped one of the most complete military schools of the country, the Missouri Military Academy.

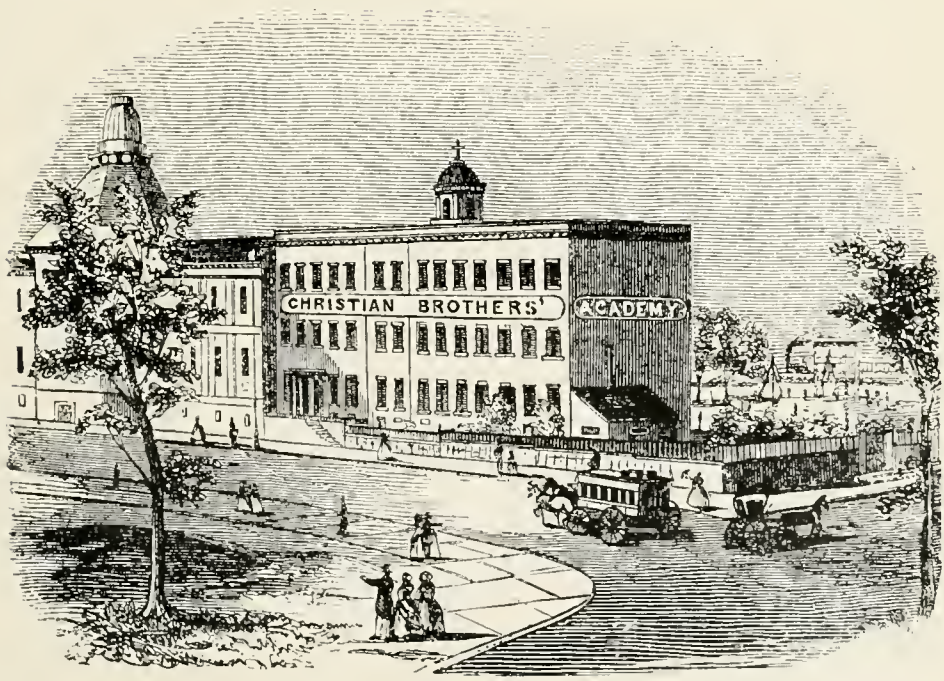
Central Wesleyan College at Warrenton was founded by the German Methodists, and is under the patronage of the St. Louis German and Western German Conferences. The equipment embraces a well-selected library of about 4,000 volumes, a large and scientifically arranged museum, a carefully stocked laboratory for chemical study and an astronomical observatory. Music, always a favorite study with the Germans, is an emphasized feature in the curriculum. There are pianos enough scattered about the buildings to drive a nervous man wild during "practice hours." The college has both classical and scientific courses, and without any aid from the State is flourishing. "It is denominational, but not sectarian," the catalog says. "It is Christian from principle, because it believes that Christianity is the highest form of the divine revelation to man, and destined to become the absolute religion. It is Christian from policy, because without exhibiting and teaching the Christian religion, the best types of broad culture, pure morality, and active philanthropy can not be realized."

Missouri the Pioneer in Co-education.

Missouri pioneered the way in co-education. When Christian University was established at Canton in 1851 it received from the State a charter granting to women the right to co-equal, co-ordinate education. The board which

DR. CHARLES A. POPE

OLD POPE COLLEGE
Seventh Street and Clark Avenue, 1865



MISSOURI MEDICAL COLLEGE AND CHRISTIAN BROTHERS COLLEGE, ST. LOUIS,
BEFORE THE WAR

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organized the institution was composed of James S. Green, who obtained a national reputation as an orator in the United States Senate, D. F. Henderson, Samuel Church, John T. Jones, John Jameson, R. A. Green and David Stewart. These men opened the university to young men and young women, making it the first institution of its class to adopt the principle of co-education. The movement proved so popular and promising that in 1856 James Shannon, president of the State University, requested and took the presidency of Christian University. The war hit hard. The principal college building was used to house troops. An endowment of several hundred thousand dollars was lost through the failure of investments.

The city of Marshall in Saline County gave $120,000 to establish Missouri Valley College under the control of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The main structure is one of the most artistic college buildings in the State.

St. Vincent's College at Cape Girardeau was founded with a charter from the Missouri legislature giving it the authority to confer all degrees usually granted by universities. In its earlier history St. Vincent was attended by Catholic youth from all parts of the South. The explosion of the steamboat Sea Bird with 1,500 barrels of gunpowder just opposite the college in 1849 damaged the buildings considerably.

Miss E. A. Carleton was the founder of Carleton College at Farmington. The institution was opened in 1854.

How William Jewell College was Located.

There was strong competition in the early years for the location of colleges. Liberty obtained William Jewell as the result of a masterly speech and shrewd diplomacy of Alexander W. Doniphan. The meeting to decide upon the place was held at Boonville. In a sketch presented to the Missouri Historical Society, L. M. Lawson wrote:

"Just when the balloting was about to begin, Dr. William Jewell, of Columbia, proposed to the convention an additional subscription of ten thousand dollars, to be paid in lands situated in Mercer, Sullivan and Grundy Counties, in the State of Missouri, the subscriber to have the corresponding number of votes on the question of the location of the college and the right to bestow a name upon the new institution. This proposition was earnestly supported by the Boonville delegation and others, but was strongly opposed by General Doniphan and his allies. It was believed that Dr. Jewell was favorable to Boonville as the home of the college. General Doniphan's opposition was most vigorous. He demonstrated the injustice of permitting the votes which represented an arbitrary valuation of unimproved and uncultivated land to weigh against the votes of subscriptions which represented available funds. He kindled in the breasts of his allies the same ardor that burned in his own. The justice of his contention was recognized, his arguments availed with a majority of the convention, and the proposition of Dr. Jewell was rejected.

"Then came the balloting upon the choice among the places in nomination. An entente cordiale had long existed between the counties of Howard and Clay. The territory of the latter was formerly a part of Howard County, and there were close family connections between them. Clay County had the largest subscription in the list, and Howard County the smallest. Under the influence of

Doniphan, and the ties of friendship and consanguinity that bound the peoples together, Howard County made common cause with Clay, and the two joined made an absolute majority for Liberty, and the location was determined."

The next day Doniphan made another adroit speech proposing that the institution he called William Jewell College. The resolution was carried and Mr. Jewell gave one-third of his fortune.

The Parkville Experiment.

George S. Park was a veteran of the Mexican war and an anti-slavery editor when he bought a large tract of land and planned Parkville to be a great city. He thought the elbow of the Missouri River was the predestined location for a metropolis, but didn't measure the civic spirit of the men who backed Kansas City, nine miles to the south of him. Just forty years ago Dr. John A. McAfee was looking for a place to locate a college which would carry out a new idea. Colonel Park turned over an old stone hotel and a piece of ground for a five years' trial of Dr. McAfee's experiment. If the theory did not work out the property was to revert to the colonel. But it did work. And today Missouri shows the world the most successful effort at self help toward higher education.

Park College is a plant worth more than $1,000,000. Students made the brick and put them into the group of halls and dormitories and other structures. They have worked the farm and produced their own food. They have raised the horses and the mules with which the land is tilled. Park College turns off the cattle, the hogs, the dairy and other products which pay the professors' salaries and all the labor is performed by the students who turn in hours of labor in return for tuition and board.

An electrical shop, a printing plant, building and engineering industries give opportunities to those who wish to acquire trades. The students are divided into families. Those who belong to "Family One" have made exceptionally good records. They pay nothing but give three and one-half hours labor. Members of "Family Three" are those who pay $26 and work half a day for board and tuition.

As the purpose was to meet the needs of those unable to pay for higher education, the institution provided high school as well as college courses. Most of the students have come from the farms. In 1914 Parks College had an attendance of near 500. Fifteen religious faiths were represented. Presbyterians and Methodists leading. The alumni lists show that about fifty per cent of the young men graduates become ministers. Of the remainder many are teachers, missionaries, doctors, social service workers and farmers.

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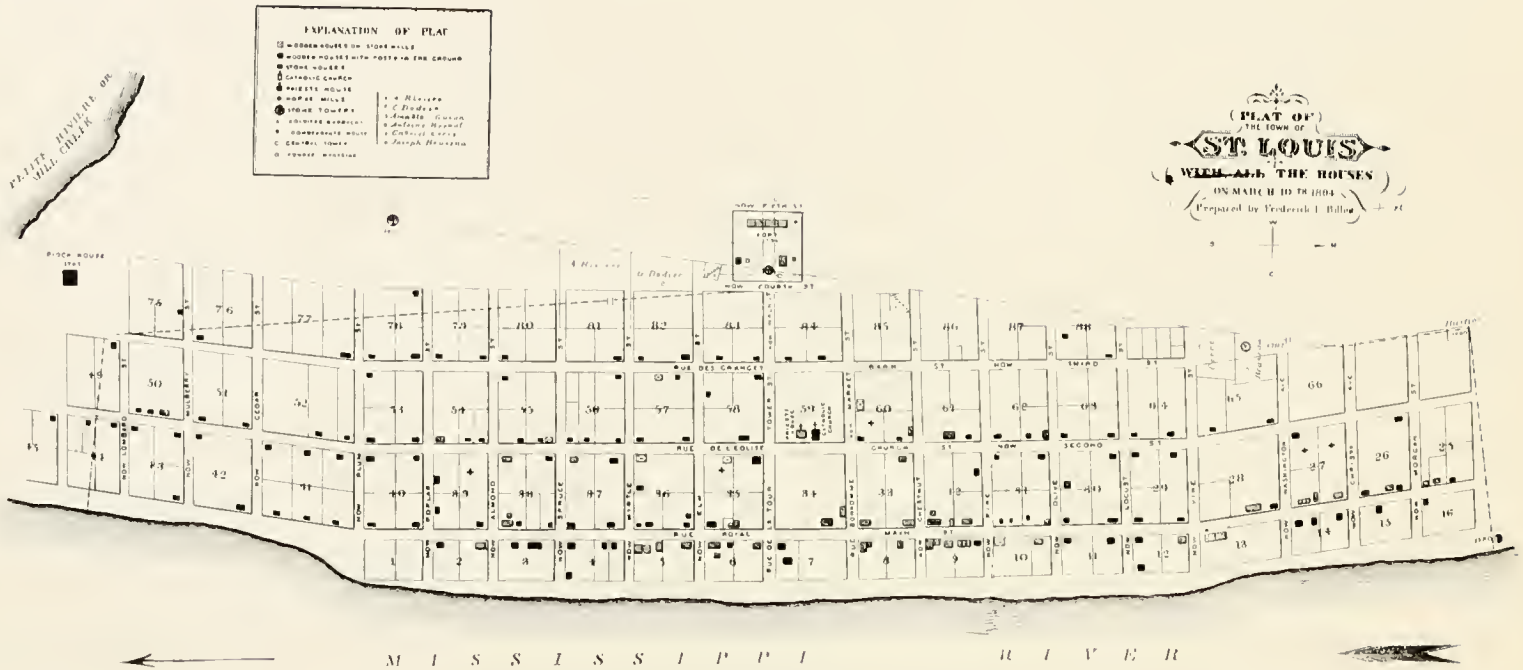
EXPLANATION OF PLAT
PLAT OF
THE TOWN OF
ST. LOUIS
WITH ALL THE HOUSES
ON MARCH 10 TH 1804
Prepared by Frederick L Billon
PETITE RIVIERE OR MILL CREEK
PITCH HOUSE
FORT
RUE DES GRANGES
RUE DECELLES
RUE ROYALE
MARKET
CHURCH
MISSISSIPPI
RIVER

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MISSOURI GEOGRAPHY.

The Center State—Original Boundaries—What Was Embraced Within Them—The Treasure Chest of the Continent—Prophecy of Newton Dwight Hillis—"A Slave Peninsula in a Free Soil Sea"—The Price of the Platte Purchase—An Interpreter, a Blacksmith, a Grindstone, and $2,500—That Jog Into Arkansas—The Northern Line Controversy—Laying Out the Counties—Early Provision for Public Education—Admiration for War Heroes—Political Convictions—State of Pike—The Rush to Platte—Many Changes in Names—How Callaway Got a Court House—County Seat Wars—When Liberty Was Farthest West—Some Lost Cities—Old Chariton Rivaled St. Louis—Disappearance of St. Andrews—Town Site Speculation in the Early Decades—William Muldrow, Missouri's Foremost Optimist—Marion City the Original of Dickens' Eden—The Ambition of the Osage Promoters—Springfield's Start—"Kickapoo, the Beautiful"—Neosho's Encircling Springs—The Early Colonies—Some Notable First Settlers—Community Experiments—"The Fanatical Pilgrims"—Liberal's Motive—The Mennonites—Harmony Mission—Town, River and Prairie Nomenclature—The Indians' Hidden Fountains of Health.

I came from the center of the earth.—*Bishop Thomas Bowman, of Missouri.*

To a Boston audience in 1913, Rev. Dr. Newton Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, said: "God built this country like a ship, with the Mississippi for the keel, and the rivers, like the Ohio and the Missouri and their various branches, stretching forth on either side like ribs from the keel; but the center of the ship always is the captain's treasure chest and in that central spot are assembled all the riches of the cargo. Long ago Mr. Gladstone prophesied that the Manchester, Birmingham and Leeds of the twentieth century would be in the Mississippi Valley. He held that cities of a million population would spring up in that region, where the food products are abundant and where the freight upon raw cotton would be little and the freight upon manufactured goods less. Already that prophecy is beginning to be fulfilled. Many a shrewd Englishman manufacturer will move his spindles and looms to the banks of the Mississippi and take advantage of the food materials and the raw cotton and flax and wool, with the iron and the coal and the water power that lend such unique and such stragetic advantage to the Mississippi Valley region. The region where the Ohio, the Missouri and Mississippi Valleys meet is to be the most densely populated region on the face of the earth, not less than the richest and the most prosperous region. New York, indeed, will always be the London, but it will be supported by the manufacturing districts. We now seem to be within sight of the era when the center of economic gravity is to change."

"From the first," said Champ Clark, "Missouri has been the stormy petrel of American politics, the richest, the most imperial commonwealth in the Union.

her geographical position always placed her in the thick of the fight. She was a slave peninsula jutting out into a free-soil sea."

"The first serious trouble on the slavery question came with her admission into the Union, and the second over the admission of California,—a Missouri colony. Most people date hostilities from Sumter, April, 1861. As a matter of fact, Missouri and Kansas had been carrying on a Civil war on their own hook for five or six years before the first gun was fired in Charleston harbor."

"If Sir Walter Scott had lived in that day, he could have found material for fifty novels descriptive of border warfare in the forays and exploits of the Missourians and Kansans before the first soldier was legally mustered into the service of either army."

Governor Joseph W. Folk once said: "If a wall were built around Missouri the State could still supply every want of those within. There are fewer mortgaged homes in Missouri than in any other manufacturing State, fewer mortgaged farms than in any other agricultural State, and fewer mortgaged men than in any of the United States. One-tenth of the wheat and one-twelfth of the corn of the entire world are grown in Missouri. In horticulture as well as in agriculture, Missouri leads the other States. The largest orchards on the globe can be found in Missouri. We have no silver mines of consequence, but the output of the Missouri hen each year exceeds in value the total production of all the silver mines of Colorado. We have no gold mines, but the minerals the miners bring up from the bowels of the earth into the Missouri sunlight each year exceed in value the total mineral production of the golden State of California."

The Original Boundaries.

The boundaries of Missouri were defined by Congress in such manner as to provoke in one section a long and irritating controversy:

"Beginning in the middle of the Mississippi River, on the parallel of thirty-six degrees of north latitude; thence west along that parallel of latitude to the St. Francis River; thence up and following the course of that river, in the middle of the main channel thereof, to the parallel of latitude of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes; thence west along the same to a point where said parallel is intersected by a meridian line passing through the middle of the mouth of the Kansas River where the same empties into the Missouri River; thence from the point aforesaid, north along the said meridian line to the intersection of the parallel of latitude which passed through the rapids of the river Des Moines, making the same line to correspond with the Indian boundary line; thence east, from the point of intersection last aforesaid, along the said parallel of latitude, to the middle of the channel of the main fork of the said river Des Moines; to the mouth of the same where it enters into the Mississippi River; thence due east to the middle of the main channel of the Mississippi River; thence down and following the course of said river, in the middle of the main channel thereof, to the place of beginning."

The boundaries were plain enough until the northwest corner was reached. What did Congress mean by "the rapids of the River Des Moines?" Where was "the Indian boundary line" to which this western section of the northern boundary of Missouri must correspond?

A MISSOURI RIVER SCENE NEAR LEXINGTON

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The questions were not answered until there had been clash of authority between local officials on the line. Some arrests were made. Threats were made. The militia were ordered to be in readiness. The government finally decided what Congress meant. "The boundary war" passed without serious trouble. Missouri gave up a narrow strip that had been claimed. At the time, the loss of the land was not felt so much as that of the bee trees which were numerous in the disputed territory.

The Platte Purchase.

Seventy-seven years ago the government at Washington bought the land which comprises the City of St. Joseph, Buchanan County and the five Counties of Platte, Atchison, Andrew, Holt and Nodaway. The Indians conveyed the title and moved. The land was thrown open to white settlement. The price paid was $2,500 in cash, an interpreter, a blacksmith and a grindstone. The development of the Platte Purchase in about the allotted span of a single life has been wonderful. It is history. But today this region and its surrounding territory seems to be entering upon an even more remarkable period of gain.

The popular movement for the Platte Purchase originated, according to Colonel Switzler's researches, at a regimental muster on Dale's farm near Liberty, Gen. Andrew S. Hughes addressing the meeting. A committee was appointed to memorialize Congress, consisting of William T. Wood, David R. Atchison, A. W. Doniphan, Peter H. Burnett and Edward M. Samuel. Judge Wood wrote the memorial. Senator Benton introduced the bill, and he and Senator Linn urged its adoption, and in 1836 the "purchase" was accomplished.

The Missouri River was made the western boundary of the State from Kansas City northward. This added to the State as much land as Delaware contains—land of extraordinary fertility. Benton gave his colleague, Dr. Linn, the credit for the favorable action of Congress in the matter of the Platte purchase. The land was bought from the Sac and Fox Indians.

The occupation of Platte County was much like the rush for land when portions of Oklahoma were opened sixty years later. The purchase was made in 1836, but before the Indians could be moved out the intending settlers came in. In the spring of 1837 nearly every quarter section was taken. So rapid was the development of the purchase that Weston became the second city of Missouri. Platte became the chief hemp-growing county. Weston shipped more hemp than any other place. One year the business men of Weston claimed commercial supremacy over St. Louis. Between 1840 and 1850 Platte became next to St. Louis the most populous county in Missouri. In 1850 it had 21,000 people. Four years later Nebraska and Kansas were organized as territories. Platte County people by the thousands moved across the Missouri.

The Jog Into Arkansas.

For the curious-looking jog in the map which carries Missouri's southern boundary far down into Arkansas on the Mississippi River front, Millard Fillmore Stypes, in his "Gleanings on Missouri History," gives this interesting explanation:

"It has been a matter of speculation as to why Pemiscot County, and those portions of Dunklin and New Madrid which extended south of the general

boundary of the State into Arkansas, were included in Missouri. The usual facetious reply is that the people in these counties 'didn't want to live in Arkansas because it is unhealthful.' A writer who has made some investigation in the matter says that in 1804 Louisiana was divided into two territories by a line running along the thirty-third parallel of latitude. Then, in 1812, the Territory of Missouri was organized, and, in 1819, that of Arkansas. At the time of the organization of the latter Territory the people in the section now comprising these three counties were bound to the up-river neighbors by ties both social and commercial, and an appeal was made for inclusion of them in the Territory of Missouri. Prominent among those who conducted the negotiations was Col. John Hardman Walker, who owned extensive tracts of land in these counties. He 'wined and dined the surveyors,' and afterwards, in company with Godfrey Lesseur and several other prominent citizens of that vicinity, visited Washington and laid the matter before Congress. Their efforts met with success, and this cotton-growing district down to the thirty-sixth parallel and as far west as the St. Francois River was included in Missouri."

The First St. Louis County.

When the territorial legislature of Missouri in 1813 laid out St. Louis County the metes and bounds were set forth as follows:

"All that portion of the territory bounded north by the south line of the County of St. Charles, east by the main channel of the River Mississippi, south by a line in the main channel of the Mississippi immediately opposite the upper line of a tract of land owned by Augustus Chouteau, which is about half way between the mouths of the Plattin and Joachim rivers; thence running in a direct line to a point on the dividing ridge between those waters where Wight's road falls into the road leading from the town of Herculaneum to the Mine-a-Burton; thence along said road to a point thereon immediately opposite a noted spring called the 'Dripping Springs,' which spring is situated about two hundred yards off said road; thence on a direct course to the mouth of Mineral Fork of Grand River; thence such a course as shall leave all the persons now settled in that settlement, usually known by the name of the Richwood settlement, to the south of said course or line in the county of Washington; thence southwest to the western boundary of the Osage purchase; thence northwardly on said line to river Missouri; thence down said river Missouri in the main channel of the same to the southwest corner of the County of St. Charles, shall compose one county, and shall be called and known by the County of St. Louis."

This extended St. Louis County to what is now the Kansas boundary.

The School Lands.

The act which resulted from Riddick's ride and Hempstead's activities in 1812 provided "that all town or village lots, out-lots, common-field lots, and commons in and adjoining and belonging to the towns or villages of the territory, which are not rightfully owned or claimed by any private individual, or held as commons belonging to such towns or villages, or that the President of the United States may not think proper to secure for military purposes, shall be and the same are hereby reserved for the support of schools in the respective towns or villages aforesaid; Provided, that the whole quantity of land contained in the

lots reserved for the support of the schools in any town or village shall not exceed one-twentieth part of the whole lands included in the general survey of such town or village."

The Making of Counties.

Making of Missouri geography was one of the chief subjects of state legislation before the Civil war. Not infrequently one general assembly changed the work of another before names and boundaries were satisfactory to those most concerned—the inhabitants.

Strong admiration for military heroes and intense political convictions had much to do with titles. The name of one county was changed twice before the people were satisfied. That was Ozark County. In 1843 it was given the name of Decatur in honor of Admiral Decatur. Two years later the original name of Ozark was retaken.

Lafayette County was named Lillard originally at the time of its organization in 1820. James C. Lillard was one of the pioneers. Fourteen years later the legislature on the petition of residents of the county changed the name to Lafayette.

There was a time when the legislature went too fast in the making of counties. It created Dodge and Putnam. The line between Missouri and Iowa was supposed to be some distance north of the present location. When the courts decided in favor of the Iowa contention it cut off a northern strip. Putnam and Dodge were consolidated into one county with the former name, fourteen miles wide and thirty-six miles long. There are maps of Missouri showing prospective counties with the names of Dodge, Donaldson and Meramec. On later maps these names do not appear.

Missouri also had counties named Rives, Van Buren and Kinderhook. Rives is now known as Henry County. The change was made for political reasons. At the time a new county was being organized in west central Missouri, William C. Rives was a Virginian of wide reputation. He was much admired by the Democrats, who had a majority in the Missouri legislature. The county was named Rives in 1834. A few years later Mr. Rives became a Whig. In 1841 the Democratic majority changed the name of Rives County to Henry County, intending, as the records show, to honor Patrick Henry, also a Virginian.

Another county which had its name changed through political considerations was Van Buren. It was organized in 1835 and given the name to honor President Martin Van Buren. In becoming the candidate of the Free Soilers in 1848 Van Buren ceased to be popular with the Missourians in control of the legislature. At the session of the assembly in 1849 Van Buren County was changed to Cass County. Lewis Cass of Michigan had been the Democratic nominee for President in 1848.

Kinderhook County was named for the home of President Van Buren at the time when he was a political idol of Missouri Democrats. It underwent change of name in 1843 and thereafter was called Camden, taking the name of a county in North Carolina from which a number of the early settlers came.

Washington County, as part of the Territory of Missouri, was organized in 1813 under an act of the territorial legislature. An imposing two-story court house with a large porch and brick columns from ground to roof was built.

So enterprising were the Potosi people of that day they came within one vote of securing the location of the territorial capital.

The Military Heroes.

Missouri nomenclature shows that the pioneer settlers and early legislatures were more inclined to honor soldiers than statesmen in selecting names for counties. Of the 114 political subdivisions of the state the names of war heroes were selected for forty-four. Statesmen came next. Of them thirty-one were honored in the naming of counties. Wright County took its name from Silas Wright of New York.

A portion of the Platte Purchase had several county names. In 1841 a county called Nodaway was organized. Several weeks later the member of the House of Representatives from Platte County, David Rice Holt, died. The legislature was in session. To do honor to Mr. Holt part of the county which had been given the name of Nodaway was changed to Holt. Two years later a part of Holt County was cut off and given the name of Allen. Subsequently the legislature changed the name of Allen to Atchison to do honor to David R. Atchison, United States Senator from Missouri and president pro tem of the Senate.

Niangua County no longer appears upon the map of Missouri. The title was taken originally from the river which still bears that name. The Indians called the river Nehemgar. That meant a river of numerous springs or sources. The word Niangua is supposed to have been changed from Nehemgar by popular use. Niangua County was organized in 1842. Two years later George M. Dallas of Pennsylvania, having been elected Vice-President of the United States, Niangua was changed to Dallas County by the legislature in his honor. As Dallas County was settled history was preserved by its sub-divisions. The townships were named Benton, Grant, Green, Jackson, Jasper, Lincoln, Miller and Washington.

The State of Pike.

As early as 1808 Victor La Gatra led a colony of French people to the salt springs near what is now Saverton. That was the beginning of settlement in Ralls County. But when the war of 1812 came Indians made conditions so uncomfortable that most of the white people went back to St. Louis. In 1818 Daniel Ralls came from Kentucky and selected a home four miles west of the present site of New London. At that time, which was before statehood, Pike County had been created by the territorial legislature of Missouri. It included all of Northeast Missouri to the Iowa line. A common saying was that "The State of Pike took in everything from the Mississippi River to the Day of Judgment."

In 1867 a proposition to change the county lines of Caldwell, Daviess and Harrison was presented to the legislature. Petitions were circulated for and against it. Mass meetings were held. The people of Kingston adopted resolutions denouncing the movement as a scheme of Hamilton people to get the county seat. They declared "that we regard the said move on the part of our neighbors as very unkind, ungrateful and unjust; and that, if they persist in their course, we shall feel forced to pledge ourselves to the use of all honorable means to turn from Hamilton trade, commerce and travel." The plan failed.

THE ARCADIA VALLEY

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

A colony of eleven stalwart prolific families from Campbell County in East Tennessee began the settlement of Cole County in 1818. They located on Moniteau Creek near what is now the town of Marion. They were John English and four sons, James Miller and five sons, Henry McKenney and three sons, James Fulkerson and three sons, David Yount and three sons, David Chambers and three sons, John Mackey and two sons, John Harmon and one son, William Gouge and four sons, Martin Gouge and two sons, Joshua Chambers and two sons. In these eleven families were more than sixty persons. A court was organized in 1821. It met in the house of John English. Hamilton R. Gamble was circuit attorney. David Todd was judge. The first judgment rendered was a fine of one dollar against John Shore for contemptuous behavior to the court, the defendant to be imprisoned until the fine was paid. The next case was the emancipation of Joseph, the slave of Abraham Collett.

The first term of the circuit court in Livingston County was held in the house of Joseph Cox in 1837. The house of Mr. Cox was a log cabin. The judge, jury, lawyers and witnesses were boarded free during the two days of the term. The board consisted of corn pone, venison and trimmings placed upon long tables under the trees. For Edward Livingston, secretary of State in Andrew Jackson's cabinet Livingston County took its name. A Welsh colony settled at an early date in Livingston, giving their community the name of Dawn.

Until 1825 the Big Osages had large villages in what is now Vernon County. White Hare was their chief. The Indians were loth to give way. Vernon County was not organized until 1851. It took the name of Miles Vernon, a man of prominence in Laclede County. Allen and Jesse Somers, Kentuckians, are said to have been the first settlers. After them came Rev. Nathaniel Dodge and his three sons, Leonard, Samuel and Thomas. The first white settlement was in the vicinity of what is now Balltown.

Texas County was settled by hunters who took their peltries in pony loads to St. Louis, following the Indian trails. These pioneers came as early as 1815. They built a small mill on Paddies' Spring.

Callaway County established its county seat at Fulton, named in honor of Robert Fulton, the pioneer in steam navigation. A courthouse thirty-six feet square was built in 1826. It cost $1,300 and was said to be the first courthouse west of the Mississippi. This seat of justice had even greater distinction than its architecture, according to tradition. A thief had stolen a horse, had been arrested, had given bond and had run away. The bond was forfeited and the bondsmen paid up. The money thus realized by the county went to build the courthouse.

Daviess County was a political division of Missouri which impressed American history without regard to politics in its nomenclature. The names given the townships of Daviess were Benton, Colfax, Gallatin, Grand River, Grant, Harrison, Jackson, Jefferson, Liberty, Lincoln, Marion, Monroe, Salem, Sheridan, Union and Washington. The county took its name from Joseph Daviess of Kentucky.

Taney County took its name from the chief justice of the United States Court, Roger B. Taney. Two brothers named Youchuim, three Dentires and a McAdoo began the settlement of Taney making their homes on White River about 1827.

Settlement of Howard County began in 1807. Three years later Cooper's Bottom was quite a little community. Benjamin Cooper and his five sons from Madison County, Kentucky, were pioneers in Howard. William Thorp, a Baptist minister, came in 1810. The county was named for Benjamin Howard, governor of Missouri Territory. Out of the original Howard County were created about forty other counties. When Howard County was organized the county seat was Old Franklin, on the Missouri River. Removal to Fayette, named in honor of General Lafayette, took place in 1823.

The men who started Rolla in Phelps County disagreed on the name. One of them, E. W. Bishop, preferred Phelps Center. George Coppedge was from North Carolina and wanted the name to be Raleigh. After some discussion Bishop gave way on condition that Coppedge permit the spelling to be Rolla.

Moving Days of County Seats.

The moving or renaming of county seats made life interesting for Missourians during several decades. In the early days when counties were being organized the larger settlements were on the rivers. Railroads changed the map of Missouri and had no little influence upon moving days for county seats. Political considerations prompted changes in the names of many county seats.

For example the county seat of Cedar was originally named Lancaster. When John C. Fremont became one of the most popular men in the country as "The Path-Finder" the county seat of Cedar was changed to Fremont. When ten years later Fremont accepted the nomination of the Republicans for President the legislature changed the name to Stockton. This was in honor of Commodore Richard Stockton who had at one time arrested Fremont.

Columbia became the county seat of Boone because the locality was better watered than that at Smithton originally chosen when the county was organized in 1820. Smithton obtained its name from General Thomas A. Smith.

The county seat of Franklin was Newport but it was moved to Union.

Albany, the county seat of Gentry, was first known as Athens.

Bethany, the county seat of Harrison was called Dallas but for only a few months.

The county seat of Holt, Oregon, was first called Finley.

The first county seat of Schuyler was Tippecanoe which was succeeded by Lancaster.

Sand Hill was the name of Scotland's county seat, but the name was changed to Memphis.

Gallatin named for Albert Gallatin, secretary of the treasury and a warm friend of Missouri in the territorial days, became the county seat of Daviess upon the removal from Pattonsburg.

Douglas moved its county seat several times from Ava to Vera Cruz and back.

Macon's county seat has had three names, the Box Ankle, Bloomington and Macon.

The county seat of Madison was moved from St. Michael to Fredericktown.

When the county seat of Maries was named Dr. V. G. Latham presiding judge of the county court had a little daughter, Vie Anna. Her name was chosen for the county seat but upon the map it is printed thus,—Vienna.

Boonsborough was the first name of California, the county seat of Moniteau.

The Farthest West.

Liberty was the frontier metropolis for several years. It was the farthest west town of the United States just previous to the Platte Purchase in 1836. Immigrants came from Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland, with a sprinkling of New Yorkers. They made Liberty a notable community. They began to spread over Clay County as early as 1819. The first settlers had a few difficulties with the Indians. David McElwee cut off the hand of an Indian who tried to break into his house. In the southeastern part of Clay County, near the Missouri River seven Indians were killed. The settlers built four block houses and put up a stiff fight. The Indians ceased to be troublesome. For years they came in numbers to Liberty and mingled with the white people.

The first county seat of Jefferson was Herculaneum on the Mississippi River, the shipping point for lead. A removal was made to Hillsboro which was originally called Monticello. As Lewis County had chosen the name of Monticello, that of Jefferson's home in Virginia, for its county seat, the Jefferson County people gave their county seat the name of Hillsboro.

The first county seat of Lafayette was Mount Vernon. The removal was made to Lexington.

The county seat of Lincoln is Troy which was originally called Woods.

Rutledge was the first county seat of McDonald. Pineville succeeded it. The original name of Pineville was Maryville.

Far West was the first county seat of Caldwell but was abandoned as the result of the Mormon war. Kingston became the county seat, named for Governor Austin A. King of Ray County.

Camden County had three county seats, Oregon, Erie and Linn Creek.

The first county seat of Atchison was Linden, which obtained its name from the large grove of linden trees. Later the county seat was moved to Rockport which obtained its name from the rocky character of Tarkio Creek where it is located.

The county seat of Andrew County was at first named Union and then renamed Savannah.

The first name of Platte City, county seat of Platte County was "The Falls of Platte."

Fulton was the first county seat of Ray County, but at a very early date Richmond was chosen.

Saline County has had four county seats;—Jefferson, Jonesboro, Arrow Rock and Marshall.

Originally the county seat of Buchanan was Sparta, a central location. This was chosen in 1840 but in 1846 the county seat was removed to St. Joseph.

Steelwille, the capital of Crawford County, is eighty-one years old. In a little brick building on one side of the public square went forth students of law who became a governor of Oklahoma, A. J. Seay; a judge of the Supreme Court of California, J. R. Webb, and two who remained in Missouri to become members of Congress, Samuel Byrnes of Potosi and C. W. Hamlin of Springfield. On the other side of the street, in a yellow brick house, George Hearst, who became United States Senator from California courted Phoebe Epperson, father and

mother of William Randolph Hearst, the founder and editor of more newspapers than any man in the history of American journalism.

The first white settler in Carroll County left a reputation for courage. He was a mighty wrestler and sprinter. He built a cabin and trapped for a living. That was before 1820 when John Standly and William Turner arrived with their families from North Carolina. The county seat, Carrollton, helps to perpetuate the memory of that signer of the Declaration of Independence who wrote "Charles Carroll of Carrollton" that King George's men might have no doubt about his identity.

The name of Gayoso was taken for the county seat of Pemiscot County. Gayoso was a Spanish official in colonial days. The county seat was moved to Carruthersville.

In the history of Pettis there have been three county seats, St. Helena, Georgetown and Sedalia.

For Putnam, Putnamville was selected for the first county seat, the name honoring John Israel Putnam. Later the county seat was moved to Winchester and thence to Harmony, which was given the name of Unionville.

John Keyte laid out the townsite of Keytesville in 1832. Some time afterwards the county seat was moved to Keytesville from Old Chariton on the Missouri River. The county seat of Clinton was changed twice in name but not in locality. It was first Concord, then Springfield and now is Plattsburg. The last name was chosen because Plattsburg was the home of Governor George De Witt Clinton of New York, in whose honor the county was named.

Montgomery's first county seat was on the Missouri River and was named Pinckney. It was moved to Lewiston, later to Boonville and finally to Montgomery City.

In Morgan County Versailles recalling the French capital succeeded Millville.

The courthouse of Cass County served three generations. Architecturally it was good for a century. But the county outgrew the accommodations which were ample in 1837. Like other Missouri pioneers the county judges of Cass insisted on substantial results. They drew their own specifications which included walls two feet thick:

"One room 18 foot square, the other room 14 foot by 18, with one paticion ran, to be made of good timber, well hued down to 6 in. thick and to face one foot across the center of each logg. Wall to be compleatly raised 1 story and half high. Corners to Be sawed down a good plank or puncheon Floor in each room well laid so that it will not rock nor shake nor rattle. A good chimney in each end compleatly Run out with Stick and good lime Mortar well put in and the fier places well and compleate fixed with Stoan or Brick so as to secure the safety of fier. The roof put on with good 3 foot boards, well shaved lapt and nailed on ends well weatherboarded up—the wall well filled in the cracks with good lime mortar well put in. 1 outside door in each room: Also 1 entry door completely faced and cased with good materials. Shutters to be hung with good Hinges latches etc with good locks and kees To each door: allso 1 window in each room containing of 12 lights each well faced and cased—and fild with the largest caind of glass—each to have a good outside shutter with good boalts and bars to each window. Each room to have a plank or claphoard loft closely laid and all the work done on said building to be done in a good and workmanlike manner and out of good materials.

Days of the Town Site Booms.

About 1820, according to an early writer on Missouri, "Towns were laid out all over the country and lots were purchased by every one on credit; the town

maker received no money for his lots, but he received notes of hand which he considered to be as good as cash; and he lived and embarked in other ventures as if they had been cash in truth."

Near the center of Benton County a town called Osage was established about 1837. The founders showed their faith by settling there with their families. They ventured the prediction that "the population of this place will reach several thousand in five years, and ever after be second to St. Louis only." Osage depended upon the navigation of the Osage River. Among the inducements held out to encourage newcomers was the promise to "establish a seminary of learning, to be conducted by one of the best scholars, a graduate of an eastern college, that can be procured. Female teachers from Massachusetts will be likewise employed at the Osage Seminary." At that time the great diagonal road from Palmyra in Northeast Missouri to Springfield in Southwest Missouri and thence to Red River crossed the Osage at the place selected for the new city. The crossing was known as Bedsoe's Ferry and by that name became historic. The site of Osage was on the tableland overlooking Bledsoe's. It was a beautiful location. The promoters told of the wonderful natural resources. They built a hotel and planned warehouses, expecting to take care of the trade of a large section of Missouri. Had transportation been limited to water their great expectations would in some degree have been realized.

In 1820 the point of land where the Osage River joins the Missouri was selected for a townsite. According to a Gazetteer published in 1834, "lots to the amount of $20,000 or $30,000 were sold. But the move was a premature one and no improvement was made there. The best corner lots are still encumbered with the native crab-tree, and the principal streets are thickly shaded with hazel. The only business there is carried on by a single concern. This is the commission and forwarding house of Rackoon, Possum & Co. The operation of this house, or the broken surface of the country, may have given the reproachful name of Varmint County to Cole, which it never deserved."

Old Chariton.

In an address by Charles G. Cabell at an old settlers' reunion on the fairgrounds at Keytesville in 1877, this was told of one of the earliest and most promising communities which has since disappeared:

"The Town of Chariton was then a rival of St. Louis, and was nearly, if not quite, as large. This opinion was so strong that many persons flocked to Chariton, believing it would become the largest city in the territory. Uncle Billy Cabeen exchanged lots in St. Louis for lots in Chariton, foot for foot. He improved the lots in Chariton, lived many years on them, and died on them, respected by a large circle of friends and by all who knew him. Chariton occupied a level of ground half a mile north and south, lying between large hills on the east and Chariton River on the west—or something less than half a mile in width. In some portions of the town the houses were very close together, and were built of brick. It was supposed to contain several thousand inhabitants. If Yankee Doodle was to pass through the place now he could not see the houses for the town—the reverse of which was the case with him on a former occasion. The Town of Chariton could boast of as good society as any city in America, having men of great literary attainments, of skill in their pro-

fessions, and of great social endowments, representing almost all the noted institutions of learning in this country; even Edinburgh, Scotland, was represented."

The Original of Eden.

A promising metropolis of Missouri was located on the Mississippi about half way between Hannibal and Quincy. It was named Marion City. The founder was William Muldrow who came from "Muldrow's Hill" in Kentucky. In "Martin Chuzzlewit," Dickens tells the story of an ambitious city site scheme which he called "Eden" and which he located on the Mississippi River. Martin Chuzzlewit put his money into city lots of Eden, having been led to believe it was to become a place of great importance. He made the journey to Eden and found instead of the business blocks, fine residences, parks, churches and institutions of learning, a small collection of log cabins. Some time after Martin Chuzzlewit appeared people who knew the history of Marion City said that it was the original of Dickens' "Eden." At a later date there were those who believed that William Muldrow suggested to Mark Twain the famous character, Colonel Mulberry Sellers.

Muldrow was a man of extraordinary initiative and great expectations. After carrying out several lesser schemes with success Muldrow conceived the idea of creating a city. He had maps drawn, showing streets, locations of banks, churches, hotels and wharves, a theater and a newspaper office. He secured as the location a considerable tract of ground on the river. This was about 1830. Muldrow took his maps east and told of Marion City with such enthusiasm that many lots were bought. He urged eastern people to locate in Marion City. The result was that not only did the intending settlers come in numbers but they had prepared for them in Eastern States the parts of buildings to be shipped to Marion City in sections. For some months Marion City grew very rapidly. A large warehouse was constructed by the river; the country was cleared; there was considerable trade done by the business men.

Early in the spring of 1836 came an extraordinary flood in the Upper Mississippi. Heavy rains and melting snow carried the river over the site of the city. The exodus was as rapid as the influx had been. Muldrow promised to build a levee, got some of the leading men together and used every possible argument to stay the collapse. He succeeded in quieting some of the settlers. Boats continued to land and several stage coaches made connections with Marion City. But the flood was followed a few years later by a great fire and then a cyclone unroofed many of the remaining houses. Gradually those who had remained with Muldrow after the early disaster sought other locations. The founder was overwhelmed with law suits. He stood his ground and for a time was able to put up plausible defense. In the end the litigation went against him. Gold was discovered in California and about 1849 Muldrow went there. On the coast he attempted to establish another city and got into more litigation. After his failure in California he returned to Missouri and was known as "Old Bill Muldrow." When he died he left his estate so complicated that the administrators were twelve years in settling it.

The Lost Towns.

In the northwestern part of what is now St. Louis County was a community called St. Andrews, which tradition has it, was once larger than St. Louis. It

was an agricultural community of Americans who had come from the States to St. Louis and had been given lands by the Spanish governors. The Missouri River encroached upon St. Andrews as it did upon several other once promising communities. Many of the people who first settled there moved to St. Louis after the American flag was raised. They established themselves in business and in professions.

Another of the lost towns of Missouri was St. Michael in Madison County. It was established in 1800 by the Spaniards. The government bestowed liberal grants upon the first settlers. The name of one of the townships is the only reminder of the once flourishing community.

Astoria was laid out in Livingston County in 1837 by a St. Louis promoter who predicted it would become the metropolis of the Grand River Valley. A fine colored map showed the prospective locations of churches, banks and other buildings. Lots were sold at $100 each. Not a house was ever built.

The Beginning of Springfield.

Of Springfield's beginning Mrs. Rush C. Owen, daughter of John P. Campbell, wrote for the Springfield Leader, of August 31, 1876, this very interesting narrative:

"In 1827 my father, John P. Campbell, and my uncle, Matthew Campbell, took refuge from an autumnal storm in old Delaware town on the James, not far from the Wilson Creek battle-ground. The braves had just brought in a remnant of Kickapoos which they had rescued from the Osages. Among the Kickapoos was a young brave boy ill with a kind of bilious fever recently taken. Just before leaving home my father had been reading a botanic treatise, and had become a convert. In his saddle-bags he carried lobelia, composition and No. 6. He gave them to understand that he was a medicine man, and against Uncle Mat's earnest protest, who feared the consequences if the Indian died, he undertook the case. Not understanding the condition of his patient, or, perhaps, the proper quantity of the emetic to administer, he threw the Kickapoo into an alarm, or in other words a frightful cold sweat and deathly sickness. Then there was work for dear life. Uncle Mat, the older and more cautious of the two, pulled off his coat and plunged in to help my father get up a reaction, which they did, leaving the poor patient prostrate, and 'weak as a rag.' My father always laughed and said: 'But feel so good, good—all gone,' laying his hand weakly on his stomach.

"They remained some time with the Indians, hunting and looking at the country. They finally made up their minds to return to Maury County, Tennessee, and bring their families. Piloted by the Kickapoo they went some distance up the James, and made arrangements with an old trapper to get out their house logs ready to be put up immediately upon their return. They selected lands where Springfield now stands. They found four springs whose branches uniting, formed Wilson Creek. About the center of the area between these springs was a natural well of wonderful depth, now known to be a subterranean lake, hard by which my father 'squatted,' after a toilsome journey through the wilderness. The Mississippi River was frozen over so hard that they crossed on the ice in February, 1830. Several families accompanied him, among whom was glorious old Uncle Jo Miller. Who ever saw him angry? Who ever caught him looking on the dark side? The moment he was seated every child clambered and buzzed

over him like bees over a honey-comb, and we had implicit faith in his 'honey pond and fritter tree,' and have to this day.

"The Kickapoo came over immediately and became an almost indispensable adjunct to the family. Seeing that my father was very tender with my mother, he looked upon her as a superior being, something to be guarded and watched that no harm came near. He was out on a hunt when my sister was born, the first white child in Kickapoo prairie. When he came in my father, who had thrown himself on the bed by my mother, said: 'Oh, ho! look here!' He approached, looked at the little creature with quaint seriousness, and said, 'What call?' My mother, to please him, said 'Kickapoo'; and my father, who was cheerful and bright, had just taken the baby's tiny hand and exclaimed, 'My Beautiful,' so the child was ever to the Indians, 'Kickapoo, My Beautiful,' and exceedingly beautiful she proved to be. The old people discourse upon her loveliness to this day, and refuse to believe that there ever was another to compare with her. The Kickapoo's greatest pleasure was guarding the rustic cradle, and drawing the delicately tapered hand through his own.

"Springfield soon became a habitation with a name. Cabins of rough poles were hastily put up, and filled with emigrants. My father vacated and built thirteen times in one year to accommodate newcomers. Log huts filled with merchandise, groceries, and above all that curse of America—whisky—soon did a thriving trade with the Indians and immigrants. A cool autumn afternoon my mother, who was remarkably tall, with black hair and fine eyes, went to one of the primitive stores to buy a shawl, and could find nothing but a bright red with gay embroidered corners. She threw it over her shoulders and crossed over to see a sick neighbor. Returning at dusk she was forced to pass around a crowd of Indians who had been trading and drinking. A powerful, bare-armed Osage, attracted no doubt by the gay shawl, threw up his arms, bounded toward her shouting, 'My squaw.' She flew towards home. Just as she reached the door her foot twisted and she fainted. A strong arm with a heavy stick came down on the bare head of the dusky savage, and he measured his length on the ground. The Kickapoo, for it was he that came so opportunely to my mother's rescue, carried her in, closing the door, for by this time everybody had rushed to see what was the matter, the Osage calling for the Kickapoo who had dealt the blow upon their companion. He passed on to the kitchen, making a sign to Rachel to go in; took 'Kickapoo, My Beautiful,' from Elizabeth, pressed her tenderly to his heart, looked at her wistfully, returned her to the nurse and was gone. The blow dealt really killed the Osage. Nothing but Rachel opening the door wringing her hands, with tears running down her and Elizabeth's cheeks, with 'Kickapoo, My Beautiful,' screaming, the finding of my mother in a death-like swoon, and no trace of the Kickapoo saved the village from serious trouble. Days, weeks, months and years passed, and all my father's efforts to find out the fate of his red friend were futile, and he concluded he had been assassinated by the Osages, though assured by them, 'They no find him.'"

Neosho's Well Chosen Name.

"Neosho" is Indian for cold, clear water. The name was well chosen for the capitol of Newton County. An early description of the location gave this account of the water sources on the site:

"Almost in the center of the town is the Big Spring, a limestone water, clear and cold, rushing from beneath a rocky cliff, and forming a swift creek or river, capable of running many mills. East of the Big Spring, 900 feet, is Bell's Iron Spring, rising in the valley and capable of supplying a city of 50,000 people. On the eastern line of Neosho is Brock's Spring and creek, while just south of Brock's are A. M. Sevier's two springs, one of which is soft water. East of the springs near Captain Ruark's house is a hard-water spring, which forms a crystal rivulet about four feet wide. The Hearrell springs are on the southeast line of the Neosho, producing the same quality of water as the Big Spring, and one an equal quantity. In the northern part of town are the medical springs of Carter & Clark. The Bethesda Spring in the northeast section is famous for its healing properties; the water is always about 75° Fahrenheit, soft and clear, while just south is the stronger Birch Spring. North of the Bethesda are the three Mertin springs, rushing from beneath the cliff, and each producing a different water. The McElhany springs form a bold stream of freestone water in the western part of the town, while Hickory Creek is formed of the waters of several small springs. The United States Fish Commission, through the agent, Colonel Moore, located the fish hatchery at Neosho in 1887. Every effort was made to destroy the chances of Neosho, but, through the energy of Major Bell, M. E. Benton, P. R. Smith and others, aided by Congressman Wade, Senators Cockrell and Vest, and her own incomparable adaptability, Neosho won this rare institution."

The Making of Cities and Towns.

Kingston got its name on the petition of a large number of Caldwell County people who admired Judge Austin A. King of Richmond. Five years later Judge King was elected governor. He was a Democrat, originally from Tennessee, but took strong ground for the Union and was made a prisoner by General Price's army. In 1862 he was elected to Congress and served one term. The founding of Kingston was celebrated on the 4th of July, 1843. No houses had been built. The people assembled in a great arbor of brush. Charles H. Hughes was the orator of the day. According to a local account "there was a bountiful dinner, plenty of whisky, everybody was happy, but nobody very drunk."

General George R. Smith had a daughter named Sarah, but who was called "Sed" by her young friends. He wanted to name the city after the young lady and first called it Sedville. Some one suggested that Sedalia would be more euphonious. The general thought so too.

St. Mary's on the Mississippi was once known as Camp Rowdy. It was for a time the home of General Henry Dodge, who lived there in a double log house. Afterwards St. Mary's became quite a milling point, the unusual excellence of the wheat of Southeast Missouri encouraging that industry.

Cameron took its name from Colonel Cameron of Clay County, the father-in-law of Samuel McCorkill, one of the founders.

Albert G. Davis, who built the first and the second house in Hamilton and who started the first store in 1856 and 1857, said he chose the name for the settlement partly in remembrance of Alexander Hamilton and partly for Joseph Hamilton, the lawyer-soldier who fell in the battle of the Thames in the war

of 1812. The first name was the Prairie City. The city consisted of one building standing on a wide prairie. This building was known far and wide as "lone house." It stood on the "Pioneer Trail," which connected Gallatin and Kingston. For three years the first citizens were accustomed to go out from Hamilton a mile or two in the early fall and find deer in the luxuriant grass. It was possible to kill several deer in a day. Venison was plentiful and cheap until St. Valentine's day in 1859, when on a wager of ten gallons of whisky the Hamilton & St. Joe track layers rushed in with ties hurriedly placed on frozen dirt and the engine whistled. After that Hamilton boomed and there were no more deer in the nearby draws.

The German Settlement Society of Philadelphia in 1838 selected Hermann in Gasconade County as the site for a colony. They reached this decision after visiting many parts of the West. What especially influenced those who made the choice, after consideration of the soil and climate and transportation facilities, was that the high bluffs and cliffs overlooking the Missouri looked like the Rhine country. And after the slopes were covered with vineyards the resemblance was still more striking.

Mississippians were the earliest settlers of Pulaski County. They took possession of a saltpeter cave near Waynesville and manufactured gunpowder. This cave was the location of an Indian battle. A party of Delawares and Shawanoese took refuge in it, being hard pressed by one hundred Osages. The battle lasted until dark. The Osages tried to force their way into the cave but were driven back after many had been killed. When night came the Osages barricaded the entrance and withdrew. When they returned in the morning to renew the battle, the cave was empty. The Delawares and Shawanoese had found another way out.

Sarcoxie is an Indian word. It was the name of a chief and means "rising sun."

When a community in Cass County wanted a name and could not agree, they wrote to the postoffice department to do the christening, saying in their petition that they wanted something "peculiar." The answer came back, naming the town "Peculiar."

Walnut Grove in Greene County was given its name from the forest in which it was located. At the time of the first settlement the name was "Possom Trot."

Chillicothe is a Shawnee word and is said to mean "The Big Town Where We Live." Breckenridge in Caldwell County honored the memory of John C. Breckenridge, who was the candidate for vice-president at the time the name was given.

Maryville was named in honor of Mary Graham, the wife of Amos Graham, the first resident.

Tradition credits Ephraim Stout with being the first settler to recognize the beauty of Arcadia Valley. He built his cabin there and the place was known for years by the homely name of Stout's Settlement.

Harmony Mission.

Missionaries sent out by the American Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions first settled Bates County. They were welcomed by the Osages. A council was called. It was attended by 8,500 Indians. The meeting place was on

the banks of the Marais des Cygnes. The Indians gave the missionaries a tract of land ten miles square and invited them to make a home there. This was in 1818. The missionaries accepted the land and called the place Harmony Mission. A school for Indian children was established. Three years later a treaty with the Osages was made at St. Louis. By the terms of it the title to two sections of land, about thirteen hundred acres, was conveyed to Harmony Mission. A large orchard was one of the improvements. The Osages became much attached to the missionaries. When they were moved to a reservation in the Indian Territory, the mission was also moved there. It was maintained until 1837.

Cumberland Presbyterians organized in Pike County. They formed their first presbytery with four ministers. The denomination spread locally with such strength that Cumberland Presbyterianism was called by a historian "The established church of Pike County."

The earliest Protestant meeting house is credited by historians to the Baptists. In 1806, two years after the transfer at St. Louis, the Bethel Baptist church was built near Jackson in Cape Girardeau County. It was made of logs and was still standing a half century later. Rev. David Green, a Virginian, organized the society. He died three years later. When the Missouri Baptists, recruited to a mighty army, wanted to place a monument of this first pastor of the first non-Catholic church between the Mississippi and the Pacific they could not find the grave.

Pocahontas, in Cape Girardeau County, was settled in 1856 by a colony from North Carolina.

A number of descendants of King William IV of Holland live in Livingston County.

The first settler in Sullivan County, according to tradition, was Dr. Jacob Holland. He was known far and wide on the frontier as an Indian fighter and physician who compounded his medicines from Missouri herbs.

Community Experiments.

Missouri has had its share of Utopian experiments. In 1817 a society was organized to carry out communistic ideas at New Madrid. It was given the name of the "Fanatical Pilgrims."

Perhaps the most notable of these experiments was the town of Liberal in Barton County. George H. Walser was a lawyer and a well-to-do business man who had lived with a colony of Free Thinkers at Paris, Illinois. He moved to Missouri near the close of the Civil war and lived at Lamar. Land was very cheap in Barton County; some of it was classed as swamp land and held at twelve and a half cents an acre. It proved to be very productive and also to have underlying it coal measures. Walser bought several sections of this land and gradually organized a settlement which he called Liberal. He gave town lots on long time to those who believed or disbelieved as he did. A hall was constructed for Sunday meetings to which Walser gave the name of Universal Mental Liberty Hall. A building was erected for educational purposes and that was called "Drake Normal Liberal Institute." A paper was started with the title of "The Liberal." Many followers of Ingersoll settled in Liberal and it was advertised as the only town on earth where there was no church, no saloon, no God and no hell. In time, however, some of the people wanted Sun-

day preaching. They built what they called Union Church and met there on Sunday to hear the Bible read, to sing and to have preaching. Walser insisted on taking the pulpit and criticising the sermon. This resulted in trouble; the community divided into factions. The Free Thinkers organized a secret society which they called "The Brotherhood." A rival town was started adjoining Liberal on ground not controlled by Walser. This was given the name of Jennison. For years there was friction between the communities. The experiment was not successful. Gradually religion and irreligion ceased to be an issue.

The original motive for the founding of Liberal was set forth in a prospectus: "To give an asylum for those noble men and women who are willing to sacrifice the comforts of life and joys of social intercourse, rather than live a life of deception and falsehood, was the incentive which actuated us in starting the town of Liberal, where we could enjoy the full benefits of free American citizens without having some self-appointed bigot dictate to us what we should think, believe, speak, write, print or send through the mails."

Mennonites settled in the northeastern part of Morgan County nearly fifty years ago. An early account of them said: "They organized in Holland and early came to this country. They recognize the New Testament as the only rule of life, deny original sin and maintain that practical piety is the essence of religion. They object to the application of the terms Person and Trinity, as applied to the Godhead. They strenuously deny war under any circumstances, are non-resistants, and never take an oath. In their sacred meetings each member is allowed to speak; and they have no hired clergy. They baptize only adults, by pouring, and advocate universal toleration. In this country there are two divisions of this denomination, differing only in some points of experimental religion. They are an industrious and honest class of citizens, attending strictly to their own business and allowing other people to do the same. They purchased farms, improved and unimproved, and went to work. They prospered finely."

Missouri Geography.

Many of the names in Missouri geography are homely. They suggest the pioneer days. Eleven Points is a river in Oregon County. It has its source in an immense spring at the foot of a hill three hundred feet high. One Hundred and Two River is in Nodaway County. Deep Water, Big, White Oak, Tebo, Honey and Bear are the principal creeks of Henry County. Turn-back River is in Dade County.

Peruque River in St. Charles County took its name from the fact that a Frenchman in the early days, while fording the creek, Peruque River, caught his wig or peruque after the manner of Absalom, in the branch of a tree.

The great Saltpeter Cave in Dallas County was named from the fact that it afforded shelter to a gang of counterfeiters who pretended they were there to manufacture saltpeter.

Humansville, in Polk County, received its name for James Human, a pioneer of 1834. A single black jack tree upon the elevation suggested the name of Lone Jack in Jackson County.

Lee's Summit was given for the double reason that Dr. P. J. G. Lee was one of the earliest settlers and because it is the highest point between Kansas City and St. Louis on the Missouri Pacific Railroad.

STAVE FACTORY AT POPLAR BLUFF

CENTRE CREEK AT LAKE SIDE

Tavern Creek in St. Charles County empties into the Missouri near a large cave at the foot of high cliffs. This cave is forty feet wide and twenty feet high. Boatmen found shelter there at night from driving storms. They called it the tavern and from that the creek obtained its name. On the walls of the tavern, in early days, were to be seen many names of those who had stopped there. These walls were decorated with drawings of birds and beasts said to have been done by Indians.

Indian Creek in McDonald County, according to an early writer, was "so named from the fact that along its banks was the great rendezvous for the Indians who inhabited this country. Among the earliest traditions gathered from the Indians by the white settlers was one of healing fountains which were said to exist in this region, the waters of which healed all diseases, and large numbers of Indians came every year. A few daring hunters, by affiliating with the Indians, visited these fountains and told wonderful tales of the cures effected by them. But so jealous were the Indians of their location, and so tenaciously did they cling to the surrounding country, that most white men were deterred from settling in this immediate vicinity. The few white settlers who did settle here, however, were not shown these 'fountains,' but only got their history and description of their location from the red men; but so great were the praises of the Indians, that the whites soon began to search for them. Among the first to make an extended search was a man named Friend, who was also, probably, the first white man to settle on Indian Creek, and a member of whose family was severely afflicted with rheumatism. Guided by the Indian descriptions, he was not a great while in finding the 'Four Great Medical Springs.' Living but a few miles away, the water was freely used, and a speedy and permanent cure effected."

Henry McCary's writing in 1876 of pioneer days in Barry County told how names were bestowed in the early days: "Washburn Prairie was settled first by a Mr. Washburn, in 1828, and Stone's Prairie by a James Stone, and King's Prairie by George W. King; Starkey's Prairie by John W. Starkey; Hickam's Prairie by Jacob Hickam; Jenkins' Creek by a man by the name of Jenkins, who died in his little cabin, in the dead of winter, no one but his wife and little children there. She had to travel all the way to Sudeth Meek's, a short distance south of Washburn Prairie, to get help to bury him, and no road from the mouth of Jenkins' Creek to the John Lock place, eight or ten miles; nothing but a deer or wolf trail to guide her."

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